

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 06727718 0



James
AB







James Cook

MEMOIRS

OF

GREAT COMMANDERS.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF DARNLEY, RICHELIEU, HENRY MASTERTON, THE GIPSEY, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:

E. L. CAREY & A. HART.

BOSTON:

W. D. TICKNOR.

1835.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

560449

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

R

1912

L

CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

	PAGE.
MARSHAL TURENNE	9
THE GREAT CONDE	35
JOHN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH	82
PRINCE EUGENE, OF SAVOY	151
EARL OF PETERBOROUGH	167
JOHN MANNERS, MARQUIS OF GRANBY	195
GENERAL WOLFE	220



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

MARSHAL TURENNE.

HENRY de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscomte de Turenne, was born at Sedan on the Meuse, the 11th September, A. D. 1611. He was the second son of Henry Duke of Bouillon, by marriage, sovereign of Sedan, a prince whose distinguished military and political talents had rendered him the friend, the companion, and the adviser of Henry the Fourth of France, during all the civil dissensions that desolated that country towards the middle of the sixteenth century. Henry, in gratitude for his services, brought about his marriage with the heiress of Sedan; and from that union sprung the famous *Marechal de Turenne*.

His brother, destined to succeed to his father's honours and estates, being five years older than himself, was soon separated from him and sent to pursue his military studies in Holland, while the young Turenne, a delicate and feeble boy, remained at Sedan, under the immediate care of his father.

Many anecdotes are related of him during infancy, displaying his great natural inclination towards the profession of arms. His father having observed that his weak constitution would never be able to sustain the fatigues of war, Turenne, to prove his hardiness, is said to have escaped from his preceptor, and making his way to the ramparts, to have there passed the greater part of a severe winter's night. After a long search, he was found asleep upon the carriage of one of the cannons. In another instance, at a very early age, he challenged one of his father's officers for speaking disrespectfully of Quintus Curtius, his favourite author. The officer, to amuse the Duchess of Bouillon, Turenne's mother, accepted the defiance, and the young duellist was punctually upon the ground. There however, instead of an adversary, he found a hunting breakfast prepared; and his mother having appeared as second to his antagonist, the business was laughed off and forgotten.

Turenne's first studies were slow and laborious. He showed no disposition for learning anything, and it was

only by piquing him upon it, as a point of honour, that he could be at all induced to apply. Gradually, however, he acquired a taste for that which was at first most-unpalatable; and, aided by a happy memory, he rendered himself a very elegant if not a very profound scholar.

Before he was twelve years old he lost his father; but the same course of education continued to be pursued with Turenne, under the direction of his mother; and hardy exercises were added, which probably improved his health and invigorated his constitution. Many high qualities were now so distinguishable in his heart and his mind, that they were marked and remembered in after years. He was mild, moderate, just, and charitable, even as a boy; fond of thought and reflection, capable of drawing nice distinctions, and an unswerving lover of truth.

Such was the character he had acquired; when, at the age of thirteen, he was sent from his native place to study the art of war under his uncle, the famous Prince Maurice of Nassau.

It must be remembered, that Holland had not long thrown off the yoke of Spain; and, though the States had been acknowledged as an independent nation, and a truce of twelve years had been wrung from the Spanish Government, still Flanders was occupied by Austrian troops, and the infant republic was obliged to keep constant watch to guard itself against any new aggression of its old oppressors. To William Prince of Orange, who first founded upon sure grounds the liberty of the Dutch people, had succeeded Prince Maurice, who, at the early age of seventeen, had been invested with the command of the army, and well justified the confidence of the nation by a long series of brilliant actions, by firmness, integrity, and success. To him it was—now no longer young—that the Duchess of Bouillon sent her son, shortly after the truce with Spain had expired, and hostilities had again begun. Her object in so doing was undoubtedly to secure for Turenne the advantages of an education under the first military genius of the day. At the same time, however, it cannot be doubted, that, as a member of the Reformed Church, she sought to remove her son from the power of the Cardinal de Richelieu, who, while he vigorously supported the Protestants of Holland in their war against Spain, had expressed his full determination of crushing them in France and its dependencies.

For the few months after Turenne had joined the army of the States, his uncle suffered neither his rank nor their relationship to gain from him any exemption from the most laborious duties of his profession. He was received but as a simple volunteer, bore his musket, and served in the ranks with the rest, and thus acquired a minute knowledge of all the details of military service, which was undoubtedly of infinite use in his after life.

At the same time, by his patience, activity, and obedience, Turenne showed himself worthy to command, and won the highest praise from his uncle. However, before he received any promotion, Prince Maurice died, and his command, as well as his rank and property, devolved to his brother.

Henry Frederic, who succeeded, now confided to his nephew the command of an infantry company; and, in this station, Turenne served three years against the famous Spinola, studying with the most profound care and attention the greater and more extensive branch of science displayed before him, while at the same time he performed most scrupulously all his duties as an officer and a soldier. His company was always more neat, more regular, and better disciplined than any other in the army; and he himself always ready, always calm, and always obedient.

Several minor sieges first accustomed him to active warfare; but for some time no enterprise of great importance occurred, in which he could distinguish himself. At length, however, the siege of Bois-le-Duc was undertaken by the Prince of Orange; and, as this was at that time one of the strongest fortresses of the Netherlands, strengthened in various ways by nature as well as art; skill, courage, and activity had a wide field to display themselves. Turenne did not lose the opportunity, and on every occasion signalized himself both by his energy and talent, in conducting whatever military operation was entrusted to himself, and by his indefatigable attention to every other circumstance which could either facilitate the object of the siege, or increase his own knowledge of the art of war. So little care, indeed, did he take of the safety of his own person, that he drew down upon himself a reproof from the Prince of Orange for exposing himself unnecessarily; but at the same time that commander is said to have remarked to those around him, that if he was not much deceived, that youth,

Turenne, would some day equal the greatest captains of his age.

For five years, Turenne continued to serve in Holland; but at the end of that time, the Cardinal de Richelieu, who, though nominally but a minister, possessed really the whole power of France, threatened to garrison Sedan with French troops, lest it should revolt from its allegiance to that crown. The Duchess of Bouillon, in order to avert a proceeding which would have converted a separate sovereignty into an inferior town, and rendered her son a simple gentleman instead of a tributary Prince, engaged herself and her heirs, by treaty, to remain ever attached to the crown of France. Treaties, however, to ambitious Princes, are but like silken threads on the wings of an eagle, which may seem to bind him while he remains at rest, but are snapped like gossamer whenever he spreads his pinions. The durability of such ties was well appreciated by Richelieu, and he demanded of the Duchess some firmer guarantee for her good faith than the weak surety of a perishable parchment.

She was accordingly forced to yield her youngest son, and Turenne was sent as an honourable hostage to the court of France. His reception there was as distinguished as even a young and ardent mind, with all its bright hopes and exceeding expectations, could have anticipated; and, without any solicitation, he received the command of a regiment in the French service immediately on his arrival.

For what reason is not apparent, but for several years Turenne does not seem to have been employed under any circumstances which could afford opportunity for the display of his abilities. At length, however, Loraine having been invaded and conquered by the French, with the exception of the single town of La Motte, siege was laid to that place in March A. D. 1634, four years after Turenne had entered the service of France, and here for the first time we find him acting a conspicuous part in the ranks of that country. La Motte held out for five months; the determined courage of the garrison employing to the best purpose every bulwark with which art and nature had strengthened their position. The obstinacy of the defence, however, gave full scope for the display of those high military qualities with which Turenne was so pre-eminently endowed, and the very first lodgment made on one of the

enemy's bastions was effected by himself, after the Marquis de Tonneins had been repulsed with loss in making the same attempt. Turenne, however, did not create an enemy in his less successful rival, for modesty was so blended with talent and courage, in the deportment of the young soldier, that he had the rare fortune to win friendship in spite of competition, and to gain the love even of those whom he excelled.

His conduct at the siege of La Motte was rewarded by the rank of *Marechal de Camp*, at that time the second grade in the French service, and from this period all eyes turned upon him as one of the brightest in that galaxy of great men that was then rising over France. Turenne was not without ambition, and he saw with joy the wide field of glory open before him, in a country whose political and geographical situation showed a long prospect of wars and contentions, which could not be terminated without calling into action the great powers which he felt that his own mind possessed.

The state of France at this moment is worthy of some consideration. By a number of ill-directed enterprises, which were terminated in loss and defeat, however splendid might be their first success—by long civil wars and religious disunion—France had for several centuries been losing her political importance amongst the nations of Europe; while the house of Austria, uniting Spain, Flanders, Germany, and great part of Italy, under its domination, had acquired an apparent power which made the rest of Europe tremble. The eyes of the Cardinal de Richelieu, however, saw deeper than the surface, and the moment he was called to the head of the French government—strong in his own powers of mind, seeing vast resources unemployed and even unknown in the country which he ruled, and a thousand points of real weakness under all the apparent vigour of Austria, he determined to raise France to her proper level by depressing her rivals to their true station amongst the nations of Europe. War was then his policy, as far as regarded France, and war was also his policy as far as regarded himself, for—feeling certain that if he could once launch the vessel of the State upon that wide and stormy sea which intervened between her and greatness, no one would be able to hold the helm, and no one possess the chart but himself—he hesitated not to put from the shore,

secure that the pilotage must rest for ever in his own hands.

A pretext for war is never wanting; and soon four armies were on foot to strike in every way at the power of Austria. We shall only follow one of these, however, for the moment; and that merely because Turenne was attached thereto as Marechal de Camp. The circumstances under which this army was placed, together with the object it was to effect, show in rather an extraordinary light the inconsistencies of policy. It was raised by Richelieu, the most bitter persecutor of the Protestants of France, for the express purpose of co-operating and aiding the Protestants of Germany. It was commanded in chief by the Cardinal de la Valette, one of the Princes of the Church of Rome, who chose, himself, the Protestant Turenne to second him as his Marechal de Camp against the Catholic Princes of Austria.

With this army Turenne was present during the whole of the glorious campaign, in which the Cardinal and the Duke of Saxe Weymar forced Count Mansfield to retire from before Mayence, drove back Galas, and compelled the city of Francfort to adhere to the Protestant League. But he had also their reverses to share as well as their success; and perhaps his true merit appeared more fully during the famine which the army was obliged to endure after quitting Francfort, and during the difficult and precipitate retreat it was obliged to make, than even in the moments of its highest fortune. During the dearth which reduced the soldiers to live on roots and herbs, and even food from which humanity revolts, Turenne sold every article of value he had brought into the field to administer to the wants of the army; and in the retreat the whole energies of his mind would have seemed devoted to solace the hardships and privation of the soldiery, had not his brilliant efforts to repel the enemy that hung constantly on their rear evinced that, though he combined humanity with military skill, he did not forget his duties as a general in his feelings as a man.

We shall but briefly notice the events of Turenne's life while acting under the command of another. It is necessary, however, to mention a severe wound in the arm which he received on the last day of the siege of Savergne; not alone from the importance of the event as affecting his health,

and inflicting on him a long and painful abandonment of his pursuits, but also on account of the grief and mourning that spread through the whole camp during his illness, and joy caused by his recovery—an eloquent testimony of the love which he had already inspired in the bosoms of the soldiery.

The only separate command which he took during this campaign was even before his wound was completely healed. On this occasion he was completely successful, attacking General Galas, who was in the act of entrenching his army near Jussey in Franche Comté; and after a severe struggle, forcing him to quit his lines to retreat on Brissac, and ultimately once more to cross the Rhine.

The following year Turenne accompanied his friend and General, la Valette, into Flanders, where his share in the successes of the campaign consisted in the capture of the Fortress of Solre, one of the strongest places in Hainault; and in the glorious defence of Maubeuge against the whole force of Spain. We next find him at the siege of Brissac, which lasted more than seven months, though all the horrors of famine had been felt within the walls for long before its surrender to so severe a degree, that guards were regularly stationed at the gates of the cemeteries to prevent the living devouring the bodies of the dead. Innumerable efforts were made by the Imperial forces to succour the place or compel the French to raise the siege. Their efforts, however, were in vain; and their want of success is generally attributed in a great degree to the skill and activity of Turenne. At all events the taking of the last ravelin, which terminated the defence of the town, was accomplished by Turenne himself, at the head of four hundred men, who under a tremendous fire cut down the palisade with axes, and forcing their way in, put the defenders to the sword.

The reputation of Turenne had now risen to so high a pitch, that Richelieu is reported to have offered him one of his nieces in marriage. Turenne, however, declined an honour which was never refused by any one but himself with safety. The motive, however, of his unwillingness was one which the Cardinal himself approved—the difference of religion; for though before this time his brother, the Duke of Bouillon, had embraced the dogmas of the church of Rome, Turenne still held firmly to the Reformed church.

The scene of Turenne's exploits now changed to Italy ; and under the Cardinal de la Valette and the Count de Harcourt he went through the whole of the war in Savoy. Throughout this campaign no signal victories were obtained, for no great battles were fought ; the number of troops on each side was small, and success was more to be gained by skilful manœuvres than by physical force. Turenne, however, distinguished himself in every movement of the army, and contributed, at least as much as the generals who commanded, to the success that was obtained.

Hitherto that small tract of country on the French side of the Pyrenees, called Roussillon, had belonged to Spain as a dependence upon Catalonia ; but the tyranny of the Count Duke Glivarez, and the bad conduct of the Castillian soldiery, had thrown the Catalonian people into revolt, and a favourable opportunity presented itself to Richelieu of dismembering Spain by taking possession of Roussillon. The armies of France immediately entered that Province, and Turenne was called to act as Lieutenant-General under the Marechal de la Mielleraye, commander-in-chief. A single campaign accomplished the subjection of Roussillon ; and but little opportunity occurred for Turenne to increase the fame he had already gained. At this time broke forth the conspiracy of Cinq Mars, formed certainly with motives originally good, and for an object highly patriotic, but which, carried on by treasonable means, lost the character of virtue to take that of crime. Either by treachery or accident the conspiracy was discovered before it had reached maturity, and the actors therein were arrested. Amongst these was the Duke of Bouillon, the brother of Turenne ; but while persons not more criminal than himself were executed for their united treason, the Duke was spared at the intercession of his powerful friends, but only on the condition of yielding his sovereignty of Sedan, and becoming a subject instead of a feudal prince. Turenne himself had accompanied the court to Paris, to join his voice to those who solicited his brother's pardon ; and here, after the death of Louis XIII. and of Richelieu, which took place with a very short interval, he joined himself to the party of the Queen in the brief intrigues for the regency of the kingdom, during the minority of Louis XIV. The Queen in recompense once more gave him the subordinate command of the French army in Italy, commanded in chief by Prince Thomas of Sa-

voy; and after a very short space of time, sent him the baton of Field Marshal, the highest grade in the French army.

Shortly after this, Turenne was called to the command of the army in Germany, which had been left, at the death of the Marechal de Guebriant, in a dreadful state of disorganization. His first care was to ameliorate as far as possible the condition of his soldiers, and after a short time he brought them into winter quarters in Lorraine. In the commencement of May the following year (1644,) the Bavarian army to which Turenne was opposed proceeded to besiege Fribourg. The place was important, and though the army of France was very much inferior to that commanded by the Bavarian General Mercy, Turenne hastened with all speed to the succour of Fribourg. Finding, however, after several skirmishes with the Bavarian troops, that the town had capitulated to the enemy, he retired to some distance to watch what movements would follow. In these circumstances it was that he was joined by the great Condé, after whose arrival the three battles of Fribourg took place, of which I have given an account elsewhere. It is only necessary therefore to pause here to remark that the characters of Turenne and Condé were as opposite as that of any two great generals can be. Turenne, prudent, cautious, and skilful, was never bold but as an effect of calculation, and avoided difficulties rather than surmounted them. Condé, bold, ardent, and impetuous, was a great general by nature rather than education, and thought that heaven threw difficulties in his way only that he might triumph in overcoming them. It may easily be seen therefore that no two men could be less fitted to act, the one under the other. Nothing could have been more painful than for Turenne to be commanded by Condé, except for Condé to have been commanded by Turenne, and yet Turenne served under his great rival without a murmur, aided in his bold projects, and contributed to his success. Such is true greatness.

After the battles of Francfort, Turenne still followed Condé to the siege of Philipsburg, and remained with him till that city surrendered. He was then, however, detached for the purpose of attacking Worms, which opened its gates to receive him. This example was followed by Oppenheim and Mayence; and Turenne pursued his course towards Landau, which was already besieged by the Marquis d'Automont. That general, however, had been severely wounded in the first approaches, and the continuation of the siege

fell entirely upon Turenne, to whom the garrison capitulated five days after his arrival. Mannheim, Neustadt, and the rest of the adjacent places, surrendered after the fall of Landau, so that the Palatinate, the country between the Moselle and the Rhine, and the course of the latter river, as far as Coblenz, remained as the fruits of one year's success.

Condé now retired to Paris, and Turenne was left with the army to support the whole weight of the war in Germany. His forces, however, were now considerably weakened (by the garrisons thrown into the various cities), and it was with great difficulty, and the most skilful manœuvring alone, that he prevented the junction of General Mercy and the Duke of Lorraine, whose united forces would have been sufficient to overwhelm him. He was successful, however, in his endeavour to keep them separate, and having swept the whole country of provisions, he maintained his position between the two armies during the whole of the winter.

The necessity of reinforcing the Imperial troops opposed to those of Sweden, had before the spring forced General Mercy to greatly diminish his forces, and Turenne immediately marched to attack him. Mercy retreated before him, and Turenne, carefully snatching each advantage as he went, added a considerable tract of country to that already conquered, and paused not till he established his head-quarters at Mariendal. Here he determined to await the arrival of reinforcements, and wrongly calculating that the army of General Mercy had separated, he suffered his cavalry to disperse itself in the various villages round about, for the purpose of more easily procuring forage. This fault did not escape the Bavarian general, and collecting his troops together, he turned upon Turenne with extraordinary rapidity. The news of his march reached the French just in time to call in some of the detachments; but General Rosen, to whom the command of the advance had been given by Turenne, neglecting to take advantage of a strong position, which might have been defended till the whole of the French forces were reassembled, Turenne found himself obliged to give battle with inferior numbers, and under various disadvantageous circumstances. The result was that the cavalry, led by Turenne himself, was victorious over the right wing of the Bavarians, but at the

same time the French infantry, under Rosen, had been completely defeated and dispersed, and the famous John de Wert had turned the flank of Turenne's cavalry, so that he was obliged to fall back behind a large wood, in the rear of his first line. He was joined by some of the recalled detachments, and presented a firm face to the enemy who now paused in the attack. Turenne instantly formed his plan of retreat, and causing the whole force of his army to direct their course towards the Landgravate of Hesse, he remained but with two regiments to cover the rear. With this small force he succeeded in effecting a retreat, which though disastrous and painful was considered as a most brilliant effort of military skill, and which in some degree compensated for his imprudence at Mariendal.

By thus returning towards the centre of Germany instead of retreating upon the Rhine, Turenne gained three vast objects. In the first place he drew the enemy away from the late conquests of France, and by placing a strong force in his rear, prevented him from attempting their recapture. In the next place he obtained strong reinforcements from the Landgrave of Hesse, and in the third he facilitated the junction of a large body of Swedes with his own forces.

He was now eager to repair his defeat, but Condé was once more despatched into Germany to take command of the army. The great panegyrists of Turenne have attributed this fact to some personal enmity which Mazarin, then at the height of power, entertained towards that general: but it appears much more likely that, the minister, alarmed by the defeat of Mariendal, and little competent to judge of military talent, imagined Turenne incapable of commanding a large separate force, and therefore despatched Condé, whose unvaried successes gave brilliant promise for the time to come. Whatever might be the feelings of Turenne, and doubtless they were those of bitter disappointment, that calm sense of duty which formed the great governing principle of all his actions, soon taught him to suppress his individual mortification, and to contribute with his whole soul to work out the triumph of his country.

The campaign that followed, and the victory of Norlinghen, will be detailed in the life of Condé; but we must not forget that Turenne had a mighty share in the success of that day, and that Condé himself could not claim a higher

meed for his conduct in the battle itself, though Turenne had opposed the attack in the first place, and declared that it must be unsuccessful.

The illness of Condé soon obliged him once more to resign the command to Turenne and Grammont, who determined to proceed into Souabia for the purpose of refreshing their troops. For some months but little of any consequence took place, and the French and Bavarian armies remained in the neighbourhood of each other in great inactivity.

The Duke of Bavaria, however, having received considerable reinforcements from the Emperor, the French generals found themselves too weak to maintain their position, and retreated precipitately on the Rhine, where they formed their camp under the cannon of Philipsburg. The Archduke commanding the united forces of the Empire and Bavaria, followed close upon their track, but finding them firmly stationed in the open space between the city and the river, he forebore an attack which would have been worse than useless. Turenne found himself strong enough to maintain his position with but a small force, and the Marechal de Gramont passed the river in the face of the enemy with a part of the infantry and almost all the cavalry, and proceeded towards Landau.

After examining the camp of Turenne for several days, the allies, finding it next to impregnable, retired and turned their arms against Vimpfen, which had been made a great magazine for artillery by the French. The want of cavalry and the scantiness of his forces obliged Turenne unwillingly to relinquish a design he entertained of marching to its succour. Vimpfen was taken, and after it almost all the late conquests of France were again captured by the Imperial forces.

The army of the Archduke, however, soon separated from that of Bavaria, and though the forces under Grammont had also quitted Turenne, an opportunity presented itself of striking at least one stroke for France before the close of the campaign. The Elector of Treves had been not only deprived of his dominions, but also imprisoned by the allies on account of his attachment to France, and though the first steps of the negotiations for peace held at Munster in 1645 had been his liberation, he was not yet restored to his dominions. To reinstate him by force of

arms appeared to Turenne not only the surest way of depressing of his opponents, but also the best means of strengthening the attachment of all the other adherents of France, and of making her enemies more willing to become her friends.

For this purpose he marched with the utmost rapidity upon Treves, though the winter had already set in, and after a vigorous attack of four days forced that place to surrender. He then took care so to fortify his conquest that it could not easily be retaken, visited and strengthened all the frontier line on the Moselle, and returned to Paris to enjoy for a time in repose the reward and the glory he had so well merited.

How his time passed in Paris is only to be told by the different anecdotes detailed of him in the works of contemporaries, for his military life alone has been written with anything like minute detail. It is certain, however, that on every occasion the Catholic priesthood exerted all their powers of persuasion and argument to win so great a man to their own religious faith, and through the whole of the *Memoirs of de Retz*, we find that a sort of argumentative persecution was carried on against Turenne, from which it was scarcely possible that he could ultimately escape. There was, however, a calm and enduring good sense about Turenne which preserved him long, and though he listened to all the disputes which were carried on in his presence for the purpose of converting him, he replied not, and still rose unconvinced. The most formidable enemy to his Protestant principles was the excellent Bishop of Lizeux, whose motive being personal affection, and whose zeal being tempered with the most kindly mildness, attacked the citadel of Turenne's conscience through the easy opened postern of the heart, at the same time that he made many a fruitless attack upon the well-defended rampart of his understanding.

The winter however passed, and Turenne, still unconverted, quitted Paris to join the army on the Rhine. Here, having formed the whole plan of his campaign, and determined, by a junction with the Swedish troops, to oppose an equal force to the Imperial and Bavarian army, he was suddenly stayed in progress by the commands of Mazarin. After the rupture of the conferences at Munster, the Duke of Bavaria had succeeded in deceiving the French minister, by

promising that if the army of France would not pass the Rhine he would refrain from joining the forces of the Emperor. In consequence of this Mazarin commanded Turenne to keep on the French bank of the river, and to lay siege to Luxembourg. Turenne, however was not to be deceived, and though he obeyed so far as the non-passage of the river was concerned, he took care not to undertake a siege which would have ruined the prospects of a war. In the meantime, as Turenne had foreseen, the Duke of Bavaria, smiling at having outwitted the wily Italian, marched onward totally unmindful of his promise, and, forming an easy junction with the Imperialists, threw himself between the French and Swedish forces. Turenne now waited no more commands; but writing his own intentions to Mazarin, he instantly set out to nullify by his own skill the treachery of the Duke of Bavaria.

He did so completely, though immense difficulties were opposed to him. He forded the Moselle, passed through the territory of Cologne, forced his way rapidly through a part of Holland in spite of the slow caution of the Dutch, passed the Rhine, cut across Westphalia, and at length, after one of the most extraordinary marches on record, effected his junction with the Swedes upon the frontiers of Hesse.

The Imperial troops now retreated before him, and passing the river Mein, he continued his march towards Frankfurt. He was here joined by a large body of infantry, and then, descending the Mein, he took town after town, on his way, in most cases blowing up the fortifications, as his army was not sufficiently strong to permit of his placing garrisons in the captured cities. A road was now opened for him into the heart of Franconia and Suabia, and while the Imperial forces remained in thunderstruck inactivity, he marched on from triumph to triumph.

At length the Duke of Bavaria found the enemy whom he had deceived, in the heart of his territory. Ausbourg was now besieged; Rain was taken, and had not the Archduke advanced with all speed to the aid of the former, it and Munich would probably have soon fallen into the hands of the French. The Imperial army, however, was now swelled by reinforcements, and Turenne was obliged to retire; but his retreat was more fatal to the cause of Austria than his presence could have been; for falling upon Landsburg,

which had been established as a magazine for the Imperial troops, he not only supplied his own army abundantly, but cut off the supplies of the enemy, and forced them to separate and retire into winter quarters. The consequence of this *coup-de-maitre* was even more important than it seemed at first. The Duke of Bavaria, irritated at the coldness with which he had been seconded by Austria, and finding the French army absolutely at his gates, abandoned the interests of the Emperor, and entered into a separate treaty with France.

Several places, even in the heart of his territories, were left as sureties in the hands of the French troops, and Turenne, after having gained a greater extent of country, taken a greater number of fortified cities, and baffled his enemy more completely than perhaps was ever known before, without fighting a single battle, concluded his glorious campaign in Germany, and, by order of the minister, led his victorious troops towards Flanders.

At Saverne, however, the Weymerian troops, which formed nearly a third part of the army, revolted at once, both from a disinclination to quit Germany, and from their pay being many months in arrear: nor could all the efforts of Turenne prevent them from retreating across the Rhine. Perhaps his conduct on this occasion displayed more firmness, judgment, and courage than had appeared in any of his campaigns. He felt that the Weymerians were necessary to the success of the French arms, and, instead of suffering them to depart alone, he despatched the whole of his French troops to join the army in Flanders, and singly accompanied the mutineers in their retreat. He persuaded, he threatened, he commanded, and after having gone with them as far as Etlinghen, he caused General Rosen, by whom the sedition was kept alive, to be arrested, won over a great part of the soldiers, charged and dispersed the remainder, and made a number of the most refractory prisoners.

After this he proceeded, as he had been directed, towards Luxembourg; but by this time the affairs of Flanders had taken a new aspect, and all Turenne effected was a diversion in favour of the other generals commanding in that country. He then received permission to re-enter Germany, and having again formed his junction with the troops of Sweden, he once more passed into Bavaria; and, though

harassed in his designs by the interested machinations of the Swedes with whom he was joined, he succeeded in desolating the whole of that country. Thus some of the finest districts in Germany were laid waste : and however much the interest of his own sovereign might demand such extremities against its enemies, we may be permitted to regret that Turenne, who was the most humane of men towards his soldiers, showed no one remorseful feeling, no humane consideration towards those who, though his adversaries, were still his fellow-creatures. Fire and the sword, plunder and rapine, raged through four months without one check ; and when the peace of Westphalia at length came to suspend hostilities, the scene of Turenne's marches was a desert.

It would occupy far too great space even to touch upon the wars of the Fronde, of which we are about to treat in the life of Condé. Suffice it, that therein Turenne had his share with the rest in the follies, the madnesses, the defeats, and the successes that were alternately the meed of all parties. In the first war of Paris we find him wishing to act as an armed mediator between the Court and the Parliament, and shortly after, we see him deprived of his command and seeking refuge in Holland. After the imprisonment of Condé, again we find him raising an army to release him, leaguings with Spain, becoming general in chief of the Spanish forces, and suffering a defeat at Rhétel. Peace, however, again succeeded, and in exchange for the Principality of Sedan, which had been yielded by the Duke of Bouillon, and had never been in any way compensated, there were now ceded some of the most valuable domains in the gift of the Crown, comprising the duchies of Albret, and Chateau Thierry, and the counties of Auvergne and Evreux.

Turenne now returned to Paris, and for some time lived there in great retirement according to de Retz. The civil war, however, was soon re-lighted, and we find that Turenne now took the part of the Court against Condé, and adhered thereto, through every change of fortune, till he once more brought the King back in triumph to Paris, and terminated the civil wars of the Fronde.

About this time took place his marriage with Made-moiselle de Caumont, only daughter of the Duke de la Force. She is represented as having been mild, amiable,

and affectionate; but those were not times when domestic virtues were greatly prized, neither could Turenne remain to enjoy her society for any length of time, for Condé was now in the field commanding the armies of Spain against France, and a Turenne was needed to defend the native country of both.

The campaigns that followed will be hereafter described, and therefore we shall pass at once to the treaty of the Pyrenees, which permitted Condé to return, and terminated the operations of the two greatest generals of the day against each other. It is said that as a recompense for his great services, Louis XIV., now arrived at the age of manhood, offered to revive in favour of Turenne the dignity of Constable of France, upon the sole condition of his embracing the Roman Catholic religion. Turenne, however, declined; and Louis, who knew how to appreciate such firm integrity, created a new title of honour in his favour, appointing him *Marshal-General of the Camps and Armies of the King*.

Turenne now followed the young Monarch to St. Jean de Luz, whither the court repaired to solemnize the marriage of Louis with the Infanta of Spain. It was on this occasion that Philip IV., hearing that he was present, desired to see the General who had so often fought against his armies, and on Turenne being presented to him, he said, after gazing on him in silence for some minutes, "*So this is the man who has made me pass so many a sleepless night.*"

The days of Turenne now rolled on in peace. Negotiations and counsels succeeded the more active enterprises in which he had been engaged. His views were generally fulfilled, and the first thing which broke the calm of his tranquillity was the early death of his wife, for whom he seems to have entertained a sincere affection, and whom he mourned with more bitter sorrow than was often, in that day, poured upon the broken bonds of connubial intercourse. The course of his thoughts, however, was soon diverted by the war which, arising between Holland and England, soon spread to the neighbouring states. Peace was speedily concluded between the powers which had originally commenced the war, but the preparations of France still continued, and it was soon found that Louis had other views than those he at first pretended to entertain.

The conquest of Flanders now became his declared object, and with Turenne to aid him, the King declared that he would carry on the war in person. To be ambitious of every kind of glory is the first grand principle of a great monarch. Many other qualities are of course required to give just effect to that vast motive, but it must exist before a king can be a great one. Louis XIV., though lamentably deficient in the mental means of winning great glory, had more than any man, perhaps, the powerful desire; and his life afforded a wonderful example of what that desire alone can effect. His first campaign, which, we may say, was fought under Turenne, was crowned with success, and the strong city of Lille was the fruit of victory. The negotiations which followed, and the threatening aspect of the surrounding nations, brought about a peace; but it was stipulated that, in return for Franche Comtè, which Condé had lately conquered, and which was to be restored, Spain should leave in the hands of Louis, the whole of French Flanders, with Courtrai, Bergues, and Furnes.

Thus ended the first short campaign of Louis XIV., and Turenne returned to Paris. Shortly after, he professed himself a convert to the Roman Catholic religion. Though he had hitherto resisted all reasonings and persuasions, he at length yielded, it is said, to the arguments of the famous Bossuet; and no sooner was he convinced than he owned his conviction. His change of opinion is also attributed to another cause, namely the personal knowledge he acquired, in this part of his life, of the multitude of sects into which the people of England were at that time divided, as well as of the various absurdities and blasphemies which the complete license of the Church had brought about. Whatever might be the cause, Turenne abjured the Protestant religion; and the only thing we can wonder at is, that, surrounded by its enemies, pressed by interest, friendship, persuasion, argument, and the wishes of a King, he resisted so long and so strongly, when he would have triumphed by yielding, and when weakness would have met with both honour and reward.

The pretences for warfare are almost always so false that it is hardly ever necessary to name them in history, without it be for the purpose of recording human insincerity. Louis XIV. determined to attack Holland, and assembling an immense army for the purpose, he separated it

into four grand divisions, the command of one of which was of course bestowed upon Turenne. To detail the operations of the army of Turenne would be little better than a catalogue of successful sieges, where the feebleness of the defence left little to interest posterity. Town after town was taken, province after province invaded, and at the end of summer 1672, the only defence remaining to the States of Holland, were the friendly waters which had so often protected them against their oppressors. At the same time, however, England, jealous of the progress of France, remonstrated against any farther advance, and embarrassed the councils of Louis. Overtures were made towards peace, but the demands of both the French and English monarchs were so exorbitant, that the Dutch, notwithstanding their dangerous situation, courageously rejected them with indignation, and called upon the surrounding nations to aid them in their necessity. The Princes of Germany rose at their appeal, and while Louis himself retired to Paris, Turenne was left as generalissimo of the whole army, to defend the conquests which had been made, and to meet the storm that was gathering in the east. The Elector of Brandenburg first advanced upon the Rhine; and shortly after, the Imperial army marched in the same direction, but Condé in Alsace, and Turenne in La Mark, so well combined their measures, that although the two armies opposed to them formed their junction, and for three months attempted to pass the river, that object could never be accomplished. The Imperial forces then turned upon Westphalia, followed step by step by Turenne, who, with his usual skill, wearied out his enemies, and with very inferior forces took town after town as he proceeded, until the troops of the Empire, exhausted, diminished, and terrified at their persevering and indefatigable enemy, retreated precipitately, and left Turenne to establish himself quietly in the district of La Mark.

Though Turenne suffered his troops to pillage with somewhat of licentious good humour, and laid the conquered countries under contribution with far more consideration for the victors than the vanquished, personal cupidity had no share in his conduct. He loved his soldiers as a father, overlooked their faults with a partial eye, and did more for them than he would have done for himself; but no share of the plunder ever found its way to its hands. Two anecdotes of his disinterestedness are attached to the campaign

we have just described. On one occasion an officer of rank came to propose to him a plan for gaining four hundred thousand francs in a few days, without the possibility of the transaction being known. Turenne heard him with his usual mildness, and then replied : " I am much obliged to you, but having often found similar opportunities without taking advantage of them, I do not think it would be worth while to change my conduct at my time of life."

The inhabitants also of one of the towns towards which he was marching, sent out to offer him a hundred thousand crowns, if he would take another road. Turenne replied, that their town was not precisely in the line of march, and therefore he could not accept their money.

Success had hitherto followed the arms of France ; but success was of course accompanied by the jealousy of the nations around. Though the Elector of Brandenburg gladly concluded a treaty of peace with Louis, the Emperor made greater efforts than ever in favour of Holland. At the same time Spain joined its interests with the Dutch, and declared war against France, while the Prince of Orange, with all the energetic talent of his race, finding himself supported by two great powers, roused himself at once from the inert defence which was all he could hitherto oppose to the French, effected his junction with the Spanish troops marching to his aid from the Low Countries, and directed his course to the strong town of Bonn. In the meanwhile Montecuculi, who commanded the Imperial troops, advanced to the Rhine, deceived Turenne by an artful stratagem, and joined the Prince of Orange at Coblenz. Bonn was immediately besieged and taken. The French troops were obliged to evacuate Holland, and Turenne, recalled to the Court, distributed his troops in winter quarters and returned to Paris.

During the whole of the campaigns which we have just detailed, the famous Louvois, who would have been a great minister had he not been the most arrogant of men, had embarrassed the measures of both Condé and Turenne by orders, which conceived at a distance from the scene of action, were always inapplicable on their arrival. The two generals had agreed to remonstrate with Louis XIV. on the conduct of his minister, but Condé, at the earnest solicitation of Louvois' relatives, abandoned his intention. Turenne, however, persisted in his determination, from a

sense of what was due to his country. With the noble moderation, however, which was one of the greatest traits in his character, he suffered no personal resentment to mingle with his nobler motives.

In one of those private interviews, which Louis often granted him, the King himself spoke of Louvois, and the bad consequences which had been produced by his interference in the affairs of war. Turenne took advantage of the occasion, spoke of the talents of Louvois as they deserved ; but remarking that the minister knew too little of war to direct its operations, made it his request that Louis would suffer him to obey no orders but his own.

Another anecdote is told of Turenne, which may as well be repeated in this place, as it shows that grand and honourable candour which is one of the noblest qualities of the noblest minds. During the time that Louis XIV., abandoned by all his allies, had to struggle alone against the united power of Europe, he employed Turenne to carry on a secret negotiation with Charles II. of England, for the purpose of detaching that monarch from the famous triple alliance. This transaction was conducted through the intervention of the Princess Henrietta of England, who had married the Duke of Orleans. In the suite of that Princess was a lady, of whom Turenne, in the course of frequent and continued intercourse, became enamoured, and with a culpable weakness he revealed to her the object of his negotiations with her mistress. The lady, of course, in turn confided the secret of her ancient lover to a younger one, and he betrayed it to the Duke of Orleans, from whom it had been kept studiously concealed. The Duke reproached his brother, Louis XIV., with want of confidence ; and Louis, who had only entrusted the knowledge of his plan to Louvois and Turenne, doubting the discretion of the minister, but firmly confident in the general, complained bitterly to Turenne of the supposed misconduct of Louvois. Without a moment's hesitation, Turenne acknowledged his fault, and shielded his enemy from the wrath he had not deserved, by calling it upon his own head. Louis appreciated his magnanimity, and received his confession as full compensation for his offence ; but Turenne himself never ceased to regret the event, and to redden whenever the subject was approached. It is said that in after years the Chevalier de Loraine, to whom the

secret had been betrayed by Turenne's frail confidante, happened to mention the circumstance to the great general. "Stop, stop a moment!" Turenne exclaimed as the other began, "let me first put out the candles!"

France was now destitute of allies, but Louis still maintained not only his hopes of successfully defending himself, but also expectation of new conquests. He first attempt was again upon Franche Comté, which had been given back to Spain at the last peace. Here his success was complete, owing, in some degree, to the wise precaution of covering his measures in that district by a strong army on the Rhine commanded by Turenne. No sooner, however, was the conquest of Franche Comté complete, than Turenne proceeded to more active measures; and being once more in presence of the Imperial armies, a campaign of long and complicated manœuvres again began, which would be far too tedious to detail. In this campaign, however, two general battles took place, one at Sintzheim, and one at Ensheim; and though neither were in any degree decisive, yet the advantage, in both instances, certainly rested with the French. The retreat of the Imperial army, after the first of these battles, laid open to the troops of France the whole of the Palatinate; and we are sorry to say that the advantage taken of the opportunity reflected no honour upon Turenne himself.

The country was not only laid waste, swept of all its produce, and left desolate and naked, but the peasantry were slaughtered, and the villages, and hamlets, and smaller towns, burnt with unsparing cruelty. The Palatine wrote a letter full of bitter reproaches to Turenne, who replied by declaring that these crimes had been committed by the soldiery without his knowledge or consent, in revenge for some cruel aggressions on the part of the peasantry. He even proceeded to punish some of the offenders; but still unhappily the fact of most glaring barbarities having taken place in the Palatinate, by the army under his command, remains as a deep stain upon the memory of Turenne. No general could so easily have prevented it as he could, for no one ever possessed more power over his troops; he did not prevent it, and therefore the crime was his.

For some time Turenne made considerable progress against the imperial forces, but at length the German army

having increased to nearly sixty thousand men, Turenne laid down for himself a plan for defeating them in detail, which he communicated to the Court, and then proceeded to put it in execution. His intention was, to use his own words, to pretend no longer to be able or willing to resist the imperial forces, and to retire into the heart of Loraine. The enemy, he then foresaw, would spread themselves out through Alsace, giving him the opportunity of attacking them in their various quarters, before they could imagine he would be ready to annoy them : and by this means he hoped to drive them once more across the Rhine. The whole plan was completely successful ; the enemy were outmanœuvred, and defeated in detail ; and having once more driven them across the French frontier, Turenne returned to Paris, anxious, if possible, to retire from the anxious and fatiguing life he led, and to finish his days in tranquillity and peace. The dangerous situation of his country, however, still had an undeniable claim upon his services, and early in the spring Turenne returned to the frontier, to oppose the famous Montecuculi, now universally acknowledged one of the greatest generals of the day. There existed between the characters of the two officers, thus brought into individual opposition to each other, a singular similarity, as well in age as in talent and experience. Turenne was calm, thoughtful, moderate, trusting more to skill than to ardour, clear-sighted, persevering, and beloved by his soldiers. The same words might be precisely applied to Montecuculi ; and thus, with nearly equal forces, talents, experience, and opportunity, they now met with none to restrain their movements, or to shackle their genius.

The campaign that followed was as brilliant a one as the most profound skill and tactical knowledge could make it. Turenne, by passing the Rhine, had carried the war into the enemy's country, and menaced the frontier circles of Germany. Montecuculi made every effort to force him to repass the river, but in vain ; stratagem after stratagem, and art exceeding art, was tried by each general to circumvent his adversary. Turenne was resolved not to repass the Rhine without fighting, and Montecuculi seemed determined to force him to do so by cutting off his supplies and harassing his troops. At length, the famine which began to manifest itself in the French camp obliged Turenne to change his position ; but the change on which he determined was

any thing but to pass the Rhine, and he advanced upon Montecuculi in order to force him to a battle. Montecuculi, however, retired at his approach, still watching in his retreat for some favourable opportunity of attacking any detached portion of the French army. So passed their march for several days, till at length, almost at the same time, the French and German forces appeared on either side of the little town of Saspach, near Acheren. Montecuculi, however, occupied the strongest ground, having taken up his position upon the slope of a hill well defended with hedges and low woods, while a rivulet flowing through some deep ravines lay in front of the infantry, and the church of Saspach formed a strong advanced post at a little distance from the general line.

Turenne calmly examined every part of the enemy's position, and for some time seemed to deem it almost unattackable. At length, however, in reconnoitering their left, he discovered that they had left a defile unguarded, and remained for some time silently calculating all the chances which that error threw in his favour. He was then heard to say, "*'Tis done with them; I have them now; they cannot escape me; now we shall gather the fruit of this laborious campaign!*"

After remarking for some time a movement and agitation which was evident in the enemy's army, and which was caused in fact by the preparations for a retreat, Turenne retired to breakfast and rest himself beneath a tree. Either from a conviction that the enemy could not escape, or from some other cause, Turenne remained longer than usual inactive, and he was still seated beneath the tree when he was informed that the enemy's infantry were seen making a movement towards the mountains. He instantly rose, and springing upon his horse, proceeded to a slight eminence, to ascertain the cause of the motion which had been observed. At this time the Imperial army was keeping up a heavy fire upon the French position, in order to conceal the retreat which they were attempting to effect undisturbed, and Turenne, commanding all his attendants to remain behind, advanced alone. "Stay where you are, nephew," he said even to the Duke d'Elbœuf; "by turning round and round me, you will cause me to be recognized by the enemy."

A little farther on he met the Lord Hamilton, then serv-

ing in the French army, and paused to speak with him. "Come this way, my Lord Marshal," said the Scotch nobleman, "they are firing in that direction." "I do not intend to be killed this day," replied Turenne, with a smile, and rode on. A moment after, he was met by the commander-in-chief of the artillery, named St. Hilaire, who called his attention to a battery he had caused to be constructed near the spot, and held out his hand to point out some particular object.

Turenne reined his horse a step or two back, when suddenly a cannon-ball carried off the arm of St. Hilaire, and, passing on, struck Turenne in the midst of the stomach. His face fell forward instantly, and his horse feeling his hand relax its grasp of the reins, turned its head, and galloped back to the staff, where Turenne fell dead into the arms of his attendants, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1675.

The consternation which spread through the army was dreadful. The soldiers, who loved Turenne almost to adoration, demanded clamorously to be led against the enemy in order to avenge his death, shouting loudly to turn out his horse, *la Pîe*, before the ranks, and she would bring them, they asserted, right to the foe. The general officers however, held a council, in which terror and haste reigned much more than sense and resolution. The French army retreated, the Imperial troops advanced, and all that the skill, the wisdom, and perseverance of Turenne had gained for France, was lost again by his death.

Voltaire has compared Turenne to Gonzalves de Cordoba, the Great Captain, and in their military character there is certainly a great resemblance. Each had skill, patience, perseverance, calmness, and judgment. But in private life no two men could be more strikingly different. Turenne was anything but brilliant in conversation, and no way remarkable for the graces of his person, either natural or acquired. He was mild, tranquil, even retiring, hating pomp and display, giving no signs of quickness of apprehension, and loving reflection and solid sense far more than brilliancy and wit. It will easily be seen, by the account we have already given of Gonzalves, that though the great qualities of these two generals might be the same, their faults and their failings were entirely opposite.

The character given of Turenne by the Cardinal de

Retz is probably nearer to the truth than any other, because it was drawn from the life, by an acute observer, who in this instance had no object in deceiving.

"Monsieur de Turenne," says de Retz, "had from his youth upwards all the *good* qualities, and very, very early he acquired all the great ones. He wanted none but those which he did not know of. He had all the virtues as natural gifts, without having the tinsel of any of them. It has been thought that he was more capable of commanding an army than leading a party, and I believe so also, because he was naturally not enterprising ;—nevertheless who can say ? In himself, as well as in his conversation, there was always a certain something of obscurity, which never developed itself except in great opportunities, but then always developed itself to his glory."

Such is the picture of Turenne as drawn by de Retz ; and it may farther be said, that in his communication with others he was always mild and gentle. He had none of the pride of wealth, of rank, or of talent. It is said, that being applied to by some mechanics, who did not know him, to measure a disputed distance, he did so with his cane, and on the one, to whose opinion he was unfavourable, declaring he did not judge fairly, he knelt down and measured the ground over again. He was far less severe on others than on himself ; and however great was the fault he committed he was ever ready to acknowledge and to atone.

Such was Turenne. We have already seen what he was as a general ; and the few traits here given of his private life may serve better to tell what he was as a man than the most long and laboured description. The greatest tribute to the memory of Turenne was the grief and consternation that spread through France on the tidings of his death. "Every one seeks the other to speak of Monsieur de Turenne," says Madame de Sevigné ; "they crowd together. Yesterday all were in tears in the streets—every other business was suspended ;" and again, "The news (of the death of Turenne) arrived at Versailles on Monday. The King was afflicted as one ought to be on the death of the greatest captain and most excellent man in the world. —Never was man regretted so sincerely. All the quarter where he lived ; the whole of Paris ; the whole people, were in trouble and emotion. Every one spoke and crowded but to regret the hero."

THE GREAT CONDE.

To conquer the difficulties of an inferior station, and not only to tread the path to renown, but to form it for oneself—to hew it out through the thousand stumbling-blocks of misfortune—to carry it up over the mountain-like obstacles of continual competition under adverse circumstances ; and to clear it of all the tangling thorns of poverty and distress, is certainly the most difficult of undertakings and the most glorious of triumphs.

There are, nevertheless, dangers and obstacles attached also to high station, which, besetting it in the outset, attack the mind in its infant feebleness, and, like the serpent-enemies of the young Hercules, threaten to destroy great endeavour in its childhood.

Those who are born to wealth and rank have, it is true, greater means of success ; but they have less excitement to enterprise. They have fewer impediments to overcome in the course ; but the prize is to them less valuable in proportion. Thus, in their case, the love of fame, and honour, and virtue—or, in other words, the aspiration after greatness—is divested of all the accessory stimulants to exertion which the desire of wealth and consideration furnishes to the humbler classes ; and when, to the absence of all such incitement, we add the corrupting influence of luxury, early indulgence, adulation, and bad example, it is only wonderful that the higher ranks of society—a class infinitely small when compared with the lower ranks—should have produced such a multitude of men who have added the real distinction of great deeds to the fictitious one of high station. The struggle to them is less difficult when once undertaken ; but the undertaking itself must generally originate in the purer kinds of ambition. The indolence of prosperity, the pride of rank, the self-sufficiency of wealth, must each be overcome before a man of high fortune starts forward to become great by his own actions, and mingles himself with a contending crowd of all classes and conditions. He begins, indeed, the race at the middle of the course ; but he must first leap a high barrier to reach

it; and then the steps he has to take are the steepest and the most slippery of all those that lead to the goal of glory.

Louis de Bourbon, afterwards known by the name of the Great Condé was born at Paris in 1621, heir to the illustrious house of Condé and son of the first prince of the blood royal of France.

He had an illustrious name to sustain, and a great station in society to fill; and his father seems to have been fully impressed with the fact, that high birth and ancestry, so far from freeing us from any of the ties of virtue, impose upon us stricter duties; and that those things, which in other men are but faults, in the great become crimes.

There is a virtue that we owe the dead in return for any inheritance of glory they may have left us, and a virtue that we owe the living for the respect that they show to us for our descent from the dead. Such should be the feeling of every man who looks back with pride to his ancestors, and such seems to have been the sentiment of the Prince de Condé in the education of his son.

It is only by implication, however, that we can discover what this early education was, for but few facts are recorded of the boyish years of Condé, then Duke d'Enghein, and these facts are recorded by a hand which had the plea of consanguinity to excuse partiality. Nevertheless, though the details are lost, sufficient remains to show what was the general principle by which his education was conducted. We find that his father almost always superintended it himself, and we find that it was productive of the deepest respect, on the part of the son, towards his parent. Such an education never could have been bad: but, besides this, we have many other causes to suppose that it was vigorous and judicious. In that age, when the privileges of nobility were uncontested, and any one who claimed kindred with royalty was worshipped with criminal adulation, one of the greatest mental evils to be guarded against was pride, the most impassable barrier in the way of greatness.

Probably with a view of correcting the natural tendency of the mind to that weakness, the Duke of Enghein was sent, at an early age, to the College of Bourges, where little or no distinction was permitted between himself and his school-fellows; and to teach him to govern the passionate ardour with which he was constitutionally disposed

to follow every pursuit and amusement, we often find his father breaking abruptly through his sports and pleasures, and from the beginning teaching him, who was destined to command others, the first rudiments of that great science, in the habit of commanding himself. The most painful of the sacrifices which he directed him to make, was the resignation of his hunting equipage; but though, in common with almost all men who have distinguished themselves in war, he was passionately attached to the chace, he yielded ready obedience to his father's commands, and even acknowledged that he had pursued that amusement with more ardour than any sport deserved.

When first withdrawn from the studies of youth, and introduced at the dim and faded Court of Louis XIII., the Duke d'Enghein found the splendour, as well as the weight of royal authority, transferred from the feeble hands of the monarch, to those of his great but cruel and ambitious minister Richelieu, and his ardent and impetuous spirit seems to have burned within him at the usurpation to which others tamely submitted. At the same time, however, he found the interests of his father inseparably united to those of Richelieu, and he appears to have lived in a continual struggle with himself to prevent his indignation from breaking forth in any of those rough and uncereemonious sallies to which, on other occasion, he was too apt to give way.

For the purpose, probably, of removing him from the dangerous proximity of the minister, whose jealousy was of the most irritable as well as of the most vindictive nature, the young Duke of Enghein was sent by his father, then Governor of Burgundy, to supply his place in that province, though he had not yet passed his eighteenth year. In the following spring also (anno 1640) he was permitted to make his first campaign under the celebrated Marshal Mielleraye, and soon gave proofs of that extraordinary genius for war which his whole life so strongly developed.

He returned to the court with a reputation already formed, but many disappointments and vexations awaited him there. The nobility of France had, after many a struggle, fallen completely before the ascendancy of Richelieu, and it was hardly to be expected that when the King himself had become his slave, the princes of the blood royal should

be less than his servants. The Prince of Condé then, the father of the young warrior, had already made a thousand sacrifices to the ambition and the pride of the minister, and on the return of his son from the campaign in Flanders, a new concession was demanded of him, and he made it, by marrying d'Enghein to Clara de Brezé the niece of the Cardinal de Richelieu.

Discontented with a marriage in which his dignity was as much hurt as his inclinations were little consulted, the Prince absented himself as far as he could from a Court where he found himself out of place, and spent the greater part of his time amongst those great and agitating scenes for which he was born. Honour and success attended all his steps, and very shortly after, the death of Richelieu broke the chain that manacled every noble spirit in France, and left him, amongst others, free to act upon an enlarged stage. His father, the Prince of Condé, resumed the place which his birth and character should have preserved to him from the first; and d'Enghein himself was appointed General-in-chief of the army of Champaign and Picardy.

He had not yet reached his one-and-twentieth year, and notwithstanding the valour and talents he had already displayed, his genius was still not justly appreciated, either by his friends or his adversaries. The command bestowed upon him was merely a mark of consideration for his rank and family, and the old Marechal de l'Hôpital was joined with him, to correct the errors which it was anticipated that he would commit, and to cool the boiling impetuosity of untried youth with the chill and tardy deliberation of age and experience.

Committing the ever fatal fault of undervaluing his enemy, Don Francisco de Mello, the Spanish General had advanced into Champaign and laid siege to Rocroy, counting wrongly that the ardour of the young Duke would lead him into errors of one kind, and rightly that the tardiness of the old General would be productive of errors of another cast; so that the experiment of a divided command would have its usual unhappy effect upon the French army, and that, instead of the character of the one correcting the character of the other, their united faults would ruin both.

Condé, however, depended but upon himself; and, having the power, he resolved to use it on his own responsibility, taking at once his determination to relieve Rocroy

and give battle to the Spanish army, without seeking the more timid counsels of his cautious coadjutor.

Great deeds must be attempted boldly to succeed, and the very circumstances which seemed to throw additional obstacles in the way of the French, were precisely those in which the ardour and enterprize of a young and fiery spirit were calculated to be successful. Had victory depended on cautious manœuvring, and wary observation, the impetuosity of the Duke d'Enghein might have proved his ruin, but here there were difficulties to be boldly overcome, quick and laborious marches to be undertaken, passages and defiles to be forced at once, and here the genius and the ardour of the young warrior went hand in hand.

Between Joigny, from which place the French army marched upon Rocroy, and the Spanish army which besieged it, lay a most defensible tract of country, full of defiles, of woods and marshes, so that in a thousand points the Prince might have been taken at a disadvantage in his advance. He proceeded rapidly nevertheless, throwing forward General Gassion with a part of his disposable forces, for the double purpose of casting supplies into the town and of reconnoitring the enemy's position and the country in advance. In both these objects Gassion was successful, but the tidings he brought of the difficult nature of the country were sufficient to have daunted a less decided mind than that of Condé.

That obstacles were made to be overcome, is the motto of all great men, and the Duke paused not an instant for those that lay before him. On the seventeenth of May the French army arrived at Bossut, within a day's march of the enemy, from whom it was separated only by a long and difficult defile.

Here for the first time d'Enghein, who had opened his views to no one but Gassion, communicated to the council of war his intention of forcing the enemy to a general battle. With the brief eloquence of a vigorous mind he showed the immense advantages to be gained, contrasted with the difficulties to be overcome; and full of hope and confidence himself, he succeeded in communicating the same bright anticipations to his hearers. Even the Marshal de l'Hôpital himself acceded to his views, and gave his consent to the attempt, though it is supposed that he did so expecting Don Francesco de Mello to oppose the passage of the de-

file, and thus prevent a general engagement. The Spanish General, however, with veteran troops, a strong position, food, and repose upon his side, entertained no doubt of the issue of the approaching battle. He had no more even to gain by it than the French commander, and he was as confident of his own powers.

He suffered therefore the Duke d'Enghein to pass the defile unmolested, and even to take up a position on the other side, though, had he attacked the Prince at the moment the cavalry had passed, while the infantry and artillery were embarrassed in the ravine, the army of France would have been infallibly destroyed. It was one of those faults by which empires are lost and won.

The time expended, however, in the passage of the infantry and the cannon, brought the day nearly to its conclusion, and neither general chose to risk the great object for which he fought upon the chances of a struggle during the night. There was sufficient time, nevertheless, for two egregious faults to be committed before night-fall. Nothing but a small valley separated the two armies. The Prince's right, commanded by himself, rested on a wood. The other wing, commanded, under the old Marshal de l'Hopital, by a general officer named la Ferte, touched upon a marsh, to the left of which lay Rocroy.

La Ferte no sooner perceived that by tacit agreement the battle would be deferred till the next morning, than he formed the idea of throwing aid into Rocroy, and, without consulting any one, proceeded to pass the marsh with his cavalry, leaving the left flank of the army completely exposed. The Spanish general instantly saw the fault, and hastened to take advantage of it, while d'Enghein, raging with vexation, issued orders for la Ferte to return, and for the reserve to advance and fill up the vacancy in his line. Don Francisco de Mello perceived the movement of the reserve; and, whether he took la Ferte's folly for preconcerted manœuvre to draw on a battle, or judged that he had not time to profit by it, cannot be told; but he paused in his attack, gave la Ferte time to reassume his position, and let the cup of victory once more slip from his hand.

This error on the left being thus retrieved, the Duke d'Enghein gave his orders for the attack next morning, and having seen that all was prepared, calm in the certainty of his own powers, and fatigued with the efforts of the day,

he wrapped himself in his cloak by the side of a watch-fire, left fears and anxieties to the timid and the doubting, and slept profoundly through the night.

His attendants were forced to awaken him next morning for the attack, but all his dispositions having been made the night before, no further delay took place. A few words of encouragement to the soldiers, was his only preparation, and then, putting himself at the head of the right wing, he began the battle by the attack of a wood lined with Spanish musketeers, which defended the flank of the enemy's cavalry commanded by the Duke of Albuquerque. The wood was carried in a moment; and General Gassion sweeping round it with a strong detachment of horse, attacked the Spanish cavalry in flank, while the Prince himself charged them in front, and drove them in disorder over the hill.

The German and Italian infantry, which formed the strength of the enemy's left wing, were now exposed to all the efforts of the French General, and soon shared the fate of the cavalry, giving way in every direction before the impetuosity of the Prince's attack. Wherever d'Enghein appeared, victory followed him; and in an amazingly short space of time, the left wing of the Spaniards was totally routed. Not so, however, their right, where de Mello fought in person. There, success attended the arms of the Spaniards. The Marshal de l'Hôpital was not only repelled in his attack, but was driven back from his own position, his infantry cut to pieces, his cannon taken, and his division mingled pell-mell with the body of reserve.

Such were the tidings brought to the Duke d'Enghein as he pursued the victory he had gained over the enemy's left. With the lightning resolution of mighty genius, his conduct was determined at once. Calling together the whole cavalry of the wing he had commanded, no longer necessary from the complete rout of the enemy in that part of the field, he passed at once behind the whole line of the Spanish infantry, and thundered down upon the rear of De Mello's cavalry, who were following up their advantage against de l'Hôpital. Everything gave way before him, and the victorious division of the Spanish army, now conquered in their turn, were soon dispersed and flying over every part of the field.

Notwithstanding this signal defeat of both wings of the Spanish army, a formidable body still remained to be van-

quished, consisting of the old and renowned Castilian infantry, commanded by the gallant Count of Fuentez. At the same time news was brought to the Prince, that at this very critical moment, the German General Beck was advancing to support the Spaniards, with a division of six thousand fresh troops, and was already within sight of the field. Detaching a small force under Gassion to hold the Imperial General in check, d'Enghein instantly directed his whole energies to overcome the Spanish infantry before any succour could arrive. That celebrated phalanx, almost as celebrated, says Voltaire, as that of ancient Greece, had never yet been broken. Such a renown is doubly terrible—from the confidence with which it inspires those who possess it, and from the dread with which it effects their enemies. To oppose this, d'Enghein led to the charge that cavalry which he had twice conducted to victory in one day. But the veteran soldiers of Castille received his impetuous attack with a firm aspect, and a tremendous fire of musketry, or opening their hollow squares, as was their custom, suffered the cannon, which occupied the centre of each battalion, to pour forth suddenly a murderous fire upon the approaching cavalry. Three times the French were brought back to the charge by their gallant leader, and three times they were repelled from the battalions of Spanish infantry like waves driven back by a rock. At length, d'Enghein perceiving that the cavalry made little or no impression, commanded the whole of his reserve to advance; and the Spaniards, finding themselves hemmed in on all sides, made it understood that they demanded quarters.

At this moment an unhappy mistake produced a dreadful and unnecessary effusion of blood. The Duke d'Enghein seeing and comprehending the signal of the Spanish infantry, rode forward to check the advance of the reserve. The Spaniards, misunderstanding his movement, imagined that he was ordering a fresh attack; and, resuming their arms, opened a tremendous fire upon the French. They in their turn, taking this conduct for an act of the basest treachery, charged the enemy in every direction, and the unhappy Spaniards were massacred by thousands.

It was with infinite difficulty that d'Enghein could put a stop to the fury of the exasperated soldiery, and he was seen at the end of the battle surrounded by the officers of the conquered army, who clinging to his knees and to his

charger, found their only safety near his person. On that field of Rocroy, Condé won his first full harvest of glory; but—singular as it was, to see a young man in his twentieth year, by the union of courage and genius and intuitive skill, defeat three of the best and most experienced generals in Europe, conquer renowned and veteran soldiers with a fatigued army, and transfer at one blow the fame which the Spanish troops had acquired and maintained during two hundred years, to the arms of France—it was still more singular that this ardent and impetuous youth, suffered not eagerness, excitement, or triumph, to carry him into one cruelty or one fault, that he was ready the moment that victory was complete, to put an immediate stop to bloodshed, and was instantly prepared to encounter the fresh troops that were said to be advancing against him.

As he was about to march in order to face General Beck, however, news was brought him which rendered his preparations on that score unnecessary. The fugitive cavalry of the Spanish army had fallen in with the divisions of Germans coming to their aid; and instead of attempting to rally, had communicated their own panic to their allies, who joining in their flight, had abandoned part of the artillery, and retreated with all speed.

The victory of Rocroy was thus complete. The French left two thousand men on the field of battle, showing that the Spaniards had not been conquered without a struggle, but on the other hand sixteen thousand Spaniards and Germans of the best troops of the house of Austria fell on the part of Spain. The most considerable officer killed was the old Count de Fuentes, the general of the Spanish infantry, who though overwhelmed with age and sickness, had by his skill and obstinate valour nearly turned the day in favour of his country. He was found dying beside the litter in which he had been carried to the battle, and when his body was pointed out to Condé, the young warrior exclaimed, "So would I wish to have died had I not conquered."

The line of Condé's ambition was military glory; and though caprice and the necessity of strong excitement, joined, to the persuasions of others, led him in after years to mingle, and even to lead, in the factions of the day, his true sphere was in the battle field, his right post at the head of an army. He seems also to have felt that such

was the case, and never willingly to have changed the character of a warrior for that of a statesman.

On the eve of the battle of Rocroy, news had been brought him that the King, Louis XIII., had followed his great minister, Richelieu, from that busy scene where they had acted together for so many years, as ruler and tool, to the awful tribunal of another world.

All was confusion in Paris. The new monarch was yet an infant, the regency undecided, the government unsettled, and many in the camp, on the very first intelligence, urged the young Duke d'Enghein to march his army upon the capital, and secure the station of regent in his own family. Condé remained to win the battle of Rocroy, and having won it, remained to complete the glorious campaign he had so triumphantly begun.

We have paused longer upon this victory than we shall probably do upon any of the many with which Condé wreathed his brow, both because it was the first laurel that he won individually, and the first that for many years had decorated the arms of France, without being immediately torn off by some succeeding misfortune. From this time, however, France took the lead amongst military nations, till the genius of a Marlborough carried up the renown of England above all contemporary people.

After the victory at Rocroy, Condé, in spite of great opposition at the court, undertook the siege of Thionville. In his march upon that city he showed himself as able a tactician as he was an intrepid warrior; and after outmanœuvring the enemy, he arrived unattacked, and sat down in form before the place.

During the course of the siege, several gross faults were committed by the general officers serving under him; but Condé was as prompt to see and to remedy the errors of his own party, as he was to take advantage of those of his enemies. General Beck also, whose task it was to attempt to raise the siege, seems to have suffered himself to be dazzled by the splendid talents of his chief adversary, and not to have even fancied that great follies might be committed by those under his command.

Thus Thionville was invested on every side, the works carried on against it with rapidity, daring, and perseverance; and, notwithstanding the overflowing of the Moselle, the vigorous resistance of the besieged, and vari-

ous other protracting circumstances, before two months were over, the engineers had succeeded in completely mining the wall, and, report says, had even reached part of the citadel itself.

It needed but to fire the train, and Thionville would have been taken at once by assault—a circumstance considered in that day even more honourable to the besieging general than a great victory in the open field. Condé, however, felt that he, of all men, needed least to win glory at the sacrifice of humanity; and refraining from springing the mine which would have opened the city to assault, he summoned the Governor, caused him to be conducted through the works, and suffered him to draw his own conclusions. Defence was no longer possible, and Thionville was instantly surrendered, while the laurels that Condé acquired by its capture, were, from the generous humanity he displayed, of the purest that ever bind the brow of victory.

By the taking of Thionville the whole course of the Moselle lay open to the French army. Condé was not a man to lose such advantages, and before returning to Paris, though called thither by the first bright feelings of paternity, he took care to secure with care what his courage and his skill had gained for his country.

The acclamations of the people in the capital, however gratifying to himself, awakened at the court fears and jealousies which caused him to be quickly sent to the field again. Indeed, an excuse was soon found for absenting him from Paris, in the reverses which had attended the arms of France on the banks of the Rhine; and after passing fifteen days with his wife and infant son, he was ordered to conduct a reinforcement to the army of Marshal Guebriant. His presence on the frontier of Germany restored confidence and success to the army, and once more returning to Paris, he received as a reward from the Queen Regent, the government of Champagne. This charge, of course, again called him from the capital, and he soon after received orders from the court to join the army of the famous Turenne, then already beginning to be celebrated, but who on that occasion found himself obliged to retreat before the superior forces of General Mercy.

One of the first commanders of that age, Mercy had already forced the French to re-tread almost every step

they had taken in Germany; and, on Condé's arrival at Brissac he found Fribourg in the hands of the enemy, and their general intrenched in an almost impregnable position at a little distance from the city. The Bavarian army was superior to his own, the nature of the country presented every difficulty to an attacking force; and the German camp was fortified with a double line of trenches and redoubts. But the object to be gained in taking it was immense, no less than the command of the whole course of the Rhine, and Condé determined instantly on an attempt to force the position of his adversary. Two simultaneous assaults—one upon a weak spot to the left of Mercy's line, and one in front—was determined upon instantly; and, Turenne having been despatched to the left, at five o'clock (the hour he was expected to be prepared) Condé, seconded by the Marshal de Grammont, scaled the heights under a heavy fire, and attacked the first line of entrenchments. The Bavarian troops to whom the French were opposed, fought the ground inch by inch, and were with infinite difficulty driven from the first line into the second.

The French had suffered great loss in scaling the heights, and still greater in the contest for the lines, but when they saw their enemy as strongly entrenched as before, and receiving them with the same murderous fire, and the same firm countenance, they paused in their advance, and though they attempted not to fly, their officers could not induce them to renew the attack. At that moment Condé arrived on the spot with the Marshal de Grammont, saw the hesitation of the troops, and instantly perceiving that something must be done to rouse and inspire them, he sprang from his horse, put himself at the head of one of the regiments, hurled his baton of Field Marshal into the midst of the enemy's entrenchments, and drawing his sword, rushed forward to recover it. The effect was what he expected. There was no more indecision, the whole army charged, and the second of the enemy's lines was carried in a moment.

The Bavarians, however, were still sheltered by their redoubts, and before these could be attacked night fell, and put an end to the combat.

Mercy, though driven back, was not defeated. Turenne, on his side, had not been more completely successful than Condé, and the next morning found the two armies still in

presence, and saw the attack renewed. Still each general maintained his reputation, and after fighting the whole of that day, a part of the night even was consumed in the combat without bringing it to a decision. During the three days that followed the army of France reposed itself. Not so the mind of Conde, which, far from startled by the difficulties he had encountered, formed the daring project of cutting off the retreat of the German general, and investing him in his own camp. Mercy, however, with a soul of the same nature as the Prince's, divined his project before its execution, and on the third day began his retreat upon Fellinghen. It was not, however, suffered to take place in peace. Condé followed, but though Mercy sacrificed a part of his baggage and artillery, rather than be drawn into a general action, the advantages gained over him were not great, and he effected his retreat after some severe skirmishing.

The victory was certainly Condé's, for he fought for a position, and he gained it; but the loss upon his side was nearly equal to that of the enemy. The consequences, however, more fully demonstrated his success than even the possession of the field of battle. Philipsburg was taken after a brief but spirited resistance. Worms, Oppenheim, Mayence, Landau, Mayenne, submitted without opposition, and Condé returned to Paris leaving the whole course of the Rhine in the hands of France.

On the surrender of Mayence we will pause for a moment to notice a circumstance which called forth the display of other acquirements on the part of the young warrior than those of the soldier. That city, proud of its strength, yet willing to surrender itself to France, refused to yield its keys to Turenne, who had been sent against it, and demanded the presence of the victor of Rocroy and Fribourg. In consequence of this Condé presented himself, when the gates were opened to him, and the various learned bodies of the city harangued him in Latin. Perhaps it was little expected in that day that a man who out of the brief life of three-and-twenty years had passed so many summers in the tented field, should be able either to comprehend or to answer an address in a dead language; but however that may be, Condé instantly replied in the Roman tongue, with a fluency and elegance which put to shame the stiff forms of their laboured oration.

On his return to Paris, the regency being now firmly fixed in the hands of Anne of Austria, and the government entertaining less jealousy as it was exposed to less danger, Condé seems to have been received with more cordiality and rewarded with more sincerity of gratitude.

We shall say little of his stay in Paris at this period, not because materials are wanting, but because there are various circumstances connected with this part of his history, the discussion of which is both unpleasant and unnecessary. His eulogists, and those who knew him best, give to this epoch of his life more unlimited praises than even to his conduct as a warrior, stating that he used his great influence for the noblest of purposes, and controlled his own passions to promote the happiness of others. There are others, however, who accuse him of vices and even of crimes, but their accusation is *suspicious*, inasmuch as it proceeded from persons avowedly his political enemies, *improbable* from the nature of the charges and the character of the man, and *unworthy of belief*, as unsupported by any tangible evidence. As there are few bad men without some virtues, so there are few good or great men without some faults or meannesses, but he who points out, even truly, the weaknesses of the noble, the follies of the wise, or the pettinesses of the great, does a bad service to humanity, by depriving it of examples of virtue, and must be much more actuated by the desire of detraction than by the love of truth.

The Cardinal de Retz himself, who was turn by turn the Prince's friend and his enemy, his partisan and his opposer, mentions nothing that could lead to a belief in the calumnies which some later publications have thought fit to bring forth from the dark repertoires of long-forgotten scandal, and yet the Cardinal de Retz was not a man to spare or to conceal. We may therefore well set down the charges to which we allude, either to the general malevolence with which the mean regard the great, or to the more venomous malignity of individual hatred, and thus pass them over as either matter for contempt or detestation.

We have in the foregoing pages mentioned the impetuous heat with which the Duke d'Enghien sometimes outraged the cold etiquette of a ceremonious court. An instance of the kind occurred at this period, which caused

for a time a serious division between himself and the Duke of Orleans, the uncle of the young King, and which, though productive of no important results, was never sincerely forgotten. At a splendid fete given at the palace of the Duke of Orleans, one of that Prince's ushers carelessly waving his staff of office, brought it so near the Duke d'Enghien as to graze his face. Condé, giving way to a burst of anger, snatched the wand from his hand and broke it to pieces. The Duke of Orleans looked upon this proceeding as a personal insult offered to himself, and resented it accordingly; and thus began a quarrel which was with great difficulty appeased by Cardinal Mazarin.

The war upon the frontiers still continued, and the court of France took care to cripple the energies of her generals, by dividing the army into such small portions that nothing great could be undertaken by any one division.

At length, however, Turenne having received a severe check at Mariendal, the necessity of a junction between his forces and those of Conde became absolutely necessary for the safety of the state, and the Prince accordingly marched for Spire, where his corps, united with that of Turenne, amounted to about twenty-three thousand efficient men.—Armies in those days were not the immense machines which we have since seen employed in the wars of our own times, so that the forces now under the command of the Prince were looked upon as very considerable.

With these he continued to manœuvre in the face of General Mercy for some weeks, now threatening one town, now another, till after a thousand marches and counter-marches, he succeeded in drawing the Imperial army into the plains of Norlinghen. Here General Mercy, who was famous for the skill with which he selected his position on all occasions, though he could not find a ground so strong as those he had hitherto occupied, took post upon the heights, with his right wing covered by the mountains of Vimburg, and his left resting on the castle of Allerem, with the village of Allerem a short distance in advance of the centre of his line. This he had time to occupy with a strong force, and adding some hasty fortifications to the natural strength of his position he rendered it almost impregnable.

So Turenne judged it, when, turning back from Norling-

hen, the French army came in presence of the enemy; and he strongly advised Conde not to attempt a battle under such disadvantageous circumstances. The Prince, however, saw nothing but victory before him; and it is an extraordinary fact which has been observed of these two great generals, that, with equal courage and talents, they never judged alike on the probable issue of any great undertaking. It would be ridiculous to say that Turenne was timid—no, but he was cautious. Conde was bold—so bold indeed, that success was the only proof that he was not rash. Conde always struck for victory, Turenne always guarded against defeat.

Under Conde, commanded Turenne and Grammont; under Mercy, Glene and the famous Jean de Wert; so that six of the most celebrated generals of Europe were at once upon the field. The battle was long and sanguinary. The village, which was the principal point of attack, was taken and retaken more than once, and the uncertain balance of fortune wavered long over the two contending armies.

At length, however, the united efforts of Turenne and Conde succeeded in breaking the right wing of the enemy and taking the village. Confusion and defeat now spread itself through this part of the Imperial army. The centre gave way in every direction, and John de Wert, who had on the left defeated Marshal Grammont, and even made him prisoner, found himself abandoned by the rest of the army and exposed to the whole force of the French. To retreat was all he could do, and it was most honourable to himself that he could do so with safety. The field, however, remained in possession of the French, with the whole of the enemy's artillery, and forty standards. Six thousand men fell on the part of Austria, amongst whom was Mercy, the General-in-chief. He was buried on the field, and a monument erected to his memory with an epitaph that he merited:

"Sta, Viator! Heroem calcas."

Glene, who commanded the Imperial right wing, was taken, and a multitude of officers of lesser notè were amongst the dead and the prisoners.

France lost four thousand men and a great many officers; Turenne and Grammont were both slightly wounded, and Conde, with two horses killed under him and three wound-

ed, received a pistol-ball in the arm, and a slight hurt in the thigh.

He hastened to profit by his victory, but his wound and fatigue brought on a fit of illness as he lay before Heilbronn, which soon grew so serious as to threaten his life. He was carried to Philipsburg, where a strong constitution at length overcame the disease; but while he thus lay incapable of action the Imperial forces rallied behind the Danube, and, advancing under the command of John de Wert, wrested from the French all the advantages they had gained.

At this period, the operations of the armies in Flanders were every moment becoming more and more important to France; but confided to the command of Gaston Duke of Orleans, a weak, undecided, and favourite-governed Prince, the French troops in that district were reaping little but the thorny harvest of loss and disgrace. Though it was evident to every one that the genius of Conde was there required, to retrieve what had been done amiss, and to perform what had been left undone; yet Gaston of Orleans clung to his command with the pertinacious attachment of all weak men to the power they are incapable of using. No one dared to propose to the great Conde a subordinate station, but, with that greatness of mind which is one of the nobler parts of heroism, he voluntarily offered to serve under his cousin of Orleans. Though opposed in all his greater schemes, and harassed by the timid counsels of the weak and incapable men with whom he was joined, the presence of Conde brought success along with it. Courtrai capitulated, Mardyke was taken, and Dunkirk, after a long and painful siege, fell for the first time into the hands of France.

About this time Henry de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, the father of the young warrior, died at Paris, and was succeeded in all his honours by the subject of our memoir.

Being now, as successor to his father, President of the Council of Regency, Conde's first care was to protect the Count de Harcourt and Marshal de la Motte against the tyranny of Mazarin, who without affording them the means of success, now punished them for the want of it in the campaign of Catalonia.

Mazarin, the most subtle of men, yielded every conces-

sion to the Prince's remonstrance, praying him, at the same time, to take upon himself the command of the army of Catalonia, and promising him all the necessary supplies in abundance.

Conde was a less able tactician in the cabinet than in the field. From the native frankness of his character he suspected no fraud in one who professed to be his friend, and from long habits of victory he never doubted of success. He accordingly took the command which was offered him, and on arriving at Barcelona found that every thing was wanting which could render his arms again triumphant. Neither money, stores, nor artillery, were prepared, but yet his confidence did not forsake him, and, as if in mockery of the difficulties of his situation, he was drawn into the only fanfaronade of which history accuses him.

As we seek to represent Conde but as a man, though a great one, we shall relate this anecdote of his bravado at the siege of Lerida, as it is reported from the recital of one who was present.

"The Prince besieged Lerida," says the amusing historian of de Grammont. "The place itself was nothing; but con Gregorio Brice was not a little. He was one of those dhip-of-the-old-block Spaniards, as brave as the Cid, as proud as all the Guzmans together, and as gallant as the whole Abencerrages of Grenada.

"He suffered us to make the first approaches, without showing the least sign of life. The Marechal de Grammont—whose maxim it was that a Governor who at first makes a great noise, and burns his suburbs that he may defend his town like a lion, generally defends it like a rat—did not at all like the civility of Don Gregorio Brice. The Prince however, proud of Rocroy, of Gribourg, and of Norlinghen, to tease the fortress and its governor, opened the trenches with his own regiment, at the head of which marched four-and-twenty violins, as if we had been at a wedding.

"Night came, and we all set about to amuse ourselves as best we might. Our violins were full of tender airs, and good cheer reigned throughout. Heaven only knows what dirt was thrown at the poor little governor and his ruff, both of which we fancied we should have in our hands within

four-and-twenty hours. All this passed at the trenches, when we suddenly heard a cry of bad augury from the rampart, repeated twice or thrice, 'Alert to the wall!' which cry was followed by a salvo of cannon and musketry, and the salvo by a sortie, which having swept our trench, drove us back fighting to the very camp.

"The next morning Gregorio Brice sent a present of ice and fruit to our commander, begging him most humbly to excuse his not having violins ready to return his serenade, but assuring him, that if the music which he had sent out the night before, had been found agreeable, he would endeavour to keep it up as long as the Prince did him the honour of remaining before Lerida."

The governor kept his word, and Conde was obliged to raise the siege and return into France a wiser man at least, if not a better general, than when he had quitted it.

About this time took place in France, the first infant movements of those dissensions which were afterwards known by the name of the wars of the Fronde. The regency of the kingdom had, as we have shown, been confided to the Queen, Anne of Austria, who yielded all her power to her favourite and minister Cardinal Mazarin. The combination of weakness and tyranny in his government of the country at first excited little but satire and contempt. But gradually contempt grew into hatred, and satire into opposition. The people murmured against the excessive imposts with which they were burdened, the nobles espoused their cause, and the Parliament of Paris took several steps to obtain redress. Mazarin, however, governing the Duke of Orleans by his weakness, and reconciled to Conde by virtue of a thousand submissive apologies, felt his power secure, and continued to neglect the complaints of the people and the remonstrances of the Parliament.

In the meanwhile the Prince, at the head of the army of Picardy, was opposed to the Archduke Leopold, and after various skilful manœuvres succeeded in taking Ypres in the faces of the Spanish army. He then effected his junction with the Count d'Erlach, and followed the army of the Archduke to the plain of Lens, where, having drawn him out of his entrenchments, he led him on to a general battle. His repulse from Lerida was here wiped out by

the most signal victory he ever gained. The Archduke was defeated, General Beck killed, and ten thousand men, with eight hundred officers, were left on the field of battle on the part of the Imperial army. Such victories are often as detrimental even to the conquerors as a defeat; but in this case the loss of the French amounted to but five hundred men, and the opening afforded to farther conquests was immense.

Internal faction, however, placed a barrier between the arms of France and the splendid career open before them. By this time the dissensions between the Court and the people of the capital, were drawing to a climax; and Mazarin, beginning to tremble at the storm which he himself had raised, recalled the Prince de Conde to Paris, hoping to gain shelter under his protection. The Prince returned, and found himself instantly an object of solicitation to all parties. His first endeavour seems to have been to act as mediator, and by conceding something to the people, to remove the justice of their complaints, whilst by adding his influence to the authority of government, he put the monarchy itself out of danger. The chiefs of the people, however, had by this time begun to feel the benefit of murmuring, and the sweets of popularity, and they were not at all inclined to accede to measures which, by removing injuries, would put a stop to the eloquence of complaint, and by quieting popular irritation would deprive them of the vanity of popular favour.

A thousand obstacles therefore were instantly raised against the plans which Conde proposed, and incensed by unreasonable opposition, he cast himself completely into the arms of the court, and counselled the most violent, though perhaps the most feasible measures, for reducing those persons to submission by force that he had in vain attempted to recall to their duty by reason. His suggestion was, that the army should instantly be marched upon Paris, that cannon should be pointed down all the principal streets, and that chiefs of the party called the Fronde should be directed to quit Paris within a certain space.

To judge of this proposal, we must remember that France was then an absolute monarchy; that the divine right of kings was then considered undeniable; that Conde was of the blood royal of France, and that therefore all his

prejudices were on the side of absolute power. His plan would certainly have succeeded, for the Parisians were prepared with no means of resistance, and must necessarily have acquiesced in any demand enforced by the cogent argumentation of cannon balls. It happened, however, that another scheme was offered, for blockading Paris, and reducing it to obedience by famine.

Weak courts always follow timid counsels, and this was adopted. The Queen, with her son, and the greater part of the court, quitted Paris during the night; and Conde, without money or ammunition, and with ten thousand men at the utmost was ordered to invest one of the largest capitals in Europe.

In the meanwhile the Parisians held themselves upon the defensive; and, supported by several princes of the blood, gave orders for raising an army; and thus was begun a civil war the most extraordinary, if not the most absurd, of any within the record of history.

The account of this war given by Voltaire is too long for insertion here as a whole, but many of the sketches that he has drawn are too living and too true to be omitted. "The different chambers of Parliament," says he, "which had cried so loudly against a trifling and necessary impost, which did not amount to a hundred thousand crowns, now voted a sum of near ten million of our money for the subversion of their native land.

"The civil discords which at that time desolated England, serve to show clearly the character of the two nations. The English had mingled with their civil troubles a melancholy inveteracy and a reasoning fury; bloody battles were fought, scaffolds were raised for the vanquished, and the steel decided all.

"The French on the contrary, cast themselves, laughing, into the arms of sedition by pure caprice. The various factions were headed by women, and love was the mover of the cabals of the day. The Duchess of Longueville won Turenne to seduce the army which he commanded for the King, to revolt against their sovereign. Turenne did not succeed; and was obliged to fly from the very army he had commanded, for the love of a woman who laughed at his passion.

"The Duke of Beaufort, the idol of the people and the

instrument made use of to govern it, a popular but narrow-minded Prince, was a public object of ridicule to the court, and even to the Fronde itself, and his common appellation was, the King-of the Markets. The Parisian troops who issued forth from Paris covered with feathers and ribbons, and always returned defeated, were received with hootings and bursts of laughter. Epigrams and couplets were their only means of repairing these disasters. Taverns and places of debauchery were the tents where they held their councils of war, in the midst of pleasantries, songs, and dissolute gaiety."

Such is the picture of the wars of the Fronde as given by Voltaire; and though de Retz, Joli, and others who have written on the subject, paint it in somewhat graver colours, and give it more consequence from having been personally interested therein, yet the result of the whole is, that it was begun with ridiculous levity, and carried on as it was commenced.

It ended with the same inconsistency. Both parties grew tired of a folly which injured them both; and after skirmishes, negotiations, and treaties, all equally ridiculous, a peace was concluded which left the situation of the ministers and the people quite as precarious as it had been at first.

Conde however triumphed, in bringing back the court to Paris, and of course met with that ingratitude on the part of the minister with which weak minds always return services they cannot reward. Conde had rendered himself too great, and Mazarin hated him in proportion. Intrigues on both parts succeeded. Conde suffered himself to be guided by his sister the beautiful Duchess of Longueville, who, deeply implicated with the party of the Fronde, left no means untried to detach her brother from the court. The Fronde eagerly courted him. The Duke of Orleans joined himself to the faction, and Conde for the first time wavered in his support of the throne.

Mazarin saw his danger, and, to disunite the formidable party raised against him, he made every concession that was demanded of him. The Duke of Orleans, ever vacillating in his determinations, led the Prince back to the court as he had led him from it; and Conde having dictated his own terms, returned once more to the party of the Go-

vernment. A sincere reconciliation, however, was the last thing in Mazarin's thoughts. His only object had been to detach Conde from the faction to whom his support was a host, and having accomplished his purpose in this instance, he applied himself assiduously to render the breach between the Prince and the Fronde irretrievable. Means were not wanting to a man who scrupled to employ none that could be offered, and Mazarin soon succeeded in rendering Conde and the Fronde equally obnoxious to each other.

It is an excellent weakness in human passions, that to reach immediate gratification they forget all ultimate objects. Without this counterbalancing blindness, how many fearful purposes would be effected by the wild strength of that cruel race of giants. The great end of the Fronde was to overwhelm Mazarin and to destroy the Government, but in their wrath against Conde they forgot all other designs; and the chiefs of the faction are actually found in history combining with Mazarin himself, to procure the arrest and imprisonment of the Prince. Both Joli and de Retz acknowledge the intrigues, the plots, and the cabals which took place between the minister and his avowed enemies, for the purpose of destroying a man equally inimical to both; and supported by his adversaries as well as by his own party, Mazarin determined upon the boldest step that signalizes his administration in history.

The Duke of Orleans was made acquainted with the scheme, and of course, having in his day deserted all parties, been the tool of every knave, the destruction of every friend, the fomentor and betrayer of every conspiracy, he scrupled not to yield his cousin to his fate, and to lure him on to the trap. For four whole days he is said not to have revealed the secret entrusted to him, a thing unparalleled in the history of his life. This, more perhaps than any other circumstance, tended to strengthen Conde's feeling of security. Though there wanted not many to warn him of his danger, and even to inform him of the coalition of the Cardinal with his enemies, the natural frankness of his own nature would not permit him to believe that Mazarin loaded him with professions and civility, while he planned his ruin. Besides, he knew that the matter must have been confided to the Duke of Orleans,

if it existed, and he never dreamed that the Duke could keep a secret.

This fatal confidence in the sincerity of the one and the weakness of the other, proved his bane. A specious pretext was easily found to call the Duke of Longueville, his brother-in-law, the Prince of Conti his brother, and himself, to the palace together, and all measures were prepared to arrest them on their arrival.

Accordingly, on the eighteenth of January A. D. 1650, the Prince proceeded to the palace, and was walking on-wards towards the council hall, when the captain of the Queen's guards approached and in a low voice informed him that he had an order for his arrest. The Prince started, exclaiming bitterly, "This then is the reward of my services!"

He made no attempt at resistance, however, though it is more than probable that the extreme attachment of the soldiery to his person would have rendered such an effort successful. Whether, with his usual presence of mind, he remembered that success itself would have placed him in a situation of great difficulty and danger, or whether he submitted from mere effect of surprise cannot now be told. He demanded only to speak with the Queen, which being refused him he was conducted, through a double line of soldiers, towards the carriage which had been prepared for him. One of the rooms through which he was led, was from some accidental cause darkened. He entered it without hesitation, but as he did so, he turned to the officer, saying, "Guitaut, this looks very like the States of Blois!" alluding to the murder of the Duke of Guise by order of Henry III.

"Fear not my Lord," replied the captain of the guard, "I would not have undertaken it;" and the Prince was then conducted to the carriage, which conveyed him with his two relatives to the castle of Vincennes.

The details of the prisoner's existence are too monotonous to give pleasure, without we could represent separately all those minuter shades of feeling—the hopes, the fears, the expectations, the weariness of delay, the sickening of imagination, the vacuity of being, the listlessness of idleness, and the things to which it will descend for employment—all which when rightly produced, find their way to the latent sources of feeling, and drew deeply from the

well of human sympathies ; but upon which, we who here write have neither space nor power to dwell at length. Life in prison is like one of those fine old pictures, in which, when we look near, we find a thousand objects to strike and to interest ; but which, at a distance, form but one dark sombre spot.

Even in prison, however, the great Conde's spirit never quailed to fortune. His gaiety seems not to have sunk for a moment ; though indeed, there was perhaps a stronger touch of sadness than has been imagined, in the famous answer he made on hearing that the Princess, with his infant son, had raised a great part of the South in his favour, and was defending Bordeaux against the army of Mazarin. He was at the moment watering some pinks the cultivation of which formed one of the few amusements, of his prison, and turning to his surgeon, who brought him the news, he replied, "Would'st thou ever have thought, my good friend, that I would be watering my garden, while my wife was carrying on the war?"

The efforts of the young Princess de Conde to deliver her husband by force were fruitless. A thousand other projects, well conceived, and well carried on, to extricate him by art, were equally unsuccessful, and Conde was successively removed to the citadels of Marcouffy and Havre de Grace. During his imprisonment in the latter city, however, the aspect of the political factions in Paris began to change. Mazarin and the Fronde had acted together to remove their mutual enemy, but that object being effected, no link of union existed between them. Female influence was now exerted in every direction in Conde's favour. Absence removed prejudices, calmed irritations, and quelled popular outcry. Suffering and wrong excited pity and indignation, and the same men began to cabal for the Prince's return who had leagued with Mazarin to procure his imprisonment. Such were the signs that began to show his liberation as approaching ; but the immediate cause thereof was the ascendancy that the faction of the Fronde obtained over the minister. With the French people no arms are so powerful as ridicule, and no man knew better how to govern the French by that means than the celebrated Cardinal de Retz, the leader, as he may truly be called of the Fronde. To

ruin Mazarin now became his object, and having rendered him the laughter of the Parisians, he soon succeeded in rendering him their aversion. Insult after insult was piled upon him. Menaces were added to affronts, and the minister soon found it necessary to his safety to fly from a scene where danger was following indignity. He retired in consequence from Paris, and a decree of the Parliament immediately issued, exiling him from the country. Anne of Austria would fain have followed her favourite from the capital, and supported him even at the expense of a new civil war; but the Fronde were upon their guard, and by investing the Palais Royal, compelled her to remain in Paris.

One of the chief pretexts for the outcry raised by the faction against the minister, was the imprisonment of the Princes; and the Queen finding herself deprived of her counsellor, and in the hands of a powerful party, made the first show of yielding to their influence, by signing an order for the release of Conde and his companions.

The Duke of Orleans too, who was ever willing to change his opinions, gladly embraced the opportunity of abandoning the principles he had supported, and now called for the Prince's immediate enfranchisement, as readily as he had yielded his voice for his arrest.

Messengers were instantly sent to Havre to open the prison doors upon the captives, but Mazarin had forestalled them in their object; and before quitting France, had himself proceeded to Havre and set the Princes at liberty, hoping by such an action, and the mean concessions which accompanied it, to find a protector amongst the very persons he had injured. It is pleasing, however, to see that frankness, integrity, and generous feeling, compel the esteem of even the base, and are still in the end appreciated by those who have not the moral courage to act by them.

The Prince returned to Paris, and was received with shouts and acclamations by the people, professions of attachment and offers of service by the great, and honours and apologies by the court.

Soon the scene changed, Mazarin, though absent, exerted his influence over the councils of Anne of Austria. The favours and posts which Conde solicited for those who had contributed to regain his liberty, were refused by

the Court; his friends deemed him ungrateful and cold in their cause; the soul of all factions, the Cardinal de Retz, began to inspire new intrigues against him; and to avoid being arrested once more, Conde was obliged to retire from Paris to St. Maur. Here an immense party formed around him, consisting of many of the most noble, the most talented, and the most intemperate of the French Court. Wit, and courage, and skill, were not wanting in the Prince's circle, but judgment, fixed principle, and steadiness of character were not to be found in France. Each individual was personally inimical to Mazarin and all the Queen's favourites; each had some strong personal interest to consult; and each strenuously urged the Prince towards a civil war.

The strongest influence of all, however, was that of his sister, the beautiful Duchess of Longueville, who employed its whole force to determine him to negotiate with the Spaniards, and declare war against the Court. Conde weakly yielded, and the negotiations were begun. He was acting, however, against his own better judgment, and hence the indecision which he evinced on this occasion, a weakness that he never showed in any other action of his life. He hesitated long, now negotiating with the court, now with the Spaniards, and apparently willing to avail himself of the least concession that the Queen might make.

Such concessions were made, and Conde returned to Paris, where several decrees of the Parliament were given in his favour. The enmity of the Queen, however, was unabated; that of the Cardinal de Retz was a thousand fold increased; and contests of the most disgraceful nature occurred daily, between the armed followers of the Prince, and those of the Cardinal. Swords were drawn by nearly two thousand men on both sides, in the immediate precincts of the courts of justice, and the streets of Paris offered one continual scene of brawling, anarchy, and tumult. At length the revolt of Conde was determined by his discovering that a plan for arresting him at a procession, had been arranged by the queen and the Cardinal de Retz, and that an order had issued to the Duke d'Aumont to surround and cut to pieces a body of troops attached to his person, in the neighbourhood of Stenay. Pressed on all sides by those he loved best, to oppose force to treachery, he at

length yielded to the evil councils that were given to him ; and quitting Paris, raised the standard of revolt at Bordeaux.

His army soon amounted to twelve thousand men, and many bodies of troops in other parts of the kingdom declared in his favour. His partisans were intelligent and busy throughout the kingdom, and for a time success seemed assured.

The King, however, now out of his minority, though still under the tutelage of his mother, soon took the field against his rebellious cousin, and advanced across the Loire to meet him. The royal armies were commanded by the Count de Harcourt, a skilful and experienced officer, and by the famous Turenne ; who having changed parties more than once, had at length fixed himself in the service of the Court.

A chief who undertakes a civil war upon his own personal interest—without the support of some grand religious or political principle, which may act as a bond of union in his party, totally independent of attachment to himself—will ever find that, though caprice or generosity may still bind some men to him in moments of reverse, yet expectation of benefit is the general principle of human nature, and that the principal part of his followers, in moments of difficulty and danger will discover that their own interest is of infinitely superior consequence to any that they take in him.

This was the case with the Prince de Conde. He found that he had no means of command over the men that followed him. Dissensions and disputes spread among his adherents, and though his party was long kept up by the intrigues and activity of his friends, the general hatred to Mazarin, who was now recalled, and the love of the French people for change and excitement, yet the movements of his armies were languid and undecided, and they met with fully as many checks as they gained advantages. Continually obliged to quit his forces to quiet animosities amongst his friends, or to raise fresh supplies, Conde found his situation very different from that wherein, furnished with troops over whom he had absolute command, the whole energies of his mind were free to act as a General.

He had no talents for the head of a faction ; and conse-

quently his party was ever straggling, weak, and disunited, and his campaigns in the civil wars appear more like the wild efforts of a Guerrilla chief than the regular combinations of the first general of his age.

After various skirmishes and battles, which hardly deserved the name of battle, the situation of the Prince's affairs was greatly ordered to his advantage by the obstinate favouritism of the Queen, who had not only brought back Mazarin, and restored him to full sway, but insisted upon the Parliament of Paris rescinding the decrees they had issued against him. The Parliament resisted; and the Duke of Orleans found a fair opportunity of changing his party, and declaring once more for the Prince.

Two or three separate *corps d'armée* were hovering about in the neighbourhood of Paris, attached either to the interest of the Prince, or that of his new ally, the Duke of Orleans. Being without any direct object, they chiefly employed their time in quarreling with each other; and probably, by their eternal wrangling, would soon have done the cause of the Prince no small evil. Conde took the bold resolution, however, of traversing the whole country, nearly alone, to put himself at their head. He accordingly left the command in Bordeaux to his brother, the Prince de Conti, and set out at mid-day from Agen, on a journey the adventures of which are detailed with such amusing simplicity by Gourville, who was present, that we cannot resist detailing them, at least in part:—

“The day chosen for the journey,” says Gourville, “was Palm Sunday, and these gentlemen having covered themselves with very modest apparel, more fitted for simple citizens than persons of their condition, the Prince sent off his servants by water, saying that he would rejoin them at Marmande.

“I was charged to go before, with a guide on horseback, who carried behind him a portmanteau containing four musketoons, with their bandeleers wrapped up in straw. One was destined for the Prince, one for the Duke de Rochefoucault, one for the captain of the guard, and one for myself. These gentlemen having each provided other arms also for himself, I set off before, to pass the river Drot; and, having a list of the places by which we were to proceed, I went forward with the guide. In going, it

was agreed that each should take a travelling name, to which we soon accustomed ourselves. Towards night we arrived at a town, the governor of which held it for the Prince. Nevertheless, to avoid all risks, we had determined to avoid it; but the sentinel took the alarm, and gave it to the others. I told him, however, that we belonged to the Prince's party, and wished to enter the town. Accordingly, I put myself at the head of the troop, and, having made them halt opposite the gate, went in alone to speak with the governor. To him I said that his Highness had sent me with a few horse to inquire for Monsieur de Biron; and having taken a glass with him, I returned, and marched on with my little troop. On Monday morning we found ourselves at Cahensa. After having taken some repose, and suffered the horses to eat their corn, we went on, and marched for some time after nightfall, when we entered a village and alighted at a pot-house. We stayed here three or four hours; and having found nothing but eggs, the Prince declared he could make an omelette as well as any one. Unhappily, however, the hostess having told him that to do it though he ought to turn it, and having given him a lesson how to manage it, the Prince in the attempt upset the pan, and tossed it all into the fire. We set out thence two or three hours before day, to pass the Dordogne, which river we crossed in the boat in two parties. Marching onward, we arrived, on Wednesday morning towards three o'clock, at a town which appeared to me of some consequence, and I questioned the guide as to whether it was necessary to pass through it. He replied that it was not, but that we must pass close by the gate upon our left; adding, that the river was so near it left but space for the road, and that a guard had been stationed there for some days. In consequence of this news, I decorated myself with a white scarf which I had provided against the occasion, and, seeing a man at the gate, I begged him, as I rode by, not to let any of my followers enter the town. I was obeyed to the letter, and we were all suffered to pass quietly. We then went on, and while allowing our horses to rest in a good-sized village, one of the peasants told the Prince that he knew him well, and proceeded to name him. Happening to hear him, I began to laugh at the idea, and several of the others coming up, I

told them what had happened; when all the rest taking the same tone, we jeered the poor man to such a degree that we completely confounded him.

“When we were about to depart, the Prince de Marsillac, who had scarcely eaten anything, and had fallen asleep, having been awakened, was still so completely overcome, that he seemed to have lost all remembrance. Being raised by two of his companions, no sooner did they let him go than his knees bent under him again, and I was obliged to throw a quantity of cold water in his face to bring him to himself. The night following we arrived in time to sleep at a chateau belonging to the Marquis de Lévy, who was with us. Here the greater part of the troop went to bed for the first time since we set out; all of the party, except the Prince de Conde, being so tired that they could not hold themselves up when they alighted from their horses. On the Friday, at four o’clock, we arrived on the banks of the Loire; and, having found that we could pass at twice with all our horses, we embarked, intending to pass to the other side above La Charité, then held for the King. By a mistake, however, we were landed exactly opposite the gate. The sentinel having cried, *Qui va la?* I replied, on the spur of the occasion, that we were officers of the King’s going to the Court, and that we wished to come in.

“The Prince, in addition, bade the soldier inform Monsieur de Bussy, who commanded in the town for the King, that Motheville (which was the name that Condé had taken) desired admission. Some other soldiers having appeared above the gate, one of them went back to inform the Governor. A little after, however, I turned to the Prince, saying, loud enough for the sentinel to hear, ‘This is all well enough, for you to stay here and go to bed if you like; but, as our leave is out to-morrow, we must go on our way.’ So saying, I rode on, and some of the rest having followed me, saying to the Prince as they went, ‘Stay, if you like!’ he cried out that we were strange folks, but that he would not quit us; and bidding the soldiers give his compliments to the Governor, he turned his rein and came after us. Nor were we a little glad to get so easily out of the scrape.”

Shortly after this adventure Gourville quitted the party to prepare for the Prince’s reception in Paris, and Conde proceeded to join the army, which he reached in safety.—

Joli, however, adds another anecdote to Gourville's account of this curious journey, saying, that stopping at the house of an old gentleman on the road, to whom the Prince was personally unknown, they were hospitably entertained during the night, as friends of the Marquis de Levy, who accompanied them. The host was talkative, and a jolly companion, and over his wine he began to tell some stories of Conde's family neither very palatable to the ears of his princely guest nor to those of the Duke de Rochefoucault, who came in for his full share of the scandal. The Marquis de Levy attempted in vain to stop the current of the old man's tongue. On he went, telling all he knew and all that he had heard. Conde, however, did not suffer such idle words to interrupt the harmony of the evening. He laughed with the laughers, and next morning continued his journey, rallying his companions on their adventures by the way.

Once safely arrived at Paris all seemed favourable to the schemes of Conde. The Duke of Orleans met him on his approach, the Duke of Lorraine, with a powerful army, declared in his favour, and even joined him in the capital. The Parliament consented to all his wishes, thundered edicts against his adversaries, and sanctioned all his actions by decrees. But the rapid change of public opinion—always the most fluctuating of earthly things, and at this period more vilely capricious than at any other known epoch in history—soon darkened the political horizon around the head of the Prince. Paris was invested by the army of the King, and all pensions were stopped to those receiving money from the State, who did not immediately quit the rebellious city. An interested multitude fled at the word. Famine began to be felt in the town; the people murmured; the Duke of Lorraine began to negotiate for himself; and, though the Parliament did not abandon the Prince, they began to wax sadly lukewarm in his cause. At the same time the Court made immense preparations to end the civil contest at a blow. Troops were called in from every quarter; and the frontiers were almost left without defence for the purpose of assembling such an army round the small force commanded by Conde, that resistance would be useless, and escape impossible.

Conde saw his danger and hastened to take measures

against it. His army was then at St. Cloud, occupying a post sufficiently strong to oppose successfully anything like an equal force, but not to combat the immense body that now menaced it on all sides. Charenton seemed to promise a more defensible position, and thitherward Conde marched, taking his way through the suburbs of Paris, for the gates of the city itself were now shut against him.

His advance, however, was not permitted to pass unmo-
lested. The Two Royalists armies followed him closely, the one under Turenne endeavouring to interpose between him and Charenton, and the other hanging upon his rear and striving to cut off his retreat. From the heights of Montmartre, which the Prince climbed to judge of the respective positions of his own troops and those of the enemy, he saw that to proceed was impossible without coming to a battle with two veteran armies infinitely superior to his own in an open plain. He preferred therefore to halt and defend the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, though he had nought in his rear but a city which shut her gates upon him.

Turenne instantly judged the Prince's design from the first dispositions he saw him make, and to prevent the possibility of his strengthening himself in his new position, he ordered the instant attack of his advanced guard.

His purpose did not escape Conde, and to give his troops time to post themselves advantageously, he turned Turenne's movement against himself, charged his advanced guard at the head of a body of *elite*, and drove them back upon the centre. This first check, however, was soon recovered, the cannon of the Royal army swept the streets: on both flanks Conde's army was attacked, while he repelled the enemy in front; and as he returned from his successful charge he was met by the news that the Royalists had driven in two regiments on the right, and had penetrated as far as the market-place. Conde at once put himself at the head of fresh troops, and hastening to dislodge the enemy, drove them back through the narrow streets of the suburb, took seventeen prisoners of consequence and several standards, re-established his troops in their position, and then hurried to encounter the enemy on the left. Conde was every where—in the front of every danger—opposed to every attack, but in spite of all that skill or heroism could do the day was gradually going against

him. The cannon of the enemy swept down whole ranks of his troops, the best and noblest of his friends had all fallen around him, slowly but certainly the Royalists were gaining ground, and some large bodies of troops were forcing their way between him and the town, to surround him on every side.

One half hour more, and Conde was lost for ever; but at that moment the courage and eloquence of the daughter of Gaston of Orleans secured the retreat of the Prince's army. She overcame the indecision of her irresolute father; she won the people to her cause; and, opening the gates of the city to Conde and his army, she caused the cannon of the Bastile to cover his retreat.

Conde was received in Paris in triumph, but new fluctuations succeeded. Each party was irresolute; intrigue was the weapon with which they fought each other and a concession on the part of the Court did more to overthrow the cause of the Prince than a thousand victories would have done to sustain it. A tumult of a bloody and disgraceful nature took place in Paris. It was probably concerted by the Cardinal de Retz, though it is possible that it arose in accident. The multitude, however, laid the burden upon the Prince de Conde with the usual blindness of popular judgment. Shortly after, the Court yielding to circumstances, once more consented to exile Mazarin. The people had no longer any cause of opposition to the Court or any bond of union with Conde. In a few days his party was diminished one half, and having himself obtained the ostensible object for which he was in arms, he immediately offered to negotiate with the Royal party. To his proposals it was replied, that negotiations were now out of the question, and that nothing was left for him but to submit.

Conde knew too well the consequence of such submission, and threw himself at once into the arms of Spain, still at war with his native country.

This conduct has been attempted to be justified, but of course without success. Armed opposition to established authorities, though always dangerous as a precedent, and ever calamitous as a necessity, destructive in its immediate consequences, and problematic in its remote event, has sometimes proved glorious, and has often been just. But to make it patriotic, feasible, or honest, it must be independ-

dent of all foreign intervention, and supported alone by national concurrence. Conde might have found it necessary to exile himself from an ungrateful country, and to abandon an ungrateful Court. He might even be justified in raising the standard of civil war to deliver his nation from tyranny, whether of a King or of a Minister ; but when he put himself at the head of the foreign troops to wage war against this native land, there could be no doubt that he was a traitor. Conde, however, had no such pleas : he united treason to his country, to rebellion against his King ; and even if any circumstance had existed to justify the latter, no circumstance can be imagined in which the former was not criminal.

Such faults, however, are amongst the number of those that seldom pass without meeting some punishment, and Conde during his exile drank deeply of the bitter cup of mortification and debasement. The Spaniards, indeed, who still possessed Flanders, received him with every demonstration of joy ; and Fuensaldagnez, who there acted as Commander-in-chief, resigned by order of the King the supreme direction of the army to the Prince. The Spanish general, however, took sufficient care that the honour thus shown to Conde at his expense, should be productive of no great glory to him that superseded him ; and by opposing his plans, retarding his supplies, and thwarting his enterprises, he entailed on the gallant but culpable Prince a long series of irritating disappointments.

To oppose Conde the Royal army took the field, headed by Turenne, with great resources and unlimited power, but though the shackles of Spanish impassibility weighed heavy upon the eager limbs of the Prince and bound him to slow movements, half measures, and irresolute councils, yet the native energy of his mind bore him up in spite of the chains with which he was enthralled. Conde appeared perhaps, more truly as the greatest general of his age, while his actions were shaded by the timid hue of weak and unworthy restraint, than when the graceful skill of his military movements was lost in the blaze of his heroic impetuosity.

All his combinations were well judged, and all his manœuvres were well executed. With infinitely inferior numbers, he was often the victor, and never the conquered. Many places which he wished to succour he was compelled

to abandon, not so much by the efforts of those opposed to him as by the inactivity of those who pretended to support him; and many places to which he laid siege, he was obliged to leave untaken; but in most cases, as in that of Arras, it was after having repulsed the troops that came to the assistance of the fortress, that he retreated with prisoners and trophies, more as if he marched from a victory than fell back from a failure.

Thus passed several long campaigns, but regret and disappointment were busily working at Conde's heart—that small hidden council-chamber, in which however policy may direct our outward movements, and glose over dangers and distresses with daring and firmness—painful truths are spoken aloud—where they are felt, are canvassed, and are estimated sadly, though all his activity and contentment without. Conde fell sick and so inconsistent were all the factions of that day, that the Court of France felt, or affected to feel, the most unprecedented interest in his situation. Anne of Austria, who hated him, sent a physician to consult with those that already attended him; and Mazarin, who both hated and feared, pretended the most affectionate apprehension during his malady.

To judge coolly after a lapse of time, it would seem scarcely possible for any circumstance to have justified such foolish duplicity as that of Mazarin on this occasion. And yet no doubt can exist that he really did affect the deepest grief upon the Prince's illness, and the greatest alarm for his life, although he was not only opposing him in the field, but had absolutely impeached him at home, and gained a decree from the Parliament of Paris declaring his estates confiscated, attainting his blood, and depriving him of his name, rank, and hereditary honours.

The duplicity of such conduct was absurd, inasmuch as it was totally purposeless, and could be but ineffectual; but in regard to the decree against Conde, which has been censured as both cruel and illegal, we know of no law which does not visit with its most extreme pains such persons as wage warfare against their native country. Nor does it seem more than simple justice to apply the law to a great man which had often been applied to the insignificant; for the possession of splendid abilities, great posses-

sions, rank, influence, and renown, if they at all altered the case, increased the crime by extending the consequences.

Circumstances were, however, tending to recall Conde to his native country, and to relieve him from his painful and embarrassing situation. Both France and Spain were wearied of a war which, after many years of bloodshed and distress had procured no one great benefit to either party, and had drained away much of the resources of each. Conferences were established between Mazarin and Don Louis de Haro, the Spanish Plenipotentiary, for the purpose of negotiating a peace; and for once generous, the Spanish government would enter into no treaty in which Conde was not particularly included. Don Louis demanded more than Conde could ever have expected, and Mazarin conceded more than he probably ever intended to fulfil.

By these conditions the Prince was immediately to be restored to all his honours and estates; to be reinstated in his places, pensions and dignities; he was to be permitted to receive one million of crowns from Spain as a reward for his services, and all who followed him in his rebellion were also to be re-established in their property and indemnified for their losses. Immediately on these stipulations being agreed to, Conde set out joyfully for his native land. The Spanish authorities strove which should do most to show him honour and respect; deputations waited on him from their towns, and several of the noblest officers accompanied him to the frontier. From thence he hurried on to Provence, where the Court was then stationed, eager to ascertain the reception prepared for him. It was as gratifying as could be desired. Mazarin himself came to meet him on the road, and Louis XIV., now emerging into manhood, raised him condescendingly from his feet, and assured him that all should be forgotten but his former brilliant services.

Whether the King himself was sincere in the courteous reception he gave his revolted cousin may be a matter of doubt; the sincerity of Mazarin can hardly be credited. Nevertheless, all the stipulations in favour of Conde were complied with on the part of France, but at the same time care was taken to separate him entirely from the soldiers who had served under him. This might be very justifiable policy, and no doubt it was, for though every surrounding circumstance rendered fresh revolt improbable, yet repent-

ance is never so sure a warrant for good faith as unbroken fidelity, and he who had long been a rebel might soon be a rebel again. Had Mazarin, however, understood the character of Conde, he would have endeavoured to enchain him by frankness and unlimited confidence—bonds impossible for a noble heart to break; but Mazarin was not a great man himself; he had no generosity in his own disposition, and he could neither practise nor conceive it.

The minister did not long survive the return of Conde; but his death altered very little the position of the Prince's affairs. Louis XIV., suddenly freed from restraint, which had not been irksome merely because it was habitual, now first seemed to awaken to the energies of his own mind; and took the resolution of governing his kingdom himself—a great and singular determination for one who had suffered the tutelage necessary to his infancy to be carried on unnecessarily into his manhood.

Whether he feared that counsel and assistance at such a moment might forge new fetters for him in the place of those from which the death of Mazarin had unmanacled his mind, or whether the thirst for military glory rendered him already jealous of the fame of Conde, cannot now be told, but certain it is that the young monarch in no degree courted the advice or aid of his cousin in the new task he undertook. Conde retired to Chantilly, and devoted himself almost entirely to the education of his son, leading a wise and tranquil life, the calm current of which was disturbed by little but the intrigues and cabals of his sister Madame de Longueville.

About this time the great plans of ambition, which had probably lain long dormant in the heart of Louis XIV. began to develop themselves, and the conquest of the Low Countries began to occupy his whole attention. Though resolved to direct the operations of the campaign himself, it was of course necessary that the immediate command of the army should be given to some of those famous generals that the long wars of the regency had formed and confirmed. Two men of renown were before him for his choice, Turenne and Conde. Louis fixed upon Turenne; and Conde showed himself really great in the calmness with which he saw his rival preferred. He remained him-

self at Chantilly with perfect equanimity, but sent his son to learn the art of war under Turenne.

In Flanders the arms of France met with the most brilliant success; and new plans of aggrandizement soon began to be formed. Some persons have attributed the scheme for annexing to the crown of France that territory on the confines of Switzerland and Burgundy, formerly called Franche Comte, to Louis XIV. himself, while others with more probability give the credit of it to Conde. However that might be, the execution of it was entrusted to him. In lulling the attention of the neighbouring powers, and blinding the eyes of the inhabitants of the country he was about to invade, while engaged in active but secret preparation, Conde showed himself a far more consummate politician than he had ever before appeared. Before the enemy were aware of his design, Conde was prepared to march, and before their musters were completed, he was in the heart of their country. Fourteen days sufficed for the subjugation of Franche Comte; and the government thereof was justly and naturally bestowed on him who had conquered it. It remained but a short time, however, in the hands of France, being restored to Spain by treaty, before the expiration of many months.

Could renown and high esteem have given happiness, Conde would have been happy, for every hour brought him some fresh mark of the consideration he had won in Europe. The crown of Poland being at this time vacant by the resignation of one of its kings, the great majority of the nation called Conde to the throne.* Louis XIV., after seeming for a time to favour such an idea, suddenly changed his views, and commanded the Prince to refuse the offer. Conde obeyed, but still his party, both in Poland and Paris, kept up their efforts in his cause, while those who opposed him had recourse to all that is base and mean to diminish his influence by tarnishing his renown. It was at this period that appeared the greater part of all those libels and scandalous letters, which, during his life, furnished models for many others, and have since afforded pleasant food to those who live on calumny against the great and good.

*This was the second time. The crown of Poland had been offered him even while in exile.

We shall only pause on this subject farther to remark, that the accusation of interested enemies is never evidence that can be fairly received in that court of judgment, which every man holds in his own breast upon historical characters.

It was not, however, from private enmity alone, or public opposition, that Condé suffered. Pecuniary difficulties were added to other sources of uncomfört, and the total derangement of his affairs, with the outcry of his creditors, left him no peace from those petty cares most galling to a mind accustomed to expand to great objects rather than contract to little ones.

At this moment, however, the return of one of his old dependants drew Conde from his domestic difficulties. Gourville, part of whose narrative has been already cited, had been afterwards exiled in the course of the many political changes of the day. Though banished and disgraced, Louis XIV. and his ministers did not think it beneath them to make use of his services at the Court of Brunswick, and after many negotiations and much solicitation on the part of Conde, Gourville was suffered to return. The Prince received his old servant with kindness and affection, and amongst other matters mentioned to him in conversation the deranged state of his affairs. Gourville saw and instantly seized the opportunity of serving his benefactor. He offered to take the investigation of the Prince's revenues and expenditure upon himself, and willingly undertook to travel to Spain for the purpose of claiming the debt due from that Crown to Conde. His integrity was not to be doubted, his zeal had been tried on a thousand occasions, and his shrewd intelligence Conde had himself witnessed during many years. The services of such a man were therefore not to be refused, and the Prince put his affairs entirely in the hands of Gourville. His trust was anything but ill placed. Order and regularity were restored in Conde's household, he was freed from a heavy burden of debt and importunity, and after long and intricate negotiations at the court of Spain, his faithful attendant succeeded in recovering a considerable part of the immense debt due to him from that country. Thus was Conde freed from the most galling of private misfortunes, poverty joined to greatness, by a man to whom he had first shown some

kindness when valet-de-chambre to the Duke of Rochefoucault, so applicable to the real events of life is the fable of the Lion and the Mouse.

Military conquests was now the predominant passion of Louis XIV., and the conquest of Holland was the object that for the moment absorbed all his attention. By the advice of Conde he determined to avoid the fault committed in his former campaign against Flanders, and to concentrate rather than divide his army. The command-in-chief was assigned to the Prince, and Turenne willingly served under one whom he had often obeyed and often opposed with honour. The first movements of the army having proved successful, the passage of the Rhine, proposed by Conde, was strongly applauded by the King, and even approved by Turenne. All measures were taken to render it successful, and to deceive the enemy in regard to the attempt about to be made ; but, nevertheless, the Prince of Orange could not be blinded to the movements of such importance, and he had time to detach what appeared a sufficient force to render an undertaking, so difficult in itself, utterly impracticable.

A ford having been found, however, the cavalry began the passage, and the infantry followed in boats. The enemy's horse gave way at the first charge, and the infantry offered to surrender, when the brutality of the young Duke of Longueville changed the bloodless triumph of the day into one of mourning amongst the noblest families in France. He had passed the river in the same boat with Conde, and, at the head of a large body of noble volunteers, was in the act of charging the Dutch infantry, when they demanded quarter. He replied by discharging a pistol shot into the midst of them, and was instantly answered by a tremendous fire, which laid low the youth of most of the French nobility. He himself fell amongst the rest, though his life was but a poor expiation for the bloodshed he had brought on.

While this was taking place Conde had galloped forward to remedy his nephew's rashness. As he approached, however, one of the enemy's officers threw himself before him, and pointed a pistol at his head. Conde spurred on, grappled with his adversary, and the pistol going off in the struggle, the ball lodged in the Prince's wrist. This acci-

dent, however, did not impede him for a moment, and it was not till resistance was at end, that he dismounted and suffered his wound to be dressed.

Though in no degree likely to prove mortal, the wound of Conde was sufficiently dangerous to cause his removal from the army, and leaving Louis XIV. to pursue his conquests, he retired to Emmerick, and thence to Chantilly. It is reported that here the Abbé d'Orleans, brother of the fallen Duke of Longueville, waited upon Condé, and offered, inasmuch as from his ecclesiastical vow he could not marry, to make the Prince his universal heir by will. Conde, however, refused with a rare degree of generosity, and persuaded the Abbé to turn his donation in another direction, although, be it remembered, Conde was far from affluent considering his station.

His wound was scarcely healed when the great coalitions excited in Europe by the victories and aggrandizement of Louis XIV. obliged that monarch to call for his services anew, and Condé was once more charged to defend the frontiers of Alsace, and the borders of the higher Rhine, menaced by the troops of Germany and Lorraine.

The season was inclement, great part of the country was under water, and contagious diseases began to manifest themselves amongst his troops. Still, however, Conde persevered in maintaining his position, and by so doing not only saved the frontier from infringement, but also brought back his sick in safety to Metz, as soon as the fine weather returned; when, had he yielded to the murmurs of his troops, and decamped earlier, he would have been obliged to abandon those in ill health to starvation, misery and death.

In the following year, while Louis commanded in person towards the south-east, Conde was appointed to keep the forces of Holland in check in the Low Countries; and succeeded in his object. In this command he remained almost constantly for several years afterwards, displaying in every campaign the same skill, the same courage, and the same firmness, opposed to the Prince of Orange, a general worthy of his great opponent. No decisive battle, however, took place, till the two armies met in the neighbourhood of Charleroy. The Prince of Orange judged the position of the French army too strong to be forced, and

accordingly marched upon Senef. In doing so, however, he incautiously exposed his flank. Conde never suffered such a fault to escape, and instantly attacked him. Three times victory seemed to crown the efforts of the French, and three times the combat was renewed by the enemy in a fresh position. At length, after having prolonged the battle even into the night, absolute weariness caused it to cease for a time. Before daybreak, however, the Prince of Orange retreated unperceived, and in the morning Condé took up his former position.

Both parties claimed the victory, and the Prince of Orange caused a *Te Deum* to be sung at the Hague on the occasion. *Te Deums*, however, are no proofs; though in nine cases out of ten most impious mockeries. The question of the victory is easily resolvable. The French kept possession of the ground; the allied armies yielded it. Therefore, though the French lost the greater number of soldiers in the combat, they may be fairly considered as the victors.

This was the last great battle fought by Conde. After the death of Turenne, indeed, the misfortunes and reverses of the army of Alsace caused the King to despatch the Prince to take that command; but here opposed to a very superior force, and to the wary and deliberate Montecuculi, he was obliged to refrain from those bold and brilliant strokes of genius, that formed the peculiar feature of his military character. He maintained his position, however, on all occasions; and in the end, after many most admirable and effective manœuvres, he compelled the Imperial general to retreat across the Rhine, and thus once more secured the frontier of his native country.

Finding his health daily declining, and his energies unequal to the constant and multiplied cares of a great command, Conde now petitioned that the Duke d'Enghein, his son, might be joined in authority with himself. The ambition of courtiers, and the jealousy of a great but greedy and envious minister, Louvois, had long been looking anxiously for some means of depriving Conde of power and influence his great services had merited and acquired.

Louis XIV. himself had fully as many weaknesses as great qualities; and little doubt can exist that, military glory being one of his strongest passions, he had ever been

jealous of that immense renown that Conde's sword had won. To flatter such feelings in the breast of a king was at least consistent with policy; and it may be easily conceived that Louvois and many others found no unwillingness in their bosom, when it became politic, to gratify Louis and to disappoint Conde.

The Prince's application for aid under the pressure of military business, was answered by a permission to retire from his command. The Marechal de Luxembourg was appointed to supply his place; but Conde for a time continued to frequent the Court, and to aid with his counsels a monarch that no longer courted the assistance of his sword. At length, however, tired with the heartless routine of Paris, he asked permission to quit the Court altogether. Louis replied, "I consent, cousin; but it is not without regret that I lose the advice of the greatest man in my dominions."

This speech has been admired and lauded; surely not for its sincerity. It might be a graceful compliment, but it was an empty one; and was of course as little believed by him to whom it was addressed as by him who spoke it. Such speeches tell little of the character of the man that makes them, though they give him an air of greatness in the eyes of the multitude. When they have been really spoken by the person to whom history attributes them, we may look upon them, nine times out of ten, as pieces of parade; but too often the person who bears the credit of having expressed a noble sentiment in pointed language, was the last to have felt such feelings, or the last to have given them utterance.

Several speeches of this kind are reported to have been spoken by Conde. We shall only report two of them, however, which seem more consistent with his character than any others. When he was informed at Metz of the defeat of the Marechal de Crequi, whom he was hastening to support, he remarked that Crequi had before wanted nothing of a good general but having been beat. As he marched towards Alsace also, to take the command of an army formerly placed under Turenne in preference to himself, he remarked that there was but one thing he would desire—one half hour's conversation with the shade of Turenne.

After retiring to Chantilly, little occurred in the life of Conde on which the biographer can rest. He sought for happiness and contentment, whether he found it or not, no one can judge. That he took the best human means, is beyond a doubt, and he had many of the ingredients of happiness. He had repose after fatigue; he had tranquillity after excitement; he had wealth, and the means of beneficence. Possessing these from his situation, he took care to add constant employment, though he chose it amongst those placid and mild amusements that most contrasted with his former occupations. The care of his gardens, the conversation of all the great and distinguished characters of the day, the education of his grandson, the relief of the needy, but more especially those who had suffered by war; such were the pleasures that solaced his retirement.

During the earlier part of his life, religion had very little occupied his thoughts; and in his middle age, though he was far from boasting of irreligion, he is supposed to have leaned to materialism. In retirement, however, the illusive splendour of earthly greatness passed away; he felt aspirations still, which worldly honour had left all ungratified—which riches, fame, power, and even self-applause, could never satisfy. He felt that there must be something more—a glory beyond the glory he had won—an immortality above the immortality of Fame.

Conde began to doubt the foundation of his own incredulity. Doubt of any kind was not for a mind like his, and he examined. The repentance and death of his sister, the Duchess of Longueville, struck him forcibly; other causes combined to change his opinions. He saw that on whichever side he turned there was much that human reason could not explain; but he saw that the truths of revelation offered the only solution of his difficulties, the only explanation of his hopes, the only object for his desires; and casting doubt from him, he turned openly and sincerely to the evidence that he had heretofore rejected.

The effects of this change of opinion showed it at once to be the genuine result of conviction acting on a great mind in its full powers. He neither became bigoted nor superstitious. He denied not his alteration of ideas, but he made no display of it. He followed the same course of life that he had before followed, because he had chosen it

for the best; but he added to it the exercise of the customary duties of religion.

The health of the great Conde had been declining ever since he had quitted the command of the army; and towards the year 1686 it became apparent that anxieties and fatigues had sapped the foundations of his constitution so deeply, that but a few years could be added to his life.

At this time the small-pox was raging in France with unmitigated virulence, and as often besieged the palace of the prince as it ravaged the cottagers of the poor. The Duchess of Bourbon, amongst others—the grand-daughter of Conde—was attacked with the most malignant species of the disease; and though suffering from excessive weakness, the Prince immediately set out to join her at Fontainebleau.

Here, his weakness increased to an alarming degree, and on commanding one of his physicians to tell him the truth in regard to his situation, Conde was informed that he had but a few days to live.

He met the announcement with perfect calmness, and, immediately turned his thoughts to prepare for death both in a religious and a worldly point of view.

By his will he made many dispositions which do as much honour to his memory as his greatest victories. Amongst other bequests Gourville mentions the sum of fifty thousand crowns left for the purpose of being distributed to the sick poor of those places wherein his arms had caused the greatest evil during the civil wars.

Others of the same kind might be cited; but it is time to hold our hand. Conde fulfilled all the last duties of his religion; he consoled his dependants and family for the loss they were about to suffer; he took care to reward all who had served him, he endeavoured to recompense all whom he had injured, and then, possessing his senses to the last, he met the slow approach of death as firmly as ever he had fronted him in the battle-field.

After many hours of painful expectation, the great Conde breathed his last at seven in the morning of the 11th December, A. D. 1686, aged sixty-four years.

We may conclude that in mind he was as noble as perhaps any man in history, not so much from the victories he won—for many have done the like—but from the modera-

tion with which he used success. As a commander he was the greatest of his age, carrying every quality of a general to the verge of excess, but stopping there. His courage would have been rashness, without his judgment; his rapidity of movement might have been termed hurry, without the direction of his skill; his perseverance might have appeared obstinacy, had not success proved it to be firmness. In all his great victories he began the attack, and in almost all instances he led the charge in person; at his last battle (Senef,) having charged fifteen times at the head of his guards. Such conduct would not redound to his credit as a general, according to the modern system of warfare; nor perhaps would it have been justifiable even then, had he not been one of those extraordinary men who never lose the coolness of their mind in the heat of bodily exertion—the clearness of their view amongst a multiplicity of objects—their calmness in danger, or their temperance in victory.

In person he was striking, if not strictly handsome, and many persons mention the peculiar sparkling of his eyes as something not to be forgotten.

His manners were quick and decided, which gave them an appearance of roughness to those who did not know him, and of rudeness to those whom he did not like. He was, however, warmhearted and benevolent, ardent to serve his friends, eager to repair pain he had occasioned or injury he had done; fiery to his enemies, but easily appeased. His anger was like the lightning—if it struck it slew, but if it passed by it was instantly extinguished.

His greatest faults were to one who loved him dearly, and strove to merit his affection—his wife. But the force which had been put upon his inclinations in the matter of his marriage, blasted all regard on his part towards the unfortunate lady to whom the bonds of policy had tied him in his youth, and he seems never to have forgotten that she was the niece of the detested Cardinal de Richelieu.

Conde was a great man, but in this he was inexcusable, that he neglected and pained a woman whose virtues he could not doubt, and whose love for him was of such a quality, as to induce her to throw off the fears of her sex in his defence, and boldly to take arms to free him from a prison.

We would fain have recorded nothing but the good ; but as there was this evil in his character we have been obliged to tell it. The sorrow, however, which we experience that such a man was not altogether perfect, is wholesome in itself. The contrast of his many shining virtues makes us feel more painfully his fault, and shows that to have been a great man amongst the greatest, to have possessed a noble and a feeling heart,—to have well fulfilled the duties of a general, a friend, and a father, cannot be admitted as even a palliation in the minds of those who read and judge, for the neglect of one duty, the breach of one moral tie.

JOHN CHURCHILL,

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

SUDDEN excesses in nations, as in men, are almost always followed by rapid changes to the opposite extreme ; and it is not till after long vibrations, that society, like a pendulum, having been once disturbed, returns to ultimate repose. The revolution which overthrew the throne of Charles I.—the scenes of blood, of murder, and of crime, by which it was accompanied—the excesses of liberty, the intolerance of those who had fought for toleration, and the stern but beneficial tyranny of Cromwell, were naturally succeeded by base servility to a restored monarch. He, on his part, scourged but not amended by adversity ; too good-humoured to be a tyrant ; too easy to raise himself ; too selfish to benefit others ; without dignity, virtue, or religion ; with but one good quality of the heart, gentleness,—and one bright quality of the mind, wit. He met with crouching and subservient slaves in the same people who had butchered his virtuous and noble predecessor ; more from the natural transition of popular feeling, to the extreme opposite from that into which it had formerly been hurried, than from any permanent debasement in the mind of man. As after the access of a fever, lassitude had followed the

fiery strength of frenzy. Nor was this less observable in the moral than in the political state of England. Religion, which had been a madness and a passion, now became a scoff and a reproach. Virtue, which had been grave and stern, now fled altogether, or walked but a step behind vice. Mirth and mockery succeeded gravity and fanaticism ; vice, lust, luxury, avarice, infidelity, took the place of ascetic severity, parsimony, and rigour ; and impotent risings, mingled with pretended conspiracies, appeared instead of bloody and ferocious wars, general animosities, and merciless vengeance.

In the midst of the horrors of the civil wars was born, and in the midst of the vices of the Restoration was educated, John Churchill, afterwards famous as Duke of Marlborough. His descent has been traced from heroes and statesmen, and many centuries of hereditary honour are called by his biographers to give dignity to his name. Properly considered, ancestral glory is rather an obligation than a claim, and requires from us great exertions in its support, rather than confers any lustre upon our own actions. It may, indeed, be a matter of pride to a man, who has dignified himself by his deeds, to look back upon a long line of illustrious forefathers, and say, "We have all been noble ;" but this is the only just cause for satisfaction in great ancestry ; and then, it proceeds from the consciousness of having well fulfilled the task which our birth imposed. Probably if there ever was a man who, in the greatness of his progenitors, could have found nothing, with which to reproach himself, such was the Duke of Marlborough ; but, without seeking for accessory dignity in the uncertain rolls of genealogy, John Churchill accumulated in his own person sufficient glory to have ennobled a whole race.

It is, nevertheless, undoubted that his family was ancient and respectable. His father was a private gentleman of Wotton Bassett, in Wiltshire ; and his mother was a daughter of Sir John Drake, of Ash, in Devonshire. The devoted adherence of his father to the Royal cause, during the civil wars, brought temporary ruin on his house ; and the mother of the great general was forced to take refuge at the seat of his grandfather, where he was brought into the world on the 24th of June, 1650. With the Restoration the

prosperity of his family returned; his father was knighted, sent to Parliament, and employed in several offices of trust and emolument; and the young John Churchill, who was then a second son, was placed by Sir Winston Churchill under the care of a clergyman of the Church of England, who probably, in the course of his education, impressed his mind with those political and religious principles which afterwards affected the course of his whole existence.

Anxious for his son's advancement, Sir Winston Churchill withdrew him, at the age of twelve, from the private mode of life in which he had hitherto been brought up; and, obtaining for him the place of page of honour to the Duke of York (afterwards James II), he plunged him at once into the midst of a dissolute and unprincipled Court. Here the business of life was pleasure; the moralities, and even the decencies of society, were done away; and it is far more wonderful that the young John Churchill escaped many of the vices that surrounded him, than that he became affected by some. Though the only stimulant to virtue at the court of Charles could have been disgust at the grossness of libertinism, or satiety from its excess, yet he seems to have yielded as little to the depravity of the scene as any of its actors; and there he certainly acquired that grace of action and that dignity of demeanour which, joined to high talent and personal beauty, rendered him the most distinguished man not only of his country but of his age.

It is not, of course, my object to commemorate the scandals which the only wit of a Hamilton could render tolerable, or to paint the manners of a libertine Court; yet it may be necessary to state, that some of Marlborough's most inflated panegyrists have accused him of intriguing with one of the mistresses of the King, and of using a criminal passion for a sordid purpose.—I would not imply as a means of promotion alone, but as a source of wealth; and, if this was the case, we may trace thus early that low passion which has left a stain upon one of the brightest names in history.

The society of the Duke of York, naturally of a fearless and warlike disposition, may well be supposed to have encouraged, in the heart of Marlborough, that military incli-

inclination of which he is said to have given strong and early indications. At fifteen he received from the hand of the Prince the commission of ensign in the Guards, and volunteered his services against the Moors, who were then besieging Tangiers. In this expedition he first distinguished himself as a soldier, but few particulars of any import are preserved. He returned to the Court with honour; and, becoming intimate with the gallant, unhappy Duke of Monmouth, he obtained a company in his regiment, and followed him to France.

At this time, Louis XIV. was preparing for that great expedition against Holland, which I have had occasion to mention in the last volume; and Charles II. had been induced to grant an auxiliary force of 6,000 men to support an overgrown power, and depress a nation which it was his best interest to uphold. Churchill marched with the English forces, and being joined to the division more especially commanded by Turenne, he soon drew upon himself the notice of the most skilful general of his age, and distinguished himself in the brilliant campaigns that followed, in such a manner as to leave no doubt of his future eminence. At the capture of Orsay, Rhineberg, Emerick, Doesburg, Zutphen, and Utrecht, Churchill studied, under the great masters of his age, that science by which men have dreamed of winning immortality in dispensing death.

Yet as defence must sometimes be a necessity, the study of war must be a benefit; for, as one principal object in every art is to accomplish the greatest purposes with the least expense of means, humanity becomes an essential part of the science of arms. It may be remarked, also, that the most skilful generals have almost always been the most merciful, and had Marlborough sought for lessons in humanity, he could not have found it better taught than by Turenne towards his own soldiery, and by Conde towards his enemy.

The title of the "handsome Englishman" which Captain Churchill had by this time generally received in the French army, is said to have been given him by Turenne, but he soon acquired higher titles to distinction. His conduct on all occasions was gallant and resolute, and at the attack of the counterscarp of Maestrecht, where he received a severe wound, he so signalized himself that the Duke of

Monmouth, who led the assault, attributed his success to him, and the King of France publicly thanked him for his services, and recommended him to the farther notice and patronage of the English monarch.

With such claims on favour Capt. Churchill returned to England; and we may hope that, even if his sister's frailty had not seconded his pretensions with the Duke of York, his own merit would have secured him reward and promotion.

He was almost immediately named Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Master of the Robes to the Duke, and was at the same time appointed to a Lieutenant-colonelcy of the line. That he looked upon his sister's degradation as a means of his own advancement, there is unfortunately too little reason to doubt; and we find the tale repeated of his employing a criminal connection with one of the king's mistresses as a source of wealth. The universal immorality of the society in which he moved might act as a palliation, if not as an excuse for the debauchery—but where shall we find an apology for the meanness?

Peace was soon concluded with the Dutch; and the English forces having been recalled from France, Colonel Churchill remained for some years in inactivity; a period on which I will not pause, as his conduct during that time brought no great honour to himself, or advantage to his country. His promotion, however, continued, and at the age of thirty we find him a full colonel.

The internal politics of England had by this time undergone a considerable change. License was still the character of the court, but slavish adulation was no longer the mood of the people. The great body of the nation professed the Reformed religion; and hatred against the Catholics became the bond of union amongst the factious and discontented.

The Duke of York had openly professed himself an adherent of the Roman church; and the Parliament, a willing agent in the hands of the Protestant party, passed the famous *Test Act*, and countenanced the general enmity towards the Catholics. That enmity grew from a prejudice to a passion. Under such circumstances there is always some person ready to turn the popular frenzy to his own advantage; and that person is almost uniformly one of the

lowest and most degraded of his race—one whom at other times a nation would shun with scorn, or crush with indignation, but who, in the madness of excited passion, they follow to crime, bloodshed, and their own destruction. In the present instance that person was the infamous Titus Oates; and by the denunciation of a fictitious plot, the accusation of many innocent persons, and the production of witnesses as perjured and detestable as himself, he at once profited by and influenced the popular fury, till Charles yielded full way to the Uniformist faction, and James Duke of York was commanded to quit the country, and proceed to the Low Countries. As one of the officers of that Prince's household, Colonel Churchill accompanied him in his exile, and spent some time at the Hague and at Brussels.

Marked as England has ever been in the history of the world for party animosities, never did faction run so high, except in the time of actual civil war, as between the years 1678 and 1683. Shaftesbury, the famous Achitophel, raised storm after storm round the vessel of the State; and so great was his influence, that on King Charles being seized with a severe illness in the autumn of 1679, Halifax and Essex found it necessary to call the Duke of York immediately to the spot, lest, prompted by Shaftesbury, the monarch's natural son, the Duke of Monmouth, should seize on the crown in the event of the King's death.

Charles recovered, and it was judged expedient to represent the coming of the Prince as uncalled for and spontaneous; but James received permission to transfer his residence to Scotland, where, with a short interval spent in England, he remained for two years.

Colonel Churchill accompanied the Duke in almost all his migrations, conducted many of his political intrigues, and was one of the chief ornaments of the Court which James held in Edinburgh. About this period of his life took place his marriage with the celebrated Sarah Jennings; and it is curious to observe how events, over which he had himself no control, combined to favour his advancement. The disgrace of his sister was probably one of his first steps to glory; and his marriage produced consequences that the eye of the most calculating wisdom could never have foreseen.

Sarah Jennings was one of the household of the Princess Anne, the youngest of the Duke of York's daughters. She was a great favourite also of her royal mistress; and so far this alliance seemed likely to strengthen Colonel Churchill's influence at the court of the Duke; but to produce no greater effects: for none could foretell that she who, not long after, seemed in a degree separated from England by accepting the hand of the Prince of Denmark, would ever come to reign in Great Britain with undivided sway. Such, however, was the case with the Princess Anne; and her remembered affection for the favourite of her youth, proved the stay and support of Marlborough in all his great exploits.

Disgusted with opposition which he knew to be unsupported by union, and tired of clamour in which the voice of reason was less heard than the loud tongue of faction and prejudice, Charles II. towards the end of 1681, dissolved the Parliament, and fearlessly assumed those prerogatives as rights for which his father had vainly shed his blood. His brother James, always the advocate of arbitrary power, was instantly recalled from Scotland, to aid in sowing that seed of which he himself was destined to reap the bitter fruits at an after period; and in both his journey to London and in his return to Edinburgh, the Duke was accompanied by Colonel Churchill.

This circumstance would be hardly worthy of record, were it not that, on the voyage back to Scotland, the vessel in which James and his suite had embarked was wrecked near the mouth of the Humber, and the majority of those on board perished. Thus at once England had nearly lost one of her most successful Generals and one of her most unwise Kings; and the man whose folly caused his own expulsion, and the man whose talent upheld the counsels that expelled him, had nearly gone to the bottom of the sea together. They were saved, however, in the same boat; and shortly after, James having obtained vast empire over the mind of his brother, solicited a peerage for his companion in danger, which was immediately granted. Colonel Churchill now became Lord Churchill of Aymouth in Scotland, but did not receive an English peerage till after the Duke of York's accession to the throne of Great Britain.

From the moment of his brother's return to the Court of London, the only redeeming qualities of the government of King Charles were lost. The easy pliancy of the King's disposition seemed hardened into obdurate tyranny, and the blood of many of the best and noblest of the English nation dyed the axe of the executioner. From the effects of his influence on the reigning monarch, the people learned to anticipate the character of James's future government; but the want of union amongst the various parties of the kingdom prevented successful resistance, while crushed plots and quelled insurrections strengthened the temporary power of the monarch.

Thus proceeded the affairs of the State till the sudden death of Charles placed the reins of government in the hands of James II.; from which period a succession of various acts of violence and injustice impressed more and more deeply every day on the minds of the nation, the absolute necessity of a combined effort to stay the progress of arbitrary power.

It is a negative sort of praise to the character of Lord Churchill, that his approbation or support cannot be traced to any of the acts of folly and wickedness which precipitated James II. from the throne, although during the whole of that unhappy reign he remained the friend and favourite of the monarch. Immediately on the death of Charles Churchill was despatched as ambassador extraordinary to the court of France, for the purpose of announcing James's accession; and shortly after his return, having been raised to the rank of Lieutenant-general, he commanded under the Earl of Feversham against his former friend and patron the Duke of Monmouth. It would appear that the Earl of Feversham had taken few of those precautions against the rebels, which every general is bound to do, whatever may be the situation of his adversary. Encamped at Sedgmore, he contented himself with harassing the decreasing forces of the Duke of Monmouth, without guarding against any sudden attack upon his own. Not so, however, Lord Churchill; and when Monmouth, having marched in the night to surprise the Royal forces, arrived unexpectedly at Sedgmore, he found his former friend up and prepared to give him full employment, till the whole of the King's army could be brought into a fit state of defence. In the

early light of a July morning the battle became general. The cavalry of the rebels was mounted on wild unbroke horses, which became unmanageable at the sound of fire-arms; the infantry had not sufficient ammunition, and the supplies had been left behind. For some time despair compensated all deficiencies, but ultimately discipline and force prevailed, and the rebels were routed with great slaughter.

The death of Monmouth is well known; and we can but regret that no reason whatever exists, for supposing that Lord Churchill exerted himself in any way to mitigate or avert the fate of him who had been his friend, his protector, and his companion in arms.

It is unnecessary here to trace the events which hurried the consummation of the reign of James II. It may be sufficient to say that, outraging the prejudices of the people as well as the laws of the land, he drew upon himself both hatred and contempt. Many fled to the court of the Prince of Orange, and many who remained, secretly invited that Prince to restore law and liberty to England. Amongst the latter number, there is every reason to believe that Lord Churchill was one of the most influential; nor can we doubt that he had long corresponded with the malcontents at the court of William, and aided in planning that defection of the Princess Anne and her husband, which took his last hope from the bosom of James II.

In moments of contention affecting the interest of a nation, neutrality in men of high station and power is seldom justifiable, but there are cases in which it is more than expedient. No one can deny that to the mind of Marlborough, early imbued with the principles of the protestant religion, the action of King James must have appeared both those of a tyrant and a madman. His prejudices, his patriotism, and his reason must all have combined to make him wish for a change which would put an end to the abuses and evils of the King's government; but to King James also he owed everything—rank, station, fortune, opportunity. If ever the chains of gratitude should have bound the hands of any man, his was the case. To fight against his country and against his conviction, nothing certainly should have induced him to do; but to betray his King, to abandon his benefactor, to aid in snatching the

sceptre from the hand which had showered favours and honours and wealth upon his head, this was he not called to do either. Between the two there was a vast mean : and here neutrality was honour.

William III., as is well known, after landing in 'Torbay with a small force, remained some time without being joined by any considerable number of those who had invited him to their shore. King James with a superior power advanced to meet him, but some hesitation and delay in the royal movements afforded a fair opportunity for the dissatisfied to quit their Lord. Amongst the first was Lord Churchill, in conjunction with Prince George of Denmark. At the same time his wife, the Lady Churchill, prompted, assisted, and accompanied the Princess Anne in her escape from London. After this the power of the invader increased every moment, while that of the monarch diminished ; and losing hope and energy, James abandoned the field to his successful rival. William marched on towards London, and Lord Churchill was sent to the city, where, under pretence of reassembling his regiment of horse, he remained for some time investigating the state of parties, and preparing the way for the events which placed the Crown of England on the head of the Prince of Orange.

In all those events he had a share. He signed the famous association for the defence and support of the Prince, and voted the address requesting William to take upon himself the temporary administration of affairs. With the most consummate policy, however, he held aloof from all discussions where the interests of Mary and Anne, the two heiresses of the vacant crown, were discordant, and only appeared to vote in favour of William and Mary, after Anne had been induced to consent to their nomination to the throne.

His behaviour was of course qualified by some as prudence, and stigmatized by others as art ; but at all events it proved eminently successful, and before the new monarch's coronation, Lord Churchill had become Earl of Marlborough and Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber. Hitherto we have seen but little of Marlborough in a military capacity. He had always shown himself a gallant and successful officer under the command of others : but a very different and infinitely enlarged sphere began now to

open before him, and though various circumstances combined at first to render his progress slow towards that eminence which he afterwards attained, yet, from the beginning of the reign of King William, we may look upon his career begun as a great commander.

Either from accident, or from the Earl of Marlborough's own unwillingness to serve against his old master, who, supported by the arms of France, had by this time landed in Ireland, the rising General was despatched to Holland to command the English forces in the Netherlands, while William himself proceeded to oppose James in person. The battle of Walcourt, and the capture of Bonne, called the eyes of Europe more particularly to Marlborough, and though his efforts were restricted by the presence of a superior officer, and by the want of sufficient forces, yet his name began to spread amongst foreign nations; and the skilful in the art of war turned their attention upon the new commander, from whose conduct something extraordinary seems to have been anticipated already, although no great or brilliant success had hitherto marked his steps in the paths of military glory.

The Prince of Waldeck, under whom he served in the Low Countries, bore the most ample testimony to his courage and skill; and on his return to England he was appointed to command a new body of troops destined for Ireland.

James had some time before been expelled from that country by the arms of William III.; but Cork, Kinsale, and several other places, still held out for the deposed monarch; and it was against these that Marlborough was destined to act.

I must not pause upon the sieges of Cork and Kinsale, as events of far greater import lay before me for detail. Both those cities were taken with great rapidity in the midst of winter, and by the skill and activity of Marlborough, the hopes of James upon the kingdom of Ireland were annihilated. It may be necessary, however, to mark an instance of that prudent moderation which formed a very dignified point in the character of that great General. On his arrival in Ireland, Marlborough found the Duke of Wirtemberg commanding a considerable body of auxiliaries, with whom he was obliged to act. The Duke of Wirtem-

burg was, like himself, a Lieutenant-general, and as a Prince demanded the supreme command. Marlborough required that station also, as the senior officer, and refused to admit the principle that civil rank gave a military authority; but finding that the dispute was likely to prove detrimental to the general interest, he compromised his claim without compromising the principle, and commanded on alternate days.

The great success of Marlborough's winter sieges, produced from King William the well known saying, that he knew no man so fit as the Earl to be a general who had seen so few campaigns. In the following year (1691) William proceeded to Holland, in order to conduct the operations of the allied army himself, and thither Marlborough accompanied him as Lieutenant-general. Neither the presence of the monarch, nor that of the Earl, produced any great effect; for, notwithstanding all Marlborough's efforts, Mons was taken: and after innumerable and well-combined manœuvres, all that William could effect to compensate the loss of that city was the insignificant capture of Beaumont and the preservation of Liege.

So far the favour of the Court had not been wanting to the advancement of Marlborough; but a period of reverses was now at hand. Various causes had combined to counteract, in the mind of William, whatever effects gratitude for eminent services might have produced to the Earl's advantage; and of so taciturn and serious a character was that monarch, that his enmities could rarely be distinguished from his friendships, till the moment came for bringing forth their fruits. With Marlborough that moment had now arrived. The King received him, and trusted him to the last instant; but the Parliamentary settlement of fifty thousand pounds per annum on the Princess Anne, which rendered her independent of the Court, had been promoted chiefly by the Earl, and was never forgot by the monarch; the opposition of the English officers and nobility to the elevation of foreigners both in the army and in the state, had received the open sanction of Marlborough, and was another unforgiven offence. Whether any suspicions of the Earl's good faith had also been instilled into the mind of William, does not appear; but it seems certain that his disgrace had been long contemplated, before

the least sign warned the race of courtiers, to fly the object of the monarch's displeasure.

On the return of the King from Holland, he was named as one of those appointed to accompany him to the next campaign; and on the very morning of his dismissal, he was admitted to an audience, for the purpose of presenting Lord George Hamilton to the monarch, on some occasion of courtly etiquette. In the afternoon of the same day, that nobleman is said to have announced to Marlborough, that the King had no further occasion for his services. He was deprived at once of his post of Lieutenant-general of the infantry, of his regiment, and of his office as Gentleman of the Bedchamber. At the same time his wife was forbidden the Court; and the Princess Anne, feeling herself involved in the disgrace of her favourite, withdrew also from the scenes where the other was not suffered to appear—a fortunate circumstance for the Earl and Countess of Marlborough, who thus secured the attachment of the future Queen by those strong ties, which are formed by community of suffering.

It has been alleged that Marlborough, in some moment of weakness, had betrayed to his wife the design which King William had formed of attacking Dunkirk, and that the Countess, with the idle facility of female confidence, had revealed the secret to another. There are many reasons for believing that this was but one of the lying whispers of a Court, spread abroad probably by those who thought it necessary to assign some reason for the King's conduct, though he did not find himself called upon to justify it himself. Certain it is, that William suffered himself to be pressed almost beyond the bounds of respect by Admiral Russell, without condescending to assign any motive for his displeasure towards Marlborough. Nor is it less clear that no accusation of such indiscretion was urged against him afterwards, at a moment when a weakness would have countenanced a charge of treason, with which he was soon assailed.

Calumny usually follows disgrace, and it too often happens that there are men who strive to enrich or to raise themselves at the expense of those who have been stricken by the hand of power; like those most disgusting of wild beasts, that prey upon the carcasses which others have deprived of life.

A few infamous informers took advantage of Marlborough's disgrace, and of the existing animosities in the State; and, modelling their plot upon those to which the former reign had given birth, they accused the Earl and several other noblemen of high treason. A treasonable document was produced, to which the names of the intended victims were attached with so skilful a forgery that the parties themselves were obliged to declare their only reason for knowing the signatures to be false, was the certainty of never having signed the paper to which they were affixed.

Marlborough, with the rest of the accused, was committed to the Tower, but those who had conspired against them had miscalculated both the character of the King and the spirit of the times. William sought to crush no one but France; and though he loved to reward those who assisted his views, and to remove from his path all that opposed him, his enmity extended no farther. With the people too, though party might still be a passion, (for when will it be otherwise with Englishmen?) yet it was no longer madness. The plot was investigated to the bottom, the accused were liberated, and the conspirators punished.

No compensation followed for unmerited disgraces. Marlborough, though acquitted, was suffered to retire from the Court, and might have spent those brilliant years that brought his genius into blossom, in unproductive solitude, had not a great change come over the political horizon. Whether in the bosom of Queen Mary, a degree of petty jealousy of her sister, might not produce the neglect and persecution of him who had tended to render that sister independent, cannot be exactly determined. That Mary was jealous of the Princess Anne there can be no doubt; and that she would fain have kept her in a state of pitiful dependance on her own will, is equally certain. We find also that the conduct of King William changed at her decease both towards his sister-in-law, and towards the Earl of Marlborough. And though her death, being immediately followed by a difference of conduct, does not absolutely prove that her influence was the cause of that behaviour, yet it affords a strong probability that such was the case.

Marlborough nevertheless was not yet destined to enjoy any long period of tranquillity unassailed. Shortly after the

death of Queen Mary, the infamous Fenwick, to save himself from the consequences of the treasonable machinations in which he had been detected, accused a multitude of gentlemen, of whom the Earl of Marlborough was one, of conspiracy to restore the banished house of Stuart. The falsehood of Fenwick's charges was clearly proved, and instead of procuring him immunity, aided in conducting him to the scaffold.

From this moment Marlborough returned to the councils of England; and the confidence with which King William trusted him, as well as the unusually favourable language with which that taciturn monarch expressed himself in regard to his conduct, formed a strange contrast with the silent disgrace that he had so lately experienced.

Mary had been childless: not so Anne, and her son, the Duke of Gloucester, has received all those exaggerated praises which are commonly showered on infant princes. Before vices are called forth, or virtues are tried, it is easy to discover excellencies, and to magnify the natural graces and liveliness of childhood into splendid qualities and extraordinary talents. Such was the case with the young Duke of Gloucester; and, putting aside the commonplaces of contemporary adulation and prejudice, it is hardly possible to say what was his real disposition. Nevertheless, there is every reason to believe that, had he lived, he would have proved one of the most eminent of our English kings, for had he even possessed moderate natural abilities, and a good original character, he could hardly have failed to become great, with a Burnet for his preceptor, and a Marlborough for his governor.

To this post—one of the most important charges which could be confided to any person—Marlborough was nominated by the King himself, who gave his nephew to his care, with the flattering command, "Make him like yourself, my Lord, and you will make him all that I can wish."

The words alone might have been one of those phrases which so seldom have meaning on the lips of any one; but combined with the trust reposed—the education of a King for a great nation—they were one of the most splendid compliments that ever a monarch addressed to his subject.

Nor was this the only proof of William's restored confidence in Marlborough. On all that sovereign's frequent

absences from England, the Earl was appointed one of the Lords Justices for administering the affairs of the nation till the King's return, and on the death of his pupil the Duke of Gloucester, he was appointed Commander-in-chief of the British forces in Holland, and Plenipotentiary for conducting the negotiations at the Hague.

The treaty of Ryswick had for a space restored tranquillity to Europe; but, amongst all the hollow contrivances with which monarchs and nations have from time to time covered over their enmities and interests, in order to give time for recruiting their strength and renewing the means of war, none was ever more false or unreal than that peace of Ryswick. The last thing that either William or Louis dreamt of was amity, and as soon as those sinews were rested which carried on the struggle, each prepared to resume the contest with as much acrimony as before. William perhaps was ready earlier than his antagonist, and Louis soon added the only thing that was wanting to his adversary's means, by affording so fair a pretext, that the people of England were anxious to co-operate in the war that the King had long meditated.

James II. died at St. Germain's, and Louis XIV., notwithstanding much opposition in his council, instantly acknowledged his son as King of England. Every other country under his influence followed his example, and consequently the French Charge-d'affaires was dismissed from London, while the English Ambassador was recalled from the Court of Versailles.

Addresses from various parts of England were presented to the King, assuring him of aid and support; and William, then in Holland, prepared to take the field against France, assisted by all the resources of England, and strengthened by alliances with foreign powers. But he was destined to transmit the war he contemplated to his successor. Naturally of a weak constitution, and worn by incessant toils in war and application to public business, William's health had been long declining, nor can there be any doubt that his life must soon have terminated, even had no accident hurried it to its close. A fall from his horse, however, by which his collar-bone was broken, and his lungs in some degree lacerated, proved the proximate cause of his death, and on the eighth of March 1702, he left to the Princess

Anne a kingdom full of factions, a revenue burdened with considerable debt, and an approaching war; in which last, however, she had the support of the preparation he had skilfully made, and the alliances he had laboriously cemented.

Although respect and honour had been shown to the Princess Anne after the death of her sister Queen Mary, she had not been permitted to exercise the slightest political influence. Nor does it seem probable that she strove to do so. She wisely abstained from all faction, put herself at the head of no party, recommended none to office, and was perfectly content, according to the statement of Burnet, with the honour and employment to which her favourite Marlborough had been restored by King William.

That she felt in some degree mortified at her exclusion from all share of public transactions, may be inferred from the immediate removal of all William's ministers after his death. It became evident also, that the star of Marlborough was now in the ascendant. He was immediately despatched to Holland in the quality of Ambassador, to reassure the States, who were overwhelmed with grief and consternation on the news of the King's death; and while Prince George of Denmark was honoured with the empty title of Generalissimo of all the Queen's forces by land and sea, Marlborough swayed the councils of Britain, and prepared to lead her armies in the field.

The alliances, which had been formed by William were strengthened and confirmed, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the French Court; and the union between England and Holland was still more strongly cemented by the appointment of Marlborough to the chief command of the Dutch troops. No activity was wanting in taking every measure for carrying on the meditated war with success: and, all being complete, a formal declaration of hostility was drawn up, well furnished with those vague and convenient excuses whereby treaties are rendered of no avail.

All Europe was filled with preparations, but the war began first among the petty and disjointed States of the Germanic Confederation, several of whose princes adhered to France, and refused to join in the alliance with England. Prompt means were instantly employed to force them into the treaty, and all were reduced to acquiescence except the

Elector of Bavaria. At the same time three armies were raised by Holland, which menaced the united interest of France and Spain on three distinct points. Cohorn advanced upon Bruges and obtained various partial successes, Keyservært was taken by the Prince of Nassau, Landau was besieged by the Prince of Baden, and the Earl of Athlone, by prompt and skilful generalship, succeeded in outmanœuvring the French General Boufflers, and saving Mineguen, which was threatened by the army of France.

While these events were taking place in the Low Countries, Marlborough remained in England, using every precaution to secure his power at home, and to insure that regular supply of money and troops from Great Britain which was necessary to maintain his own preponderance in the councils of the Allies, and to carry on the war with vigour and success.

In the month of May Marlborough was appointed Master-general of the Ordnance, in addition to his other posts; and, invested with powers as Ambassador, as well as Commander-in-chief, he set out for Holland.

At this period Marlborough had seen very few campaigns, had gained no very brilliant successes, and had displayed no extraordinary skill and superiority over the great officers of his age. At the same time the Earl of Athlone had, by prudence, activity, and foresight, foiled a well-designed and well-executed plan of the French general, and had established a claim of no small force upon the Dutch government, by saving their line of military operations from infraction, and covering the vast tract of country which would have been laid open had Boufflers proved successful. In this state of things several of the Dutch officers instigated the Earl of Athlone to insist upon sharing the command with Marlborough, to which the rank of Velt Marshal afforded a good title; but the United States, probably less from a knowledge of the Ambassador's military talents, than from deference to the Queen Anne, immediately appointed her favourite, Generalissimo, and strictly enjoined all other officers in their service to submit to his command.

Happy it is, when the baneful effects of promotion by interest rather than by experience, is counteracted by the high quality of the object; and whatever be the evil of favouritism,

that Prince must either be most fortunate or most prudent, whose favourites justify their lord against the enmity of disappointment and the detraction of envy, by the skill, the wisdom, or the virtue of their own conduct.

Never was a stronger instance of happy selection than that in the case of Marlborough. He rose without pride, and he triumphed without vanity. The possession of high station and great power was used to raise and protect those that lent it, not to depress his personal rivals; and the graceful influence of courtly manners was employed to harmonize jarring interests and discordant prejudices, and to heal wounded vanity or disappointed expectation, not to deceive for the purposes of private aggrandizement.

Marlborough took care, on joining the army, to conciliate the Earl of Athlone by every means in his power, and so successful was he in the endeavour, that no vestige of enmity seems to have remained upon his mind. It became immediately evident that the operations of the new Commander-in-chief were to be of a grander and more active nature than those of his predecessors. Instead of continuing to act upon a long line of country with separate and petty armies, his first movements tended to concentrate a great part of his forces upon Deckenberg and Budweick.

Sixty thousand men, and sixty pieces of cannon, with eight mortars, were soon in readiness to second his efforts; and abandoning at once the system of slow and complicated manœuvres which had hitherto been pursued for the purpose of defending this petty town or that insignificant fort, he crossed the Meuse at once, and marched straight towards the enemy. The army of the French is said to have been superior in number to that of the Allies, but it was harassed and weakened by a long sojourn in an unhealthy country, and Boufflers did not choose to risk a general engagement. He consequently retired before the allied forces, and Marlborough pursued, with the intention of forcing the enemy to a battle. In this he would probably have succeeded; for it was scarcely possible for a large force to retreat through a flat country intersected by innumerable rivers, without exposing some of its divisions in such a manner as to bring on a general action, if the adversary chose to seek it on any terms; but Marlborough was followed through the campaign by deputies from the States of

Holland, who strongly objected to any of these bold measures by which the genius of Marlborough sought to terminate the strife by one decisive blow.

Thus hampered, the Earl continued to pursue the French, in the hopes of forcing them to fight on equal terms, but this Boufflers skillfully avoided; and at length, finding that he could not succeed, Marlborough abandoned the attempt, and turned all his energies to dispossess the French of the line of fortresses on the Meuse, and to open the navigation of that river as far as Maestricht.

Several petty towns had been taken in the course of the pursuit; but now the siege of Venlo was determined, and while Marlborough covered the operations of the besieging army, a strong detachment attacked and took that important town, after which Ruremont and Stevenswert were also captured.

Liege became the next object of attack: and the movements of the confederate army having sufficiently indicated the purpose of the General, Marshal Boufflers hastened to endeavour, either to impede the progress of Marlborough till the season became too far advanced for the undertaking, or to place the town in such a state of defence as would enable it to hold out till he could take measures for relieving it. In both these objects, however, he was frustrated. Marlborough advanced with such rapidity as nearly to compel the French general to risk a battle under disadvantageous circumstances; and while the garrison of Liege retired into the citadel, the town surrendered on the first appearance of the allied armies.

The citadel was now attacked; and so confident was the commanding officer in the strength of the place, the number of his troops, and the abundance of his supplies, that his only answer to the summons to surrender, was—"It will be time enough to talk of that some six weeks hence." After a bombardment of three days, however, during which time several of the enemy's magazines were blown up, the breach was judged practicable, and the English and Dutch advanced to storm. The young Prince of Hesse Cassel, a volunteer, led the attack. The counterscarp was taken in a moment, and the Allies passed the ditch, mounted the breach, and after a severe struggle, forced their way in. The Governor, finding himself so vigorously assailed,

ordered a parley to be beat; but by this time the English were in the heart of the place, and it was too late to think of capitulation.

Some slaughter took place, but all who threw down their arms were spared; and the lesser citadel surrendering shortly after, the city of Liege fell completely into the hands of the Allies. Marlborough communicated his victory to the States of Holland in a brief letter, and it is worthy of remark that he does not mention himself in any part of the despatch.

Thus ended Marlborough's first campaign as Commander-in-chief; and the skill with which he had acted, and the successes he had obtained, placed him at once amongst the greatest generals of Europe. Many a man can command a division, or attack a town, or fight a battle, when joined in command with another who, in aid of the talents that he has, brings the talents that he has not; but singly to wield the whole force, to provide for the whole wants, and to call forth the whole energies of a great army, requires talents possessed by few; and that he did possess these talents, Marlborough had already proved.

Immediately after the capture of Liege, the allied army separated to take up winter-quarters, and Marlborough, with a very small guard, proceeded towards the Hague.

He was attended by one of the Dutch generals named Obdam, and one of the Deputies from the States named Gueldermalsen, who both had those general passes from the French Commander-in-chief, which were in those days given as matters of courtesy, to prevent all unnecessary inconvenience to individuals travelling alone. A young gentleman also, secretary to his brother, accompanied the Earl, having with him the papers of his master, whom ill health had obliged to return to England; and thus accompanied, Marlborough took boat on the Meuse, and dropped down to Ruremand. Here another boat joined him with the famous Cohorn; and a small body of horse being directed to ride by the side of the river, the whole party proceeded by Venlo towards Holland. When night came on, however, the boat containing the General Cohorn and his retinue outsailed that of Marlborough; the detachment of cavalry appointed to guard the bank of the river lost its way in the night, and a small body of French troops from

Guelders laying wait for some other purpose, seized the rope by which the boat was towed, and drew it to the shore before Marlborough and his companions were well awake. The two Dutchmen were instantly recognized, but were insured from detention by their passes. Marlborough had none ; the slightest accident, a word, a glance, might have caused him to be detained, and changed the destinies of Europe : but whilst the fine balance of Fortune was thus quivering in uncertainty as to his future fate, his brother's secretary furnished him with an old pass that had been granted to General Churchill. His brother was unlike him in many respects, and the period of the pass was expired ; but the soldiers did not know him, and took little heed of the date. They contented themselves with rifling the baggage and taking prisoners a few English soldiers, while they suffered the real prize they had met with to proceed safely to the Hague.

The news of Marlborough's danger had already reached that place without the news of his escape ; and his arrival was hailed by the whole people with extravagant joy. He remained for some time enjoying every honour which the Dutch could show him ; and negotiating various arrangements for the good of the alliance and the speedy resumption of offensive operations. His reception in London was not less flattering ; the Parliament voted him an address of thanks, and the Queen, having raised him to a Dukedom, assigned him a pension of five thousand pounds per annum during her own life ; and by message required the Commons to render perpetual that which she could only grant for a time. The request, however, drew on a serious debate, and Marlborough wisely counselled the Queen to withdraw her message in his favour, rather than urge a point on which her authority was likely to be disputed.

This was accordingly done ; but the Commons still pursued their debate, and voted an address stating their reasons for not complying with a proposal which was no longer before them.

In the mean while various negotiations took place with Holland, who represented the overpowering force with which France was preparing to take the field, and demanded an additional aid of ten thousand men to carry on the war.

The English Parliament readily concurred in the views of the Queen and Marlborough in regard to the necessity of pursuing the hostilities which had been begun against France ; but would by no means grant the ten thousand men demanded, without the Dutch would agree to abandon all commerce, even by letters, with the enemy's country.

In this respect the conduct of Parliament was both wise and just. The Dutch were unwilling to make commercial sacrifices : they fought to defend their own country and repel an encroaching enemy ; but they could hardly be brought to give up their trade even with that enemy, and thus they endeavoured to reap the advantages of both peace and war. When forced to abandon open communication, they carried on what commerce they could privately arrange with the merchants of France, and transacted all pecuniary affairs by bills of exchange. It was but natural and fair for England to demand that, while the great objects to be gained by the contest with France were principally in favour of Holland, that country should share in the inconveniences by which she was ultimately to benefit. Holland was obliged to submit, and ten thousand foreign troops were taken into the pay of England.

Early in the year 1703 the Duke of Marlborough prepared to repass the sea, and put himself at the head of the confederates, but the death of his son the Marquis of Blandford delayed his journey for some time. We are little allowed to penetrate into the domestic griefs of great men, but there is every reason to believe the Duke felt deeply the loss of his only son. At all events it is beyond doubt that the heir of Marlborough was worthy of regret. There are few scenes to which a man in sorrow can so surely venture as to the battle-field. It has no noise of merriment to jar with his grief ; and if the most powerful interest of this earth, the most stirring events of existence, can withdraw the mind from its own peculiar wo, it is there they are to be found. We must not therefore suppose that Marlborough was insensible to his loss because we find him directing armies, and involved in the turmoil and the bustle of the camp within one month after his child's death.

On the seventeenth of March the Duke arrived at the Hague, and shortly after invested Bonn, the ancient Julia

Bona, the situation of which upon the Rhine, to the south of Cologne, rendered it a place of importance.

By thus promptly beginning the offensive measures of the campaign, Marlborough anticipated the efforts of the enemy, and probably saved the city of Liege, on which they had been making several demonstrations of attack. The Dutch, with their laborious industry, had accumulated during the winter such an immense quantity of supplies, that the active genius of Marlborough found itself provided with the means of instant and energetic operations. One of the principal defences of Bonn was a strong fort on the opposite bank of the river, and this was of course one of the first objects of the siege. The genius and vigour of the famous Cohorn soon deprived the enemy of this post. The fort was battered in breach for two days, on the first of which the chains of the bridge by which a communication was kept up with the town, were carried away, and the bridge destroyed; and on the second morning a practicable breach was effected in the wall. In the evening the place was taken by storm, and in a very short time it was converted into a battery, from which the Allies soon poured a tremendous fire into the town.

The Marquis d'Alegre, who commanded in Bonn, made every exertion, if not to save the place, which was hardly to be expected, at least to oblige the besiegers to pay as dear as possible for the capture. The tremendous fire, however, of Marlborough's artillery brought the siege each day nearer to its close; and though, by a gallant sally, the French destroyed a part of the assailants' works, and interrupted their progress, the walls of Bonn were soon in a state of complete ruin. The counterscarp and covered way having been taken, the city capitulated on the fifteenth of May, twelve days after the opening of the trenches. To celebrate his success a medal was struck in England, with the punning inscription, "*Bona a malis erepta*," somewhat unworthy of the Augustan age of English literature.

Either with the design of drawing Marlborough from the siege of Bonn or in the hope of obtaining some compensation for the loss of that place; the French army under Villeroy and Boufflers, advanced upon Liege, took Tongeren, and threatened Maestricht. But the gallantry of a very small body of the allied troops, who defended

Tongeren for twenty-eight hours against the whole French force, gave time for a considerable body of Dutch and English to unite under the cannon of Maestricht, where they took up so advantageous a post, that the enemy, after reconnoitering their position for some time, retreated without attacking them.

No sooner had Bonn capitulated, than Marlborough concentrated his forces, and advanced towards the enemy ; but Villeroy withdrew before him, and after various manœuvres placed himself in such a situation as to cover Antwerp. Here the Allies observed him for some time, and attempted twice to force his lines, but on neither occasion with any farther advantage than a mere temporary success.

The English General now determined upon one more effort for the purpose of attacking Antwerp. The object of his various movements on this occasion is not very clear, and he has been generally censured for the disposition of his troops, which separated from each other, and consequently weakened on all points, were exposed to attack from a superior enemy, who had far greater facilities of suddenly concentrating his forces, than Marlborough possessed of supporting any of his detached divisions. I will not at all rely upon the hypotheses which have supplied the want of facts ; but it is not possible to suppose that an officer of Marlborough's infinite judgment, would thus act without some feasible design, and it would seem more probable that his original motives, and the causes of his subsequent inactivity, have not reached us. When the attack of the French lines was resolved, Cohorn with a flying camp was at a considerable distance from the main body which was concentrated near Louvain ; and shortly after, General Opdam, with fifteen thousand men, was ordered to march upon Eckeren, by which his corps also was separated from the rest. The movements of the Allies instantly called the attention of the French commanders, and Boufflers was detached with a superior force to attack the small army of Opdam. It is said that Marlborough was made acquainted with the motion of the French ; and it is certain that he neither took any efficient measures to secure the Dutch General, nor seized the opportunity of the absence of Boufflers, and the weakness of Villeroy, to force the enemy's lines, and carry his design upon Antwerp into execution.

Opdam was attacked suddenly by Boufflers, who had marched with the greatest rapidity; the Dutch troops were thrown into confusion; and the General, cut off with a small escort from the rest of his forces, fancied all was lost, and escaped to Breda. The second in command, after sending vainly for orders, put himself at the head of the army, rallied the troops, and, after a long day's fighting, repulsed the French with about equal loss.

Opdam of course retired from the service, though a life of thirty years' courage and skill, gave the lie to the suspicion of cowardice, and the charge of incapacity. The officer who had so gallantly supplied his place, General Shlangenburg censured so boldly the Duke of Marlborough in his despatch to the States, that the English commander required and obtained his dismissal.

It must be remarked that in all his operations, the Duke of Marlborough was restrained and embarrassed by the timid counsels, and interested considerations of the Dutch Deputies, who followed the army, and by their cold and spiritless calculations, hung upon the active genius of the commander-in-chief like a leaden clog, to use a homely comparison, upon the swift limbs of a noble horse. The States themselves were not only timid from the usual considerations of danger in case of reverse; but, divided into internal factions, each was fearful of the reproach which the opposite party might cast upon those who counselled the least boldness, and the elevation it might obtain by the failure of their measures.

Marlborough still wished to force the enemy to an engagement, and more than once marched up to their lines in battle array. He then again proposed to attack the French in their entrenchments, but he was overruled in the council, and the siege of Limburg was determined upon. That city, with Huy and Guelders, fell with little or no resistance, and thus ended the campaign; in which the Allies had been successful, it is true, but without obtaining advantages which corresponded with the magnitude of their preparation.

Nevertheless, joy and triumph waited Marlborough wherever he appeared, and on his return to England, he was appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital. Although the English General had been master of the field throughout

the whole of the campaign, the power of France was far from being depressed. Boufflers and Villeroy had, it is true, obtained no advantages, but they had suffered no defeats, and the immense successes of the French and Bavarian arms on the side of Germany, far more than compensated the loss of the towns which Marlborough had taken. The Dutch had been protected, it is true, but the House of Austria had been reduced to a pitch of humiliation, scarcely known in history; and it became absolutely necessary to afford the Emperor some efficient support, lest, driven to despair, he should conclude a peace with France, and leave Louis XIV. with undivided forces, to pursue the war with Holland and England.

The plan for changing the scene of the war, and concentrating the forces of the Alliance on the spot where their presence was most necessary, is to be attributed to Marlborough alone. The utmost secrecy was necessary to prevent the design from being frustrated by corresponding movements on the part of France, but Marlborough was at once the conceiver and the negotiator of that grand scheme, which brought, under his management, the exorbitant power of Louis XIV. to the level of that of other monarchs; and he took care to involve his project in the most impenetrable silence. To maintain this was extremely difficult, as it was necessary to move the leaden States of Holland so far against the narrow views of their selfish policy, as to permit their troops to war beyond the limits of their own frontier. Marlborough soon found an excuse to visit the Hague, though in the midst of winter, and there it appears he communicated his wishes to two influential persons, who agreed, by the exertion of every secret means, to prepare the way for the proposal which was to be made at the beginning of the ensuing campaign. In England, also, only those persons whose concurrence was absolutely necessary, were informed that the scene of the next year's war was to be in Germany. In the mean while the Imperial Envoy in London, either really ignorant or skilfully concealing his knowledge, continued to petition for aid in the name of his court, to remonstrate against the indifference of the Allies, and to display in glowing colours the necessity and depression of the House of Austria.

The only answers returned, were those vague promises

of assistance, and those empty expressions of sympathy and commiseration, which amongst men mean little, and nothing amongst courts.

Early in April Marlborough set sail for the Hague, and up to the period of his arrival, though the state of Austria had been loudly lamented, and the danger of suffering her to fall had been displayed in the strongest manner, yet the States entertained not the slightest idea of the design which the English General entertained: their armies were all distributed, and their officers had received orders, as if the war was to be carried on as before. Immediately after his arrival Marlborough conferred with the States General, detailed a part of his project, and pointed out, that having possessed themselves of a strong line of fortresses their own frontier could be defended by a trifling force, while if Austria was compelled to make peace, Holland would be exposed to the whole fury of France. His reasoning in itself was convincing, but perhaps some fear that, in case of refusal, England might withdraw her aid altogether, contributed to make the Dutch consent to the proposed measure. The full intention, however, of pouring the allied forces into the heart of Germany, was not communicated till the army had traversed the Rhine, and turned towards the Danube; and it seems that the States only understood that the war was to be carried on towards Coblentz, without at all anticipating the ulterior movements of the campaign.

On the 5th of May, Marlborough again set out from the Hague, to put himself at the head of the army; and on the 25th he reached Coblentz, having been joined in his march by all the different corps that were destined to act in Germany. The French, taken by surprise, and unable to gain any correct information respecting his design, appear to have leant towards the notion that he intended to advance up the Moselle, and thus endeavour to penetrate into France. Every measure was employed to oppose him on this point; but, at the same time, fresh reinforcements were poured into Germany; and, notwithstanding the rapidity of Marlborough's movements, their junction with the forces of the Elector of Bavaria, who now commanded the whole course of the Danube, was suffered to take place by the negligent inactivity of Prince Louis of Baden. Thus, near Ulm, lay a considerable force of veteran troops opposed to the farther

advance of the English General, while Marshal Villeroy with another large army followed his steps and watched all his movements, still uncertain whether the Duke might not turn upon Landau, although by this time his march was decidedly directed towards the Danube. To oppose these formidable adversaries, Marlborough led a smaller force than either of the French armies; but reinforcements were continually arriving, both from the States of Holland and from the various Princes of Germany. At the same time Prince Louis of Baden lay with the Imperial troops at Ehingen, between him and the combined forces of France and Bavaria, so that nothing was likely to prevent his immediate junction with his Allies.

From Ladenburg Marlborough wrote to the States; giving them at length full information of his whole design, and demanding whether they would still consent that their troops should accompany the English for the benefit of the common cause. The reply was immediate, and the absolute command of the whole army was placed in his hands. At this time talent, if not force, was decidedly on the side of the Allies. Marshal Tallard, who was now on the frontier at the head of a fresh body of troops destined to reinforce the Elector of Bavaria, and Marshal Marsin, who commanded the French forces in Germany, were both men of narrow intellect and no small conceit. On the other hand, Villeroy was all conceit, and had little but that sort of drawing-room intellect, which is very often serviceable to a man himself, but never to his country. The Duke of Bavaria, it is true, was an officer of talent and experience, but he, even in genius, was far inferior to Marlborough. At the same time, the famous Prince Eugene arrived in the Imperial camp, and brought an accession of wisdom, activity, and firmness to the Allies, which would have given them a great preponderance in point of military skill, even had Marlborough not been present.

Previous to the junction of the armies, Prince Eugene, Prince Louis of Baden, and the Duke of Marlborough, met between the Rhine and Danube, to determine the future proceedings of the allied armies. At this conference Eugene and Marlborough, the two greatest generals of the age saw each other for the first time; and, from this period, dated a friendship, in which emulation never deviated into rivalry,

nor mutual admiration ever sunk into jealousy—which lasted through well-merited prosperity and power, and through undeserved reverse and disgrace.

It was here resolved, that while Marlborough and the Prince of Baden acted against the Elector of Bavaria and Marshal de Marsin, Prince Eugene, with all the forces which could be spared, should take up a position on the Rhine, in order to neutralize the forces under Villeroy and secure the upper circles of Germany. For this purpose thirty thousand men were detached, and the other armies having united, were marched upon Donawert, where Marlborough and the Prince determined upon crossing the Danube. Entrenchments of considerable strength had been formed at Schellenberg, and here a large Bavarian force had been stationed to cover Donawert. The attack of these entrenchments was immediately determined, and though from excessive rains the army was delayed on its march till the day was nearly closed, no repose was permitted, and after a severe battle the Bavarians were dislodged. Their defeat was complete, and their flight so rapid, that the commander-in-chief, with several of his officers, was forced to swim his horse across the Danube; but the allied armies suffered scarcely less than their enemies, and a fearful list of killed and wounded, read the eternal but unheeded comment on that fatal word “glory.”

The Elector of Bavaria, who had trusted to the strength of his forces entrenched at Schellenberg, no sooner learned their defeat than, quitting his camp near Dillinghen, he retreated, and fortified himself strongly under the cannon of Augsburg. Marlborough followed without loss of time, passed the Danube, and taking the towns of Donawert, Neuburg, Rain, and Friedburgh, he extended his line between Wolfurtshausen and Oostmaring, with Friedburgh in the centre of his forces, and interposed himself between the Elector and his dominions, which were thus left to the mercy of the allied armies. In his wars with the Empire, the Elector of Bavaria had met with so many splendid and unexpected successes that his confidence had been raised to the highest pitch. Louis XIV. also had not failed to hold out the most magnificent expectations to his only German ally, so that the Elector is said to have demanded as the price of his separation from France, not only the

dignity of an independent crown, but the dismemberment of the hereditary dominions of Austria to augment the territories of his projected kingdom.

The present danger of his States, however, humbled sadly his pretensions, and he commenced a negotiation with the Allies, which he first protracted in the hope of aid from France, and then broke off when that aid approached. To force him to conclude the treaty, Marlborough had threatened to give up his dominions to fire and sword; and now, both to punish him for violating the promise he had made to sign the treaty agreed upon, and to prevent him from reaping any great benefit from his breach of faith, the threat was put in execution. The whole of the country from Augsburgh to Munich was laid waste, and all means of supply were cut off from the camp of the Elector.

The motives of that Prince, though not justifiable, were evident. When he agreed to sign the treaty, though Louis XIV. promised him immediate reinforcements, and rumours of armies marching to his succour were not wanting, yet a thousand circumstances might prevent those forces from reaching him. Prince Eugene, entrenched at Behel, watched the passages of the Rhine, and Marlborough and the Prince of Baden straightened him on every side. But now, on the contrary, he had received direct news, not only that the reinforcements promised were on their way, but that a large French force under Marshal Tallard had traversed the difficult marches of the Black Forest, and was advancing with all speed towards him. Eugene, who had expected them to attempt the Rhine, would hardly be able to overtake them in time to prevent their junction with the electoral troops; and, once united, the two armies might bid defiance to their enemies.

Marshal Tallard showed more skill and activity in conducting his army on this march than he evinced on any other occasion. Notwithstanding all Eugene's efforts he succeeded in joining the Elector of Bavaria; and had he not spent several days in a useless attempt upon the town of Villinghen, would probably have arrived in time to cut off the communication between the two allied generals, and might have fought and defeated them in detail. The junction of this immense reinforcement, of course put the

Elector of Bavaria in a far more formidable position, and changed the plans of the Allies. Bavaria was still at the mercy of the English and Imperial army, and it was determined to besiege the strong towns of that country. The first fixed upon for attack was Ingoldstadt, in which the Elector had accumulated immense military stores; and against that place Prince Louis of Baden was detached, while Marlborough and Eugene were left with their two armies to watch the motions of the united French and Bavarians. Scarcely was Ingoldstadt invested, when the forces of the Elector began to move towards the Danube at Lawinghen, and it became evident that it was his design to attack Prince Eugene whilst separated from Marlborough. The Prince, it must be remarked, had followed Marshal Tallard as far as Munster, where, finding it impossible with 18,000 men, which was all he could draw from the lines at Behel, to prevent the junction of the French and Bavarians, he had entrenched himself to wait the result of a consultation with Marlborough.

No sooner were the motions of the enemy made known to the English General than he despatched a large part of his forces to support Eugene, and followed himself with the remainder. The French and Bavarians passed the Danube at Lawinghen; but Eugene still maintained his post at Munster, resolved not to abandon so advantageous a position till the last moment. In the meanwhile he sent off courier after courier to hasten the coming of Marlborough. That great general lost no time; but, beginning his march at two o'clock in the morning, proceeded, with scarcely a pause, till he joined the Prince with his whole force towards the evening of the following day. Had the enemy used the same diligence, Eugene must have either fought with immense inferiority at Munster, or retired to Shellenburg and Donawert. A day's repose, however, which Marshal Tallard gave his men at Lawinghen, afforded time for Marlborough to come up; and when the French army began their march upon Munster the ensuing day, they found the Allies in force before them. At this time the French and Bavarians had passed the small town of Hochstadt, and they now took up their position on a ridge of rising ground running between the great wood of Shellenburg and the Danube. Their right was protected

by the river and the strong village of Blenheim, and their left by the wood, with the village of Lutzinghen a little in the rear. In advance was a rivulet, which, crossing the whole plain, fell into the Danube near Blenheim, and which, flowing through a deep ravine with a marshy bottom, afforded a natural defence superior to any that could have been easily constructed.

This strong situation, the number and freshness of the French army (which exceeded the numerical force of the Allies by about five thousand men), their superiority in point of artillery, and the difficult nature of the ground between Munster and Blenheim, all seemed to forbid an attack of their position. But most powerful considerations on the other side rendered it absolutely necessary to overcome these obstacles, to fight, and to triumph. The labour of a few days bestowed on the construction of entrenchments, would have rendered the French camp impregnable. Marlborough's strength also lay in his cavalry; and for the horses, the country around afforded but a scanty supply of forage, which would soon be exhausted; while, at the same time, intercepted letters showed the Allies that Marshal Villeroy had received orders to penetrate into the Duchy of Wirtemberg, and taking the lines of Behel in the rear, to open a communication with the Elector of Bavaria, who would thus have obtained again complete command of the whole country. Marlborough and Eugene at once saw the necessity of risking a battle immediately; and, granting one day's halt to refresh the troops after their long and rapid march, on the thirteenth of August the allied armies advanced to the battle of Blenheim.

Prince Eugene commanded the right wing of the Allies, and the Duke of Marlborough the left. On the enemy's right was Marshal Tallard, opposed to Marlborough; in the centre appeared the troops of Monsieur de Marsin; and on the left was placed the Elector of Bavaria in face of Prince Eugene. Nothing could have been more advantageous to the French than the nature of the ground, had they occupied it well; but in the outset they fell into several gross errors, which, together with others committed in the course of the battle, neutralized the favourable nature of their circumstances, and gave the laurel to their adversaries. Drawn up at a considerable distance from the rivu-

let, whose steep banks and marshy sides might have been defended with success, they gave full space for the English and Germans to pass and form. Ten thousand men also were shut up in the village of Blenheim, which might have been defended by a quarter of the number, and the centre was weakened by detachments sent to various hamlets, which could not be defended, and were not likely to be attacked.

Towards two o'clock in the morning the allied armies began their march, and between five and six were in presence of the enemy, who, for some time lay encamped without giving any sign of apprehension. All was calm and still; and though for more than an hour Marlborough halted near the village of Sweenenghen, while troop after troop, battalion after battalion, marched up and took their position on that immortal plain, yet his devoted adversaries by no movement gave notice that they saw the human cloud which was about to pour the storm of battle on their heads. At length the sound of a solitary cannon announced that they were awakened to the approaching contest. The soldiers were seen rushing from their tents, and forming before the camp; while officers and aides-de-camp hurried to and fro in all the bustle of preparation and command.

A good deal of confusion seems to have occurred in the French arrangements, and by their own accounts of the battle it appears that Marshal Tallard was called to inspect the disposition on the extreme left, at the very moment the English were advancing to attack the right, where he commanded. The operations of the Allies commenced by the march of a detachment under Lord Cutts to dislodge a small body of French from two water-mills on the hither side of the rivulet. This was soon effected, and the enemy, after setting fire to the buildings, retired to the rest in Blenheim. In the mean time Prince Eugene, on the right of the Allies, advanced along the woody height which bounds the plain to the east, while Marlborough marched forward in line to pass the rivulet. A difficulty here presented itself in the marshy nature of the ground, but bridges were soon constructed, and Lord Cutts, having passed with his detachment, kept the troops in Blenheim in check, while the rest of the army advanced and formed on the other bank. This operation was effected without any

farther opposition on the part of the enemy than a heavy cannonade, though it is said that Marshal Tallard had left orders to charge the enemy in their passage, which, during his absence, were either forgotten or disobeyed. As soon as a sufficient force had crossed the brook and morass, Marlborough attacked the village of Blenheim, which, however, was so strongly fortified, and so fully garrisoned, that the Allies were driven back with great loss. Nearly at the same time the French cavalry made a splendid charge against a large body of the allied horse, who were galled also by a close fire from Blenheim : and thus a considerable part of the left wing was put into a confusion, and more than one regiment was driven back beyond the rivulet. At this moment nothing promised the splendid success which crowned the day. On the right Prince Eugene was scarcely yet engaged, from the difficult nature of the ground he had to pass ; and in the centre, where Marlborough commanded in person, a body of infantry which first passed the rivulet under the Prince of Holstein, was charged, broken, and almost cut to pieces by the enemy's cavalry, while the Prince himself was taken prisoner with several severe wounds, of which he afterwards died. A second body of infantry supported by some squadrons of horse, met with hardly a better fate, and it was only when Marlborough himself brought up the reserve that the ground was permanently gained, and the enemy forced to retire. The confusion the Duke observed on his left now induced him to gallop to that part of the field ; but before his arrival, General Bulau, commanding a large body of cavalry, had in turn charged the victorious horse of the enemy, and had driven them in broken disarray almost into Blenheim. Under favour of this success the regiments which had been driven across the rivulet, repassed and formed. The enemy were again charged and driven completely over the hill. By this time Marlborough had abandoned all thoughts of forcing the village of Blenheim ; but far from abandoning the appearance of attempting it, he kept the infantry who maintained that position in continual employment, by throwing forward platoon after platoon, by which means he completely deceived Marshal Tallard. The French foot were suffered to remain in Blenheim, while the horses of their left were

driven back by repeated charges, the only infantry brought to support them cut to pieces, and the day irretrievably lost. When too late Tallard determined to withdraw the troops to Blenheim; and, with the cavalry, which he had rallied behind the original camp, to take up a new position, and try to recover the advantage. To cover this manœuvre he sent an aid-de-camp to Marshal de Marsin, to beg him to extend his line to the right of the village of Oberk-lau, and to occupy the English on that side, while he drew off the forces from Blenheim. De Marsin either could not or would not comply, alleging that his troops had quite sufficient employment in making head against the British centre. In the meanwhile Marshal Tallard in striving to maintain his communication with Blenheim had exposed the right flank of his newly rallied cavalry, and a vigorous charge on the part of the Allies decided the fate of that part of the French army. Broken, dispersed, and disheartened, the enemy's horse fled in every direction, some towards the town of Hochstadt, and some towards a bridge over the Danube. Many who could not reach that point, were drowned in endeavouring to swim across the river; many were cut down in their flight, and many surrendered. Amongst the latter was Marshal Tallard; and a number of officers of rank followed his example. The body of cavalry which had taken the road towards Hochstadt, rallied before reaching that place, and would probably have returned to the charge had not several of the allied regiments come up, when seeing that the day was lost, it turned again and made good its retreat.

Every part of the right wing of the French army, except the detached infantry at Blenheim, was now annihilated; and Marlborough instantly checked the pursuit, and prepared to act with his whole cavalry upon the flank of the enemy's centre, under Monsieur de Marsin. But by this time that officer was in full retreat; and, on the right, after a severe struggle, in which the German infantry had supported the whole weight of the strife, the Elector of Bavaria was defeated by Prince Eugene, and forced to abandon his position. His retreat, however, was not a flight; and, joining Marshal de Marsin beyond an extensive morass in the neighbourhood of Hochstadt, he took up a position in

which he could safely remain a sufficient length of time to give his troops some repose.

The triumph of the Allies was nevertheless complete. The troops in the village of Blenheim surrendered and were disarmed. Thirteen thousand prisoners, and nearly twenty thousand slain enemies, attested the difficulty of the struggle and the magnitude of the success, while the field of battle, the true gauge of victory, remained entirely in the hands of Marlborough and Eugene. That the event of this brilliant day was principally brought about by the talent, activity, and decision of the English commander there is no doubt, though no one will deny that he was most happy in the character of his companion-in-battle Eugene, and not a little indebted to the faults and oversights of his adversaries. His troops too were worthy of their general. Nor did the French disgrace the character they had always maintained for courage and for gallantry. They were beaten, it is true, but not till after many noble efforts to win the palm which their generals threw away. The troops in Blenheim have been much censured for the tameness of their surrender after the defeat of the left wing; but the blame attaches more particularly to one or two of their officers than to the soldiers themselves, who, in the beginning of the action had fought with the most determined bravery. Eleven thousand killed and wounded on the part of the Allies sufficiently evinced that their enemies had not abandoned the field without obstinate resistance.

The first news of this great victory which reached England, was contained in a few lines written in pencil on the blank leaf of a pocket-book by the Duke of Marlborough to his wife, when the enemy were in full flight, but before the pursuit was over. He had then been on horseback for sixteen hours; and as this short despatch itself is not uninteresting, I shall subjoin it, as well as the more detailed account which he afterwards addressed to Harley, then Secretary of State.

Letter in pencil, sent by the hands of Colonel Pack to the Duchess of Marlborough:

"August 13, 1704.

"I have not time to say more than to beg of you to present my humble duty to the Queen, and to let her Majesty

know that her army has gained a glorious victory. Monsieur Tallard and two other generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aid-de-camp, Colonel Pack, will give her Majesty an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two by another, more at large.

“MARLBOROUGH.”

Such were the only expressions that the first excitement of triumph and conquest could draw from the splendid moderation of the hero of Blenheim; and even afterwards, when the whole of the vast fruits of his success lay spread before his eyes—when the completeness of his victory and the extent of its advantages were displayed and ascertained, no word of exultation broke from the conqueror. The same grand, calm spirit is observable in every line with which he traces his efforts, and records their glorious event.

Despatch from the Duke of Marlborough to Mr. Secretary Harley:

“Sir,—I gave you an account on Sunday of the situation we were then in; and that we expected to hear the enemy would pass the Danube at Lawingen, in order to attack Prince Eugene. At eleven that night we had an express from him, stating that the enemy were come over, and desiring that he might be reinforced as soon as possible; whereupon I ordered my brother Churchill to advance at one o'clock in the morning with his twenty battalions, and by three the whole army was in motion. For the greater expedition I ordered part of the troops to pass over the Danube and to follow the march of the twenty battalions, and with most of the horse and foot of the first line, I passed the Lech at Rain, and came over the Danube at Donawert: so that we all joined the Prince that night, intending to advance and take this camp at Hochstadt. In order whereto we went out on Tuesday early in the morning, with forty squadrons to view the ground; but found the enemy had already possessed themselves of it. Whereupon we resolved to attack them; and accordingly we marched between three and four yesterday morning from the camp at Munster, leaving all our tents standing. About six we came in

view of the enemy, who, we found, did not expect so early a visit. The cannon began to play about half an hour after eight. They formed themselves into two bodies; the Elector with Monsieur Marsin with their troops on our right; and Monsieur Tallard with all his own on our left, which last fell to my share. They had two rivulets, besides a morass before them, which we were obliged to pass over in their view, and Prince Eugene was forced to take a great compass to come at the enemy; so that it was one o'clock before the battle began. It lasted with great vigour till sunset, when the enemy were obliged to retire; and by the blessing of God we obtained a complete victory.

“We have cut off great numbers of them, as well in the action as in the retreat; besides upwards of thirty squadrons of the French, which I pushed into the Danube, where we saw the greatest part of them perish, Monsieur de Tallard, with several of his general officers being taken prisoners at the same time. And in the village of Blenheim, which the enemy had entrenched and fortified, and where they made the greatest opposition, I obliged twenty-six entire battalions and twelve squadrons of dragoons, to surrender themselves prisoners at discretion. We took likewise all their tents standing, with their cannon and ammunition; as also a great number of standards, kettle-drums, and colours, in the action; so that I reckon the greatest part of Monsieur Tallard's army is taken or destroyed. The bravery of all our troops on this occasion cannot be expressed, the generals as well as the officers and soldiers behaving themselves with the greatest courage and resolution, the horse and dragoons having been obliged to charge four or five several times. The Elector and Monsieur de Marsin were so advantageously posted, that Prince Eugene could make no impression on them till the third attack, at near seven at night when he made a great slaughter of them; but being near a wood side, a good body of Bavarians retired into it, and the rest of that army retreated towards Lawingen, it being too late and the troops too much tired to pursue them far.

“I cannot say too much in the praise of the Prince's good conduct and the bravery of his troops on this occasion.

“You will please to lay this before her Majesty and his

Royal Highness, to whom I send my Lord Tunbridge with the good news. I pray you will likewise inform yourself, and let me know her Majesty's pleasure, as well relating to Monsieur Tallard and the other general officers, as for the disposal of near twelve hundred other officers, and between eight and nine thousand common soldiers, who being all made prisoners by her Majesty's troops, are entirely at her disposal, but as the charge of subsisting these officers and men must be very great, I presume her Majesty will be inclined that they be exchanged for any other prisoners that offer.

"I should likewise be glad to receive her Majesty's directions for the dispatch of the standards and colours, whereof I have not yet the number, but guess there cannot be less than one hundred, which is more than has been taken in any battle this many years.

"You will easily believe that in so long and vigorous an action the English, who had so great a share in it, must have suffered, as well in officers as in men; but I have not yet the particulars.

I am,

Sir,

your most obedient humble servant,

"MARLBOROUGH.

"*Camp at Hochstadt,*

"*Thursday morning, August 14, 1704.*"

I have subjoined these two documents because I look upon the expressions of great men on occasions where time is not given for thought, and where the excitement of difficult and trying circumstances can hardly have worn off, as the best picture we can have of their minds. By the very calmness or agitation of the style, by the exultation or moderation of the tone, we may easily divine whether the heart that won the victory was inspired by the enthusiasm of romantic valour, the quick spirit of genius, or the cool and reasoning wisdom of firm and immoveable resolution.

Marlborough seems to have combined most of the qualities of a great general, and to have displayed them all at the battle of Blenheim—firmness of determination, clear consideration of expediency, judgment to guide consideration and to calculate the chances of success, coolness to

command with precision, quickness to see the enemy's mistakes or misfortunes, activity to take advantage of them, presence of mind to remedy his own, courage to give an example of daring where necessary, caution to avoid risk where risk could produce no benefit.

Pressed by many men of experience to avoid the battle, Marlborough judged it necessary, fought, and won it. He was in all parts of the field where his presence was required to direct or to encourage, yet in the moments of the greatest peril, where the fate of empires hung upon the event of a moment, his orders were as clear and calm as on a review. The enemy's error in respect to Blenheim he instantly seized, and by skilfully changing the real attack upon that post into a feigned one, he maintained the adverse general in his mistake, and defeated him in consequence. His movements after the battle were as prudent as they were skilful. He fought as long as it was possible to injure his enemy, but refrained as soon as farther pursuit might have injured himself.

That he was anxious, most anxious, through the whole of the battle, may be inferred from his having said immediately after, "he had prayed that day more than all the chaplains in his army;" but his anxiety was without mental embarrassment or personal fear.

The joy which the victory of Blenheim spread through the States of the Allies was great and universal, but no one had more cause for rejoicing than the Emperor, and he returned his thanks to the English General in a letter full of that gratitude which the services preformed well merited. Sometime before this, he had created Marlborough a Prince of the Empire, and though the Duke at first had prudently declined an honour emanating from another Court than that on whose favours his fortune had arisen and stood, yet the commands of his own Sovereign soon rendered it necessary to accept what it had been before wise to refuse.

In the present instance Germany was the power which immediately benefited by the defeat of the French and Bavarians, though each member of the alliance reaped some more remote advantage. The Elector and Marshal de Marsin retreated precipitately upon Ulm, and thence, traversing the Black Forest, approached the Rhine, leaving

the whole of the Germanic States delivered from the presence of an enemy. Bavaria itself remained utterly without defence, and the Elector, who had at one time commanded the whole course of the Danube, was now obliged to trust a letter to his wife to the courtesy of Marlborough. It is scarcely necessary to say that this confidence was not misplaced, and the letter, which had been enclosed to the Duke, was sent on by a trumpet of his own to Munich.

Had the allied generals been able to pursue the enemy with that alacrity which was common to the characters of both, they might possibly have compelled another battle, and annihilated the army which they had already so severely dismembered. But the immense number of prisoners, and the fatigued state of their forces, worn out by long and difficult marches as well as a whole day's continual fighting, impeded their proceedings, and the enemy effected their retreat across the Rhine.

Marlborough, Eugene, and Prince Louis of Baden followed, while a part of the troops were left to reduce Ulm, and take possession of Augsburg and the other cities, which were hastening to deliver their keys to the victor. Few events of importance occupied the rest of the campaign. The French were nowhere in condition to keep the field, and the siege of Landau was formed by Prince Louis of Baden, under whose direction it languished for some weeks; while Marlborough and Eugene covered the attacking force. As the season advanced, however, the English General, weary of watching the lazy progress of the siege, turned upon Triers, from the neighbourhood of which he dislodged the French, and secured for a part of his troops good winter quarters on the Moselle, proposing to carry on the next campaign in that direction.

In the mean time Ulm surrendered, and shortly after the Electress of Bavaria yielded by treaty the whole of her husband's territories, which she could no longer hope to maintain by arms. Landau at length surrendered, and Marlborough having made the necessary distribution of his troops prepared to return to England. The moment, however, that his mind was turned from the conduct of the war, the general became the statesman; and, anxious to consolidate the alliances on whose firmness the success of his future plans depended, he laboured to give support to

the Duke of Savoy, a distant ally, whose faith had often wavered, but upon whose adherence and security greatly depended the event of the allied operations in the North.

During the last campaign the Duke of Savoy had been completely worsted in Italy by the genius and power of Vendome, and could now scarcely call one town of his dominions his own; but he had nevertheless found full employment for a large French army, which, had he remained neuter might have acted against the Allies in the North with terrible effect. For the purpose of giving this Prince efficient support, and of binding him to the alliance by the prospect of success and compensation, Marlborough, having proceeded to Berlin, negotiated with the King of Prussia the transfer of eight thousand Prussians, now serving with the British army, to the ranks of a German reinforcement about to be sent to the Duke of Savoy.

This arrangement took place in the midst of festivals and entertainments, yet the whole was concluded in the space of four days, and Marlborough was once more on his journey to England, having also quieted for the time some disputes which had arisen between the States of Holland and the Court of Berlin.

Though favour in the first instance might have assigned the staff of command to the hands of John Churchill, merit and success had fixed it there so firmly, that slander was silent, and envy and opposition dared no more than murmur. His reception in England and his stay during the winter was one long triumph. The Queen loved him the better for having justified her partiality, the Peers voted him thanks, and the Commons assigned him recompense. A bill was passed for granting the royal domains of Woodstock and Wootton to the conqueror of Blenheim, and the gift was immortalized by giving it the name of the victory. If Marlborough was covetous, and fond of more substantial rewards than the bright but phantom-like recompense of glory, we must nevertheless allow that he sought not to add to his own fame—through which fame fortune was acquired—one grain of the honour due to others, nor would accept one word of praise which was not justly merited.

In the speech whereby the Lord Keeper announced to him the thanks voted to him by the House of Lords, the following passage occurred: "The honour of these glorious

victories, great as they are, under the immediate blessing of Almighty God, is chiefly, if not alone, owing to your Grace's conduct and valour."

To this Marlborough replied, with that splendid moderation which, in its calm dignity, is itself sublime: "I am extremely sensible of the great honour your Lordships are pleased to do me, but I must beg on this occasion, to do right to all the officers and soldiers I had the honour to command. Next to the blessing of God, the good success of this campaign is owing to their extraordinary courage."

Though absent from the scene of his proposed operations for the next year, the Duke had taken care that every preparation should be made during his stay in England, and early in the spring of 1705, he re-passed the seas to put himself at the head of the army. As far as regarded stores and magazines everything was indeed ready, but other preparatives were also necessary, which could not be carried on without Marlborough's presence, and which that presence even was not sufficient to effect. In the first place it was necessary to persuade the Dutch once more to send their troops beyond their own frontier, and in the next place it was necessary to gain the cordial co-operation of the German army under Prince Louis of Baden, and to inspire some spirit of activity into the movements of that feeble and dilatory general. The Dutch were soon won to Marlborough's views, and granted him the force he required, but activity was not in the nature of the Prince of Baden, and cordial co-operation was not less foreign to his views and feelings.

It may have been remarked, that Prince Louis was not present at the battle of Blenheim, that he had previously lost all that Marlborough had regained to the German Empire; that though trusted with the conduct of sieges and operations where little was to be risked, he had been, during the union of Marlborough and Eugene, scarcely more than the nominal commander of the German armies; that the activity, skill, and decision which had saved the Imperial power had been displayed by his two coadjutors, and that they had reaped the glory while he had scarcely striven to gather up the gleanings of the field. With so many causes for envy and jealousy, it would be needless to seek for any other motive to account for conduct as detrimental to him-

self as to the state he pretended to serve. Some persons have believed that he had been seduced by the agents of Louis XVI. but no proof of this appears, and it would be both wrong and dangerous to credit an unsupported charge of treachery, while weak pride and mortified vanity were at hand to account for his conduct. It happens luckily that follies are more ordinary than crimes.

Eugene was now in Italy, and on Prince Louis alone Marlborough could now depend for support. To insure this, he begged an interview, which was accordingly appointed at Creutznach; but as the day approached, the Prince pleaded indisposition, and declined the meeting. Marlborough was not to be repulsed, with so great an object as he had in view, and waving all ceremony, he proceeded to visit Prince Louis at Radstadt. His views were so clear, and his reasoning so strong, that the Prince had no excuse left for refusing to co-operate with him, and he accordingly promised both the succour that was necessary and the activity which the Duke required.

Satisfied with these arrangements, Marlborough proceeded towards the Moselle, hoping to take the strong town of Saar Louis, to force Marshal Villars to a battle, and by carrying the war into France, to draw the Elector of Bavaria and the Duke of Villeroy from the side of Holland, where they were preparing to act against the corps under General Overkerque.

The passage of the Moselle was effected without opposition, and Marlborough marched on and encamped near Elft. Marshal Villars retreated before him, but taking up a strong position near Coningsmacheren, he entrenched himself in such a manner as to secure his camp from attack, while the Duke prepared for the siege of Saar Louis. This campaign, however, was destined to be full of disappointments: the reinforcements promised by Prince Louis did not arrive. The Prince himself advanced to Creutznach, and then once more pleading illness, returned as he came, and left Marlborough to carry on the war as he might. The forces collected were not sufficient to attack the city and to cover the besieging army. News arrived from the Low Countries that the Elector and Villeroy were advancing with a superior power upon Overkerque, who lay near Maestricht; that Huy had fallen; and that Liege was invested.

Villars lay immoveable in his entrenched camp, and Marlborough, after waiting till the last moment for the assistance which had been promised, left a sufficient number of troops to guard Triers, and other strong places in the neighbourhood, and then marched with extraordinary expedition to the Netherlands. His unexpected arrival instantly caused the French to raise the siege of Liege, and having joined General Overkerque at Maestricht, he advanced, and retaking Huy, obliged the enemy to confine themselves to their lines near Tirlémont. These defences, however, were not long available against the enterprising genius of the English general, and on the eighteenth of July they were attacked and taken, after a severe engagement.

Had the advantage thus gained been immediately pursued, it is probable that Louvain, Brussels, and Antwerp, might have fallen into the hands of the Allies, but the French and Bavarians were suffered to take up a position undisturbed which covered those places. In the absence of all direct evidence to show where the blame of this error ought to lie, it is scarcely possible to attribute inactivity and carelessness to Marlborough, and the general opinion, that the sluggish timidity of the Dutch officers prevented him from pursuing his advantage, is at least justified by their conduct on other occasions.

Various movements now took place in order to penetrate to Louvain, but all proved unsuccessful. The Dutch army was followed constantly by Deputies from the States General, who on every occasion called a council of war, which in most cases overruled the Duke's own opinion. Though supported by General Overkerque in almost all instances, Marlborough's power was not sufficient to act in opposition to the council, and he had the constant mortification of seeing his best plans thwarted by the ignorance and stupidity of men whose limited understanding could not embrace his vast and general views, or appreciate his grand and comprehensive mind. Embarrassed by their opposition, and hurt by the envious impediments thrown in his way by General Schlangenberg, Marlborough remonstrated with the States. In consequence, orders were sent from the Hague for the Deputies to suffer the army to make several marches without calling a council of war. The Duke immediately advanced, threatening both Brussels and Louvain.

Uncertain which of these cities was his object, the French and Bavarians quitted their camp, and took up a new position, in order if possible, to cover both. The Duke, however, still pursued his march, and on the 16th of August General Overkerque beat a strong post of the enemy from their position at Waterloo, that famous field which a century afterwards immortalized another army and another name. On the eighteenth, after having passed a defile which might have been defended by a small force, but which was left perfectly unguarded, the Allied army entered on an extensive plain, and came in presence of the enemy, posted on the other side of the little river Ysche.

The Duke and General Overkerque instantly reconnoitred their position. The army of the Allies was fully equal, if not superior, in number to the enemy. The French were by no means strongly placed, and were commanded by a man the least likely of all others to retrieve an error or to remedy a misfortune—occurrences which must happen in almost every engagement. The English had the memory of Blenheim in their hearts; and the only difficulty opposed to them, the passage of the stream, would have been more than compensated by the impetus of the attack.

Marlborough and Overkerque determined upon a battle; but the Dutch deputies, choosing to believe that they had sufficiently obeyed their instructions in suffering Marlborough to march thither, would not suffer him to fight when he had arrived. A council of war was called; the majority, as usual, opposed the Duke; and the army marched in another direction and left the French to boast of having maintained the field.

Marlborough's letter to the States on this occasion, is a beautiful instance of generous indignation, tempered by calm and dignified moderation. After giving an account of the preceeding movements, the Duke proceeds,—

“At noon, or a little after, our whole army was drawn up in order of battle; and having viewed, with Monsieur d'Auverquerque, the four posts which I designed to attack, I flattered myself already, considering the goodness and superiority of our troops, that I might soon have congratulated your High Mightinesses upon a glorious victory. But at last, when the attack was to begin, it was not thought fit to engage the enemy. I am confident that Messrs. the

Deputies of your High Mightinesses, will acquaint you with the reasons that were alleged to them *pro.* and *con.*; and that they will do Monsieur d'Auverquerque justice, by informing you that he was of the same opinion with me, that the opportunity was too fair to be let slip."

The conduct of the Dutch Deputies gave universal dissatisfaction. In England the matter was brought before Parliament, and an Envoy Extraordinary was appointed from the British Court to remonstrate with the States of Holland. But before his departure the Dutch people themselves had broken into such loud murmurs against the folly of their Deputies, that the States had taken measures to lighten the weight which they hung upon the activity of the English general. The moderation of Marlborough always rendered accommodation easy, and a conference with the Grand Pensionary seems to have removed all difficulties. The time of action, however, was passed, and no operation of consequence took place during the rest of the campaign. After marches and manœuvres, which never afforded another favourable opportunity of engaging the enemy, the city of Sandvliet was invested; and shortly Marlborough proceeded to Vienna, in order to cement, by negotiation, the decayed fabric of the great alliance against France, and to persuade the Imperial Court to more active co-operation in the succeeding campaign. On his way he visited Prince Louis of Baden, and though the obstruction of his views by that Prince, and the loss of one whole year of invaluable time, might well have excused some little irritation, yet no trace of anger or coldness was to be discovered in Marlborough's conduct.

Had Marlborough ever sought to retaliate wrong, had he ever shown one personal resentment detrimental to the common cause, or urged punishment where it was not necessary to the security of the whole, the moderation of his demeanour might have been liable to the suspicion of hypocrisy; but he seems to have been a man little susceptible of angry passions; or if he did derive any such from nature, the mind was more admirable which could so completely conquer them.

At Vienna he was treated with the highest honour, received as Prince of Mindelheim, and was successful in his negotiation, as far at least as appearance went. The Court

of Berlin, to which he next proceeded, was not less favourable to his views, and the advantages gained were more solid and more immediate. From thence he revisited Holland; and after having concluded various new arrangements with the States, for the purpose of more vigorous action, he again returned to England, where his private interests infinitely required his presence.

Success and high fortune are never without envy; but it is when, after having reached the most pre-eminent height, we begin to take the first step on that descent, which almost every man who wins an elevated station is destined sooner or later to tread, that competitors and enemies, hastening to fill up the vacant spot, strive hard to hurry us headlong over the brink, and it requires a giant's strength to resist the rushing of the multitude. The inferior success gained by Marlborough in the last campaign, gave his foes the glad hope that he had passed the acme of his power, and they made every effort to accelerate his fall. Pamphlets, letters, memorials, speeches in the House of Commons, and whispers in general society—all the arms of political animosity were directed against the great General. His eagle Fortune seemed to have slackened her wing, and animosity looked up in the belief that she was tired out. The presence of Marlborough, however, instantly changed the aspect of affairs. His interest with the Queen was still as strong as ever; his political party was not yet shaken in power. Some of his most daring accusers were compelled to public apology, and the Houses of Parliament voted him thanks for services both civil and military.

Early in the year Marlborough was again in the field; but although the English and Dutch forces were easily brought together, a large body of Danes, subsidized by the Allies, received orders from their Court not to march to the rendezvous till their arrears were paid. Some delays also occurred in the junction of the Prussians; and the French Court, informed of these impediments, resolved to put the plan of offensive operations which had been determined upon into immediate execution. The Duke of Bavaria and Marshal Villeroy accordingly passed the Deule with seventy thousand men, and advanced to Tirlmont, where they were shortly joined by a strong body of cavalry from the army of Marshal de Marsin.

Marlborough was not at all less disposed to open the campaign with a general battle than the French commanders. In order to hasten the arrival of the Danes, he made himself responsible for the payment of the arrears; and their commander the Duke of Wirtemberg, well disposed to activity, willingly looked upon this arrangement as sufficient, without waiting orders from Denmark, and marched with noble celerity to take a share in the approaching engagement.

Marlborough, who was now within a long march of the enemy, advanced immediately on the arrival of the Danes towards the source of the Gheet, that his operations might not be impeded by the river. The French and Bavarians mistaking the Duke's march for a demonstration on Namur, hastened forward to take up a position at Ramilies, a village at the source of the Gheet, and about a mile and a quarter from the course of the Mehaigne. Between the village and that river is an open plain; and on this the enemy disposed their forces, taking advantage of several villages, of which Ramilies strengthened their centre, while a rivulet and a morass protected their left. On their right, which rested on the river, was the great force of their cavalry; and on this point the principal efforts of the day took place on both sides. The battle began upon the left of the Allies, between one and two, by an attack upon the village of Franquénies, in which the enemy had stationed a small body of infantry, who were soon dislodged by the Dutch troops commanded by General Auverquerque. A body of French foot and dismounted cavalry was instantly sent to regain the post; but these were again charged by the Dutch and Danish horse, and the battle became general in that quarter. The household troops of the King of France were now ordered to charge the Dutch, who were driven back in confusion. Marlborough, however, hastened to the spot, and ordered up a fresh body of cavalry from the right, where they could not act on account of the morass, while he rallied the disordered squadrons of the left, and brought them again to the enemy. In this attempt he was thrown from his horse, and must either have been killed or made prisoner, had not a body of infantry advanced and freed him from his dangerous situation. In remounting also, while one of his staff held the stirrup, a cannon-ball

passed so near him as to kill the unfortunate officer by his side. The General lived for after victories; the Dutch and Danes rallied; the reinforcements of cavalry added overwhelming power to their exertions, and the right wing of the French were broken and fled in every direction. While these proceedings were taking place on the left of the Allies, a tremendous struggle occurred in the centre of the village of Ramilies. The French and Bavarians maintained their ground for some time against all the efforts of General Shultz; but other bodies of the allied infantry coming up to his support, while the victorious cavalry of the left appeared upon their flank, the enemy abandoned their position and joined the fugitives. The left wing of the French, which had been protected by the morass till the rest of their army were nearly defeated, left the scene of action in better order than the other divisions; but skilful must that officer be, who, in retiring from a lost field before a victorious and active enemy, can prevent his retreat from changing into flight. The appearance of the French and Bavarians grew more confused every moment, while the allied cavalry hung upon their rear, and rendered their disarray irretrievable. Night did not stop the flight or the pursuit, and some waggons having overturned in the road by which a large body of the routed army was effecting its escape, many prisoners were taken. The slain on the side of the French and Bavarians amounted in number to eight thousand; but their power suffered more from the complete dispersion of their regiments, from the immense number of deserters, and from the prisoners and wounded, than from their actual loss in the field.

The Allies suffered much less in proportion in killed and wounded, and the advantages gained were immense. The French, though they dared not deny their defeat, with very natural policy strove to diminish its extent in the eyes of the world, but the consequences established the magnitude of the victory which Marlborough and Auverquerque had obtained. Louvain, to which Villeroy and the Elector fled in the first instance, was immediately abandoned, Alost and Mechlin sent in their submission, and Brussels and the States of Brabant claimed the protection of the victors both by letters and envoys. This was of course promised by the Allies, on condition that the States should instantly

recognize the Austrian claimant to the Crown of Spain and the Sovereignty of the Low Countries, and break off all communication with the French government.

The States of Brabant were in no situation to hesitate. Their submission was rendered without delay, and even with apparent satisfaction and Marlborough made his entry into Brussels, while the French retreated with precipitation towards Ghent. An indefatigable enemy was upon their track, and wasting no time on his march the Duke hastened to follow the shattered remains of the army he had conquered, and endeavoured to cut off their communication with France. In this he was disappointed by the precipitation with which they fled, leaving Ghent undefended, and marching towards the lines they had formerly occupied near Courtray, Ghent, Oudinard, and Bruges, thus abandoned, surrendered with little hesitation; and Antwerp, though well garrisoned and sufficiently provisioned, yielded as soon as it saw itself invested. The only two cities in a vast space of country, from Tirlemont to the sea, which escaped the terror spread by the fight of Ramilies, were Dendermond and Ostend, and these positively refused to surrender so long as they could hold out. The reply of the Governor of Dendermont is worthy of commemoration from that absence of all bravado, and that quiet moderation which is generally the concomitant of the most steady valour. "The place being well garrisoned," he said, "and provided with all necessaries for its defence, he hoped to merit the Duke of Marlborough's esteem by discharging his duty and the trust reposed in him."

While the strong places of Flanders were thus falling into the hands of the Allies with extraordinary rapidity, and the whole of the Spanish Brabant had been conquered in fifteen days, the French army, after retreating to Courtray, separated into two small flying camps, the one at Mortagne on the Scheldt, and the other at Armentiers on the Lys; and at the same time a great number of the troops were drawn off to strengthen the Frontier towns. Notwithstanding these arrangements, betokening both inactivity and panic, fresh troops were poured into the Low Countries, in order, if possible, to put the French army once more in a situation to contest the field with the Allies. Villeroy's insufficiency was at length felt; and Vendome, a

man of courage, genius, and skill, was recalled from Italy to try his fortune against the talents of Marlborough. The Allies, however, still continued to advance from success to success, while the French were but making preparations to repair their first misfortune. Ostend, which had once maintained itself against a besieging army for nearly three years, was surrendered at the end of a siege of a few days to the Dutch, under General Auverquerque.

Menin, which had been skilfully fortified by Vauban, was next attacked; and while Marlborough covered the siege, General Salish conducted the operations against the city. Shortly after the place was invested, the Duke of Vendome joined the French army, and took the command-in-chief. His forces also were sufficient in number to have contended with the Allies; but a great part consisting of fresh levies, which could not be depended upon, and the memory of many defeats being fresh in the minds of the whole, he dared not risk a general engagement with a veteran army full of success, advantageously posted, and commanded by the first general of the age. After a very short but active and vigorous siege, Menin surrendered, and Dendermond and Aeth also underwent the same fate, without the possibility of Vendome affording either of them any efficient aid. These successes concluded the campaign; one of the most successful in the annals of British warfare. The arms of France had also been unfortunate in Spain and in Italy; and some slight successes on the German frontier in no degree compensated for all that had been lost. Louis XV. who had begun his career with victories and triumphs, now found himself surrounded in his old age by defeats and mortification. No longer dictating terms and enforcing his will with the sword, he asked for peace; and was happy to guard his own frontier from aggression. Unwilling, however, to compromise his dignity, and to sacrifice altogether his ambition and his revenge, he seems to have endeavoured to treat with the allied powers separately; and only on finding his motives suspected and his offers refused, to have proposed a general conference with peace for the object. Some degree of ambiguity in the wording of the Monarch's communication on this subject, afforded an excuse for rejecting overtures, which, it may be well conceived, were not very agreeable to victorious nations or successful generals.

The only circumstance which seems for a moment to have rendered peace probable, was the threatening aspect of Charles XII. of Sweden, who, having established Stanislaus on the throne of Poland, had marched into the hereditary dominions of his competitor, Augustus of Saxony ; and, after having forced upon him the most degrading conditions, still remained in the heart of the German empire, recruiting his troops, levying fresh forces, and publicly receiving the envoys of France and Bavaria. At the same time he treated with haughty sternness the ministers of the Allies, and refused, it is said, to declare his intentions to any but the Duke of Marlborough.

Such was the position of affairs, when, at the end of the campaign of Ramilies, the Duke dispersed his army in winter-quarters, and returned to England. The glorious successes which he had obtained, had either silenced or converted the greater part of his enemies. Votes of thanks, addresses and congratulations, poured in upon him from the Parliament and the people. The titles which had been granted to him were extended to the female line, and settled by Act of Parliament, and the perpetuation, in favour of his heirs, of the annnal pension of five thousand pounds granted by the Queen on the revenues of the Post Office, which had been formerly refused by the House of Commons, was now voted with little opposition.

Marlborough scarcely paused to taste the overflowing cup which was offered to his lip, but, after a short time spent in London, hastened towards Saxony, to ascertain the designs of the capricious hero of Sweden, and to divert him from any purpose hostile to the views of the Allies. Few negotiations have been subjects of more attention at the time of their transaction, or of more dispute as matter of history, than Marlborough's embassy to the camp of Charles XII. Voltaire represents the matter with epigrammatic brevity, and with perhaps more wit than truth ; and Mottraye, and various others who attacked him on the subject, seem to have been equally mistaken without being equally witty. The facts appear to have been, that Marlborough, on arriving at the camp at Alt Ranstadt, where Charles had fixed his head-quarters, first applied to that monarch's prime minister, Count Piper ; but at the same time did not scruple to make use of the private interest of

Baron Gortz, who was then beginning to share in the favour of the King of Sweden. It is probable that having previous information from those noblemen of the inclinations of their sovereign, a very short interview with Charles himself convinced the Duke that the arms of Sweden would be turned against Russia, and not used to support France. It is very possible, indeed, that, together with the knowledge which Marlborough had received from those ministers, the fact mentioned by Voltaire, that Charles had a map of Muscovy constantly before him during the conference, and that his eyes sparkled and his brow contracted when the name of the Czar was introduced, may have satisfied the Duke that the warlike views of Charles were directed towards the north. At all events, after a brief stay, he returned to the Hague, with all doubts removed in regard to the intervention of Sweden, and on his way back visited several of the weaker parties to the alliance, to reassure them with his own confidence, and prepare them for an active renewal of the war. The campaign that followed, however, was perfectly unfruitful. Vendome and the Elector of Bavaria gave Marlborough no opportunity of winning any great success; and the year 1707 ended without any event of importance except the agreement of the Elector of Hanover to take the command of the Imperial forces on the Rhine, and the spirited remonstrance of the States of Holland against the slow, inactive, parsimonious manner with which the Germans bore their part in a war by which they were the principal gainers. Charles XII. also, after pressing the Emperor with his usual cruel and unkingly harshness, withdrew his troops from the heart of Germany, and marched upon his long-meditated expedition. In England, with the common fickleness of popular opinion, Marlborough's fame varied with his success; and when the campaign ended without one splendid triumph, although defeat had not blasted one laurel on his brow, he who had been the people's idol was no longer worshipped with the same fanatic devotion, and his party enemies strove hard to snatch from him the means of future victory. It was proposed in the House of Peers to transfer the great efforts of the war to Spain, and many eloquent arguments were adduced, and many eloquent voices raised in favour of that suggestion. Marlborough, however, was sufficiently strong

still to employ the great strength of the Alliance in that country where he commanded. His favour at Court had nevertheless, by this time, passed its acmé, and reached its decline. The well-known Mrs. Masham had been placed near the Queen by the Duchess of Marlborough, and Harley was Secretary of State. Harley fancied himself already strong enough in the favour of his Sovereign to oppose Marlborough, but he was deceived. Some of his agents were discovered in treasonable correspondence with the national enemy ; other charges were found to affect him personally, and after a severe struggle he was forced to resign, though contrary to the inclination of the Queen. Mrs. Masham did not so openly display her designs, but waited for opportunity, and met with better success. The Duchess of Marlborough herself was evidently losing the Queen's regard. The Duke in regard to Harley, triumphed over his Sovereign's wishes, and was no longer a favourite ; but his party was still predominant at home, and he hastened to support it as far as possible by winning new victories abroad.

The want of success which Marlborough had met with in the preceding campaign, had given fresh vigour to the movements of the French. Louis XIV. had made immense preparations on the side of Flanders : his armies were recruited and refreshed, and the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke de Berry, and the unhappy Prince commonly stigmatized by the name of the Pretender, were sent to join the forces under the Duke of Vendome, who continued in actual command, though the Duke of Burgundy was nominally at the head of the host.

To counterbalance the preponderance which had been given to the French army, several regiments were drawn from the Upper Rhine ; new levies were made in Germany ; Saxony, freed from the oppression of Sweden, brought her contingent into the field ; and Prince Eugene, now recalled from Italy, laid out the plan of the campaign with Marlborough, and put himself at the head of the fresh army thus raised.

It was some time, however, before the Duke and the Prince could effect their junction. The Germans were naturally and habitually slow, and all Eugene's energy did not suffice to inspire any great degree of activity into their

movements. To prevent the French from attacking Marlborough with a superior force while Eugene was absent, a report was purposely spread that the Prince was destined to act with his division upon the Moselle, which brought about a corresponding detachment from the army of Vendôme.

The campaign commenced with various unfruitful marches and countermarches, which tedious in the execution, would be more tedious in the detail.

The first events of the war this year were decidedly advantageous to the French. Ghent and Bruges were surprised, and a small fort, commanding their canal between the latter place and Ostend, was taken by assault. These misfortunes were undoubtedly owing to the care with which Marlborough had abstained from weakening his army by detaching strong garrisons, but if in this he committed a fault, he now hastened to repair it, and to win a great compensation for that which had been lost. He accordingly pressed forward upon the enemy, who showed some inclination to retreat to Ghent. Their march tended towards the small fortified town of Oudenarde, in the neighbourhood of which were some high grounds that offered great facility for taking up a strong if not impregnable position. Marlborough hurried to intercept them, resolved to force them to an immediate battle even before the junction of the forces under Prince Eugene. That general himself, warned of his great friend's determination, left his troops to follow, and proceeded at all speed to join the Duke and take a part in the approaching engagement. The French and allied armies both advanced rapidly towards the Scheldt at different points, but so near that the rear-guard of the one, and the advance of the other were more than once engaged. The passage of the Dender might have been disputed by the French with advantage; but disunion existed in their councils, and the allies were suffered to pass unopposed. On the eleventh of July, Marlborough approached the Scheldt, and threw forward a detachment to take up a position on the other bank of the river, to lay bridges, and to cover the passage of the army. This detachment interposed between the French army which had passed the river lower down, and the city of Oudenarde, and remained for some time upon the ground before any considerable body of troops

could be brought up to its support. The differences existing between the Dukes of Burgundy and Vendome, had by this time reached their height, and indecision, half measures, folly, and defeat were the consequences. The detachment of the Allies was suffered to remain in possession of the ground till the whole army was at hand to support it. The Duke of Burgundy then determined to risk the engagement, and ordered the attack to commence by the cavalry of his right wing. The Allies on that side were defended by a rivulet and morass, and the enemy's cavalry recoiled without success. About the same time the Duke of Vendome, who had disapproved the former movement, had commanded an attack by his left on the right of the Allies where the ground was practicable, and the cavalry could be supported from the village of Heynem, which was already in possession of the French. This order was never executed, either from the obstinate folly of the Duke of Burgundy in countermanding it, or from the death of the aide-de-camp charged to carry it to the left. Whichever of these two accounts—and both have bold supporters—be correct, certain it is, that the Allies were not attacked. Battalion after battalion passed the river; the village of Heynem was taken from the French infantry; those of Hearn and Meullen were occupied by the Allies; and the generals of France, finding a general battle no longer to be a matter of discussion, but to have become an inevitable necessity, made a retrograde movement with their whole force, and took up a tolerable position before the villages of Vanighen, Lede, and Huyze, with some difficult ground intersected by hedges and ditches in front of their infantry, while their cavalry occupied the more even ground to the right near the village of Wirtigen. As soon as the allied infantry had entirely passed the Scheldt, the attack on the enemy's position became general, and after a severe struggle their line was almost broken in every point. The latter part of the battle took place in the dusk of the evening, but before night fell the whole French army was in complete retreat. The Allies remained on the field of battle; the enemy fled to Ghent. About four thousand men, killed and wounded, was the extent of loss on the side of the allied armies; and it would appear that the French suffered in the proportion of nearly one half more; but eight thousand prisoners gave

importance to the victory, and the renewal of great success added fresh vigour to the energy of the confederates.

Dismay and consternation, as usual after a defeat, took possession of the French army. At Oudenarde they had fought well and bravely, and it was not till they began to retreat that they seem to have thought of fear. The courage and presence of mind of Vendome, however, though it could not entirely remedy the faults of others, obviated many of the worst consequences. At Ghent the greater part of the fugitive generals were determined to continue their flight, and it was only by the most determined firmness that Vendome at length carried into execution his plan of entrenching himself behind the great canal between Ghent and Bruges, and thus protecting the two cities he had won.

The victory of Oudenarde, nevertheless, was not fruitless to the Allies; the lines which the French had formed sometime before near Ypres were levelled, the city of Lens fell into the hands of Count Tilly; and, the frontier of France being laid open, Artois and Picardy were put under contribution. These were the first effects of the battle won on the Scheldt, but Marlborough and Eugene were determined not to rest satisfied with insignificant conquests and partial successes. The siege of Lisle was undertaken, a town most important from its position, from its wealth, and from its military strength. As Marlborough only commanded the army which protected the operations of Eugene, to whose skill the immediate conduct of the siege was confided, I shall not dwell at length upon this part of the campaign. Louis XIV., conscious of the immense value of the capital of French Flanders, made every effort to defend it. It was instantly furnished with a large force and considerable supplies, Boufflers took the command in the town, and Vendome and Berwick were ordered to hesitate at nothing which could raise the siege.

The Duke of Burgundy and the Duke of Berwick formed their junction on the Dender; and then, with a very superior force, advanced as for the purpose of giving battle to Marlborough. The skilful manœuvres and bold aspect of the English General, however, obliged them to alter their design, and the enemy were forced to confine themselves to intercepting the convoys of provisions and ammunition

destined for the besieging army, and to throwing fresh supplies into the town. In this sort of busy skirmishing they showed great activity, courage, and skill, and were opposed with no less energy and talent. The most important engagement of any kind which took place during the siege, was on the occasion of a large convoy of ammunition being sent from Ostend under the command of Major-general Webb, with about 7000 men. The defence of the place had been so long protracted that the preparations made on the part of the Allies had proved inefficient, and on this supply from Ostend depended the event of the siege. Near the wood of Wynendale, General Webb was attacked on his march by a force of nearly twenty-four thousand of the enemy, but well aware of the importance of success, he stood his ground, fought, and won the victory. The ammunition was conveyed safely to the camp of the besiegers, and the city of Lisle fell after various other efforts to force the assailants to retire from its walls, and after a noble defence of ten weeks. The immediate events of the siege itself would occupy too great a space for insertion in the present sketch. The citadel, however, still held out, and while the French remained entrenched in force near Oudenarde, the Elector of Bavaria advanced upon Brussels, and attacked that town, which, little defensible in itself, was very insufficiently garrisoned.

The enemy had laid the greater part of the country under water, by cutting the dykes; and trusting to the defence afforded by this inundation, and to the strong works they had thrown up round their camp at Oudenard, they seem never to have imagined it possible that the Allies would attempt the passage of the Scheldt to relieve Brussels. No sooner, however, did Marlborough and Eugene hear that it was attacked, than with haste and secrecy they put in motion the whole army, except the part which was necessary to carry on the siege of the citadel of Lisle, and boldly advanced upon Oudenard. The passage of the Scheldt was effected on several points at once, almost under the eyes of the enemy, who only recovered from their astonishment in time to make a precipitate and disgraceful retreat. The Elector of Bavaria no sooner heard of Marlborough's motions, than knowing well his enemy, he decamped from before Brussels, and while Eugene returned to pursue the influence to defeat the measure; and it was determined

siege of the castle of Lisle, the Duke advanced to provide for the future safety of the Spanish Netherlands. Boufflers was soon forced to surrender; and the French generals, fancying the campaign at an end, sent their troops into winter quarters, and returned to Paris. But Marlborough was not satisfied, that any town which had been in his power at the beginning of the year should remain in the hands of the enemy at the end, and consequently he immediately moved upon Ghent, during the short siege of which place he commanded in person, while Eugene headed the army which covered his operations.

Ghent was but feebly defended, and after a few days the garrison capitulated. Scarcely had it surrendered when the news arrived that the French had abandoned Bruges and the other fortresses they had taken: and Marlborough and Eugene having won a great victory, and captured an important city—having frustrated all the designs of their adversaries, and recovered all that had been accidentally lost—ended the campaign with glory and success.

New negotiations were now entered into for a peace, and as a proof of his sincere desire to terminate the war, Louis XIV. sent the Marquis de Torcy, one of his principal ministers, to the Hague. That Marlborough was naturally inclined to continue that state of things which brought him every day fresh glory and profit, no one that has studied the human heart can doubt; but it does not appear in history, that he used any unjust means, or sacrificed in any way the interests of his country, to procure that object; and this perhaps is all that we can expect from man's nature. Nevertheless, peace was not the result. Louis was resolved not to withdraw his grandson's pretensions to the crown of Spain, and the Allies were equally determined not to sheathe the sword without having obtained the great purpose for which it was originally drawn. After long and tortuous negotiations, during which the French endeavoured to evade the conditions which Marlborough and the rest of the plenipotentiaries pressed, war was again renewed, and the siege of Tournay was undertaken by Marlborough and Eugene. Various movements made by Marshal Villars and the French army, as well as the vigorous resistance of the garrison, proved ineffectual, and the town of Tournay surrendered after a siege of three

weeks. The citadel still held out; and a capitulation which had been proposed, having been sent to Paris, and the act of ratification refused by the King of France, hostilities were renewed. The garrison of the castle defended themselves with an activity and valour which did them immortal honour, and mine after mine impeded the progress of the assailants, and diminished the besieging army.

The Allies on their part were not remiss; and daily encounters took place in these subterranean galleries, in which the garrison had generally the advantage. The fire upon the walls of the citadel, however, was continual and destructive, and after immense efforts the garrison was forced to surrender.

Mons was next attacked; but Marshal Boufflers having joined Villars in command of the French army, those generals made several movements which seemed to indicate that they were resolved to raise the siege of the capital of Hainault at the risk of a battle. Marlborough and Eugene, leaving Mons invested, immediately marched to meet the enemy, and came in their presence near the woods of Sarte and Faisnieres. Boufflers and Villars proceeded without delay to entrench their position, which, defended by hedges, thick woods, and marshy ground, was strong in itself. Their proceedings were conducted with great skill, and before the next morning, when the attack began, their camp was rendered nearly impregnable. Nevertheless Eugene and Marlborough had determined on the attack, though opposed by the Dutch Deputies, who were intimidated by the formidable appearance of the enemy's entrenchments. The Prince began the battle, and of his share in its success I shall give some account in the sketch of his life. As soon as the left flank of the enemy had been turned by Eugene, Marlborough pressed their right, and carried all before him. Entrenchment after entrenchment was taken; Marshal Villars was severely wounded, and though the French fought with great gallantry and resolution, they were obliged to abandon their position and retreat, leaving the field in possession of the Allies. An immense and equal loss in killed and wounded was sustained by each army; but although the victory was dearly bought it was complete, and the capture of Mons was the result. All military men seem to agree that it was a fault on the

part of the allied generals not to have attacked the enemy on the preceding day, ere they had time to entrench their position; but it must also be remembered that, at that time the whole force of the allied army had not come up, and that according to the best accounts, even on the day of battle, the French were still superior in number.

After the fall of Mons the troops were once more dispersed in winter quarters; and Marlborough assumed the character of plenipotentiary and negotiator. New proposals of peace were again made, and Louis, reduced to the lowest ebb of fortune, with a bankrupt treasury, a discontented people, and a defeated army, demanded a cessation of war in terms which showed his sincerity, without forgetting that he was a king who had once been amongst the greatest. Other events, however, were preparing in the dark council chamber of the future, which bestowed upon him what neither mighty armies nor skilful negotiations had been able to procure.

At Gertrudenburg various conferences were held with pacific views, but in vain. In the mean time, however, the power which Sarah Duchess of Marlborough had acquired over the mind of the Queen of England by early intimacy, and had confirmed by long habit—the riveter of all chains—had gradually given way before the influence of the haughty pride displayed by herself, and the sycophant intrigues of a new favourite. The Duke of Marlborough had governed the State as much by the command which his wife possessed over the Queen, as by his splendid talents and his vast success. The Duchess had forgot, in the insolence of her great prosperity, that the sceptre which he had so long been permitted to guide, was held in truth by the hand of another. The Queen perhaps had forgot it also: but not so Mrs. Masham, who soon taught her royal mistress to remember that the power was her own, and before long incited her to exercise it. The arrogant confidence of the Duchess of Marlborough hurried on the ruin of her husband, her party, and herself. She now despised the Queen whom she had once courted, and she committed the irretrievable fault of suffering her contempt to appear.

Mutual regard being lost, habit was all that the Queen had to conquer; and in this the Duchess aided the best

schemes of her enemies, by frequently absenting herself from court upon any occasion of offence.

Marlborough himself had already excited the Queen's displeasure in the matter of Harley's dismissal; and he offended still more deeply by opposing the promotion of Mrs. Masham's brother to a regiment of dragoons. It is probable that, before the opening of the campaign of 1710, a complete change of ministry was determined by the Queen; and early in June the Earl of Sunderland, the near connexion of the Duke of Marlborough, was removed from office. Other alterations immediately followed, and all the great officers of the Crown laid down their seals, which were speedily bestowed upon the members of the opposite party. The Parliament was dissolved, the aspect of affairs changed; and though the new ministry still talked of war, though the arms of France remained unsuccessful, yet Louis XIV. no longer offered concessions, and new energies seemed given to the Court of Versailles.

While events were thus passing at home, which overthrew his power in the cabinet, Marlborough took care in the field that his glory should still stand on the sure basis of continual success. It would be tedious to pause upon the details of the various sieges which occupied this campaign. The whole may be included in a brief summary of triumphs. The French lines near Lens were forced, and the army compelled to retreat; the city of Douai was taken after a vigorous and difficult siege; Bethune fell; St. Vincent and Aire were obliged to surrender, and the heart of France itself seemed open to the next campaign.

Marlborough now returned to England, but the magic of his glory had lost its power. No vote of thanks issued from the cold lips of the parliament; no honour, and no reward acknowledged his merit, or recompensed his services. The smile had passed from him and his; and his motives, his actions, and even his triumphs, were scrutinized, libelled and obscured.

The Queen affected to receive him graciously, assured him that her new ministry would pursue the war to the expected consummation, desired the aid of his sword in aid of their designs, and promised him the same unremitting support which had enabled him to achieve such great

things. Marlborough bore the change of fortune with unshaken steadiness; no rash act, no hasty expression evinced that any mortification could cast him from the even tenor of a great mind. Beyond all doubt he saw the great desire of the new ministers to grant peace to France, and easily divined that that peace would be granted on terms disadvantageous, if not disgraceful to England. He saw that all his mighty schemes were overthrown, that all his vast efforts were rendered fruitless, that his labour and success for his country were thrown away, and that all the beams of his thousand triumphs, which might have lighted his nation to the summit of power, were now concentrated in the narrower circle of his own glory.

He remained, however, unchanged; and, though he might well have paused in his career, content with all that he had acquired, he agreed to risk his glory under a ministry inimical to his person, and opposed to his views, in order that as little might be lost as possible to his country in general. He accordingly resigned all the many places held by his wife at court, but complied with the Queen's desire in holding his own command.

The opposite party, who benefited by his services, attributed to him mercenary motives for yielding them; but, as the advantage which could accrue to himself was small, the labour great, the risk of his fame and his honour imminent, and as the persons who accused him in this instance, impeached their own credibility by notorious injustice towards the same man on other occasions, it is but fair to view this conduct of the Duke in the most honourable light, and to look upon it as another example of that grand moderation which he displayed so often in the course of a long and difficult life.

Though everything tended towards peace, the campaign in Flanders was opened early, and Marlborough, after various manœuvres and skirmishes, in which Marshal Villars showed great skill and activity, at length succeeded in deceiving that commander, and got within the strong lines which the French had established along the course of the Scarpe from Arras to Bouchain. The latter town was immediately invested, and though Marshal Villars used every endeavour to raise the siege, the place was

forced to surrender, and the garrison were made prisoners of war.

A futile attempt was made by the officers who had surrendered the place, to show that they had not absolutely accepted terms so little honourable to themselves, but their statement was proved to be unfounded, and only served as a means to some of the French historians for corrupting the history of the time. A wet and inclement season had retarded the operations of this campaign, and brought it to an end more speedily than otherwise would have been the case. After the fall of Bouchain nothing of importance occurred; and Marlborough returned to England, where his enemies were gradually acquiring strength and influence, and where affairs were still tending towards the arrangement of a peace.

The death of the Emperor Joseph, and the elevation to the Imperial dignity of the Archduke Charles, one of the pretenders to the Crown of Spain, favoured the progress of the negotiations; for the balance of power—the chief pretext for war on the side of the Allies,—could be no more maintained by leaving Spain to the reigning Emperor than by suffering it to fall to the house of Bourbon. The new head of the Germanic body did not fail to remonstrate with his Allies, on their evident inclination to sacrifice his interests as soon as those interests became no longer their own. But he remonstrated in vain, and on the arrival of Marlborough in London, the first message from the Queen to the Parliament formally announced the opening of a congress for a general treaty of peace.

In the debate which ensued, various sarcasms and insinuations were levelled at Marlborough's conduct; and from the general tone of both Lords and Commons it was apparent that more serious charges were in preparation.

A report had already been laid before the House of Commons by the Commission for examining public accounts, wherein very grave reflections were made upon the character of the Duke, for accepting sums of money from the contractors of the army, and for deducting two and a half per cent. from the pay of foreign troops in the English service.

The first sums Marlborough declared to be perquisites of the general commanding in the Low Countries, and

which had been allowed under every succeeding English monarch for a long series of years. He stated also that they had been by him universally applied to those secret services by which he had obtained so many advantages over the enemy. For the two and a half per cent. deducted from the pay of the foreign troops he pleaded the Queen's warrant, and affirmed that the sums so received had been applied to the contingent expenses of those troops themselves.

This explanation was not judged sufficient, and the matter was brought formally before the House. At the same time the Queen dismissed Marlborough from all his employments, upon the ordinary and specious pretence of suffering the matter to undergo an impartial examination. Finding that his former letter to the Commissioners had proved of no effect, Marlborough addressed a vindication of his conduct to the House of Commons, by which, supported by witnesses, it was clearly established that the sum he had received from the contractors, was the invariable perquisite of the general commanding in the Low Countries, and that the troops had in no degree suffered by a bad or irregular supply. It was also proved that the sum granted for contingencies during his command, was but one fourth of that which had been voted in the time of William III.; and that even that provision having been found by that monarch totally insufficient for procuring necessary intelligence, he had himself established the deduction from the foreign troops. Marlborough also dwelt long on the necessity of procuring intelligence of the enemy's movements, and the difficulty and expense of so doing, and he again declared that the sums in question had been all applied to that purpose. His proofs and his reasonings, however, were without avail. He was known to be avaricious, the party against him was strong, and the Commons voted that the perquisites were unwarrantable and illegal, and that the sums deducted from the foreign troops was public money, which ought to be accounted for.

Shortly after, Mr. Cardonnell, the Duke's Secretary, who was a member of the House of Commons, was expelled for having received a sum from the bread contractors, and Mr. Sweet, the deputy paymaster was censured and ordered to account for a per-centage which had been

accepted by him. About the same time Prince Eugene arrived in London for the purpose of averting, if possible, the measures by which the new administration of Great Britain were about to sacrifice his master's interests. His mission, however, produced no beneficial results, and Eugene, after having an interview with Marlborough, in which he showed that no change of circumstances could alter his demeanour towards his great friend and companion in arms, left England disappointed in all his views.

Every sort of libel and accusation was now poured upon the head of Marlborough, and all means were taken to injure his peace and destroy his reputation. He was prosecuted for the money deducted by the Queen's own warrant, and sued for the building of Blenheim House with which his Sovereign had rewarded him. Nothing in the annals of history ever more strongly proved the horrible instability of court favour, or the emptiness of that capricious excitation mistakenly named national gratitude, than the fate of John Duke of Marlborough. Unknowing where the persecution might stop; wearied, disgusted, and chagrined, Marlborough quitted England and amused himself with visiting the various cities of Germany. In the mean while his loss was felt dreadfully by the armies in the Netherlands. Success abandoned the arms of the Allies; one after another the conquests of Marlborough were retaken by France; an unsatisfactory and disadvantageous peace was concluded by England and Holland; and Germany was left to fight her battles by herself.

Such was the state of the Continent, when, the Queen's health declining, Marlborough came as far on his road to England as Ostend. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke had been long at variance, and it was evident to each of those ministers that the accession of the House of Hanover must bring back the absent general to his country and to power. Each therefore courted him whom they had combined to overthrow, and while they strove to expel each other, called on him for aid. Bolingbroke triumphed and Oxford was dismissed, but the continual discussion which had lately agitated the council had still farther affected the weak health of the Queen, and on the first of August she expired, leaving the crown to the Elector of Hanover. On the same day Marlborough arrived at Dover, where the

Queen's death was not known. He soon, however, hastened to London, and made a public entry into the town, which, if considered as a triumph over his enemies, was indecent, and almost cruel, but which might originate in better motives. The country was in an unsettled state; fears, though groundless, were entertained of an attempt to alter the succession. Marlborough's friends declared that this public entry was against his wish, but that he yielded to the importunity of those who desired it, in order to overawe the turbulent, and give confidence to the adherents of the House of Hanover.

After the arrival of George I. the life of the Duke of Marlborough offered but few events, which may be comprised in a very short space. His long adherence to the House of Hanover, and to those principles which placed it on the throne, met with gratitude and reward. He was restored to many of his former offices, was treated on all occasions with deference and distinction, and at length honour and success shone upon his waning days. Marlborough witnessed the first attempt in 1715 to restore the family of the exiled King, and contributed, as Captain-general of the Forces, to bring about its defeat. Shortly after, worn and weary with a long and active life, he retired from public business; and having spent a few years in tranquillity and repose, he died on the sixteenth of June, 1722, at the age of seventy-three.

So many characters have been drawn of the Duke of Marlborough, that it is scarcely necessary to add another in this place. His glory is a part of the glory of Great Britain, and as in the body of this sketch I have dwelt as much as I thought necessary on his faults, I shall not recall them here. No man was ever more dear to the army he commanded; no man was ever more esteemed by the foreign princes he served; no man was ever more admired by the generals he opposed. His own nation, with the usual injustice of contemporaneous prejudice, sometimes lauded him to the sky, sometimes denied him the merit that strangers and adversaries were willing to admit; but the world at large did him justice even during his life, and posterity have placed his name amongst the immortal.

PRINCE EUGENE OF SAVOY.

PRINCE EUGENE, nearly as much famed from being a sharer in the victories of Marlborough as from his own individual merit, was the son of Eugene Maurice of Savoy (by the mother's side Count of Soissons) and of Olympia Mancini, niece of Cardinal Mazarin. His father intrigued, and was banished from the Court of France; and his mother also quitted Paris not many years after, suspected of many vices of which she very probably was innocent; and guilty of a thousand follies, which were more strictly scrutinized than her crimes. Eugene was originally destined for the church, and, according to a scandalous custom, then common in France as well as other Catholic countries, he obtained several benefices while but a child, of which he was eager to divest himself as soon as his mind was capable of discriminating between one profession and another. He seems soon to have felt within himself that ardent desire for military service, which is sometimes a caprice, and sometimes an inspiration; but Louis XIV., at whose court he still remained, positively forbade his throwing off the clerical habit, notwithstanding all the entreaties of the young Abbé, and by so doing, incurred the enmity of one, who inherited from his mother no small faculty of hatred.

At length, various circumstances with which he was in no degree connected, brought about a change in the affairs of Europe that afforded him an opportunity of escaping from the restraint placed upon his inclinations, and of turning the genius they had despised against those who had contemned him. France and Austria had long been either secretly or openly at strife; but now the dilapidated state of the German empire, after tedious and expensive wars, together with the combination of external foes and internal insurrection, threatened the nominal successor of the Roman Cæsars with utter destruction. The Hungarians in revolt, joined with the Turkish forces which they had called to their assistance, marched into Germany and laid siege to Vienna. Louis XIV. had hitherto taken care to foment

the spirit of insurrection, and to aggravate the more pressing dangers of Germany ; but at this moment, to cover the encouragement he had held out privately to the rebels, he permitted the nobility of his court to volunteer in defence of Christendom, which the fall of Vienna would have laid open to Infidels. A large body of young men set out immediately for Austria, amongst whom Prince Eugene contrived to effect his departure in secret. The famous, but unamiable minister Louvois, when he heard of the young Abbé's escape, remarked with a sneer, "So much the better, it will be long before he returns."

The speech was afterwards repeated to Eugene, who replied, "I will never return to France but as a conqueror ;" and he kept his word, one of the few instances in which history has been able to record, that a rash boast was afterwards justified by talents and resolution.

On arriving at Vienna, Eugene cast away the gown for ever, and his rank instantly procured him a distinguished post near the person of the Duke of Lorraine, then commanding the Imperial forces.

The whole of Germany was in a state of consternation and confusion utterly indescribable. The Emperor had fled from his capital, and the Duke of Lorraine with a small army had taken up a position near the city, apparently rather with the expectation of witnessing its fall, than in the hope of bringing it succour. At the same time the Turkish forces, powerful in numbers, but despicable in discipline and skill, had encamped in the most disadvantageous situation it is possible to conceive, with high grounds commanding their camp in every direction, and without any natural defence to counterbalance even in a degree so great an inconvenience. Still, as no efficient army could be brought into the field by the Emperor without long preparation, and as Vienna was in no condition to protract its resistance, the fate of the capital seemed inevitable. The very apprehension of such an event struck terror into the country, and paralyzed the means of resistance. Such was the state of Germany when Eugene arrived ; but shortly after he had joined the army, John Sobiesky, the valiant King of Poland, advanced to the assistance of the Emperor, and the Turks were forced to raise the siege of the Austrian capital. In the campaign that followed against the Infidels,

Eugene distinguished himself greatly, both by a sort of light unthinking courage, and by a degree of skill and judgment, which seemed to show that the levity he was somewhat too fond of displaying, though perhaps a confirmed habit from his education in an idle and frivolous court, was no true type of the mind within. It was the empty bubble dancing on the bosom of a deep stream. This was felt by those who surrounded him; and promotion succeeded with astonishing rapidity. Before the end of three months he was in command of a regiment of horse.

Continual battles, sieges, and skirmishes, now inured Eugene to all the hardships and all the dangers of war, and at the same time gave him every opportunity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of his new profession, and of obtaining higher and higher grades in the service. In the course of a very few years he had been wounded more than once severely; but at the same time he had aided in the taking of Neuhausel, Vicegradt, Gran, and Buda; was the first who entered sword in hand into the entrenched camp of the Turks at Hersan; and had received a commission as Lieutenant-general in the Austrian service. The storming of Belgrade was the next great event in which Eugene was called to act; and here, in command of a body of reserve, he attacked the walls, after the first parties had been repulsed, and succeeded in forcing his way into the city. The regiments which had failed at first now rallied; and, the path being open, the Imperial forces poured in in all directions, and Belgrade was taken after a most obstinate defence.

Victor Amedæus, Duke of Savoy, was shortly after this persuaded by his cousin Eugene to embrace the interests of the House of Austria; and to enter into the great alliance which had been formed for the purpose of depressing France.

The vast power which Louis the XIV. had acquired, and the evident disposition he displayed to extend that power to the utmost, had armed the fears of all the monarchs of Europe against him. At the same time, the armies which had conquered for him were dispersed, and the generals who had led them to victory, had in most instances fallen into the grave. Perhaps these considerations might lead the Duke of Savoy to withdraw from an alliance which

promised little support, and eminent danger ; but he had soon reason to repent of having done so. Marshal Catinat, the best of Louis's living officers, was ordered to act against him ; the whole of Piedmont quickly fell into the hands of the French ; and on the eighteenth of August, the Duke was completely defeated by the adverse general. Eugene who was present, though wounded with a spent ball, covered the retreat of the troops of Savoy ; but the battle was nevertheless completely lost, and influenced for long the fate of Piedmont.

After various campaigns in Italy, where little was effected but a diversion of the French forces from the scene of war in Germany and the Netherlands, Eugene prevailed upon his cousin the Duke of Savoy to lead his troops into France, and to draw the French army from Italy, by carrying the war into their own country. The scheme was a bold one, but it proved most successful ; and Embrun, Quillestre, and Gap, having fallen, the allied army, under Victor Amedæus and Eugene, advanced rapidly into Dauphiny. Terror and consternation spread before them ; and, in revenge for the devastation committed by the French in the Palatinate, they now ravaged the whole of Dauphiny, burning the villages and hamlets, and laying the cities under heavy contributions. The heart of France was open to the invading army ; but, fortunately for that country, a severe illness put a stop to the proceedings of Victor Amedæus. Returning to Turin in haste, he left his army to the command of Prince Eugene ; but the Italian generals contrived, by hesitation in their obedience, and opposition to his wishes, to defeat Eugene's best schemes, so that he was glad, by a rapid retreat, to bring his army in safety to Savoy.

Eugene was now created Field Marshal ; and received the order of the Golden Fleece ; but his gratification at these marks of approbation was bitterly alloyed by a severe defeat which he suffered near Pignerol, in company with his cousin the Duke of Savoy, who madly engaged the French forces in a position where his own discomfiture was a certain consequence.

Few movements of any import took place in Italy for some years after this, in which Eugene was concerned. Victor Amedæus, partly from caprice, partly from fear,

Withdrew from his alliance with Austria, and once more signed a treaty of neutrality with France. The Imperial troops, unable singly to keep the field against the French, abandoned Savoy; and Eugene, though his efforts had proved unsuccessful, was received at Vienna with the highest distinction.

The Emperor, probably judging rightly in this instance, that the Prince had failed from his energies being crippled by a divided power, now gave him the sole command of the army opposed to the Turks in Hungary.

Eugene immediately found himself menaced by the whole force of the Turkish empire, but after some masterly manœuvres, he saved the city of Peterwaradin, on which the Ottoman forces were marching; and then, though with very inferior power, approached the entrenchments of the Grand Vizier at Zeuta, with the intention of forcing him in his camp. At the very moment, however, that the army had advanced too far to retreat, a courier arrived, bearing the Emperor's commands to Eugene, on no account to risk a battle. Eugene's measures were already taken; he put the letter in his pocket, attacked the Turks, defeated them completely, left twenty thousand Mussulmans dead on the field, and ten thousand drowned in the Danube; pursued his victory by burning Serai and securing the frontier line of fortresses; and then returned to Vienna in expectation of reward and honour.

The Emperor received him coldly, and before the day was over he was put under arrest for disobedience of orders. The clamour, however of the people, and some feeling of shame in the bosom of the proud weak Leopold, soon caused him to restore Eugene to his rank, and to send him once more against the Turks. Success, however, did not follow the Prince through the succeeding campaign; and before the season brought it naturally to a close, peace had been determined on between Austria and the Porte.

Sometime previous to the period of which we now speak, Louis XIV. had endeavoured to tempt Eugene back to his Court, by the offer of a Marshal's rank in the French army, the Government of Champaign, and a considerable yearly pension. Eugene, who felt that, however flattering to himself, the offer originated alone in the selfishness of an ambitious monarch, refused it in terms sufficiently galling to

the proud King of France. Nevertheless, after the peace of Westphalia, Villars, who was sent as Ambassador to Vienna, is supposed to have been again charged with a mission of the same nature to Eugene. The fact, however, is not only doubtful, but very improbable, from the character of all parties concerned. Eugene was not a man to leave himself the possibility of changing; Louis was not a man meanly to solicit where he had once been refused; and Villars was not a man to undertake a mean commission, even for a King. It is probable that the courtesy which the Prince evinced towards Marshal Villars from a sense of his personal merit, at a time when the haughty Court of Vienna was mean enough to treat even an ambassador with cold disrespect, was the sole origin of the report. However that might be, Eugene remained for a length of time at Vienna, filling up his inactivity by trifling with many arts and many enjoyments, till at length, the War of the Succession, as it was called, breaking out, he was appointed to the command of the army in Italy.

Thirty thousand excellent troops were put under the command of Eugene, but the great difficulty of the campaign seemed to be the march of these troops into Italy. Venice, with its usual temporizing policy, had remained neuter, and Catinat rested upon the verge of that Republic, ready to attack the German army in its passage through the only defiles by which it could enter Lombardy without violating the Venetian territory.

Prince Eugene, however, was not a man to suffer his plans to be thwarted by any attention to ceremony. He at once effected his passage through the difficult passes of the Tyrol; and marching calmly across the neutral territory, sent a formal apology to the Republic, and pursued his journey. He soon came in presence of the French army; and after deceiving them by a demonstration of crossing the Po, he passed the Adige at Carpi, where he defeated a division of the French under General St. Fremont, outmanœuvred Catinat, joined the reinforcements which had followed him, and passing the Mincio, made himself master of the whole country between the Adige and the Adda.

The Duke of Savoy, who was joined in command with Catinat, was a strange combination of the most heroic, perhaps the most chivalrous courage, and the most capricious

treachery. To fight a battle, whether with any chance of success or not, was always his desire ; and, in the present instance, he pressed Catinat to engage Eugene under every disadvantage. The French general resisted, and the dispute being referred to Louis XIV., he sent Villeroy to command the army in Piedmont, with orders to risk a general action. Catinat was disgusted and retired ; and for some time Eugene had the good fortune to be opposed by Marshal Villeroy, one of the most inefficient officers in the French service. Consequently, though no very signal victory was gained by the Imperial forces, the result of the whole campaign was infinitely unfavourable to France. Villeroy, however, was at length taken, in a daring attempt made by Eugene to surprise Cremona, which was worse than unsuccessful ; for the loss of that officer to the service of Louis XIV., was the greatest advantage that could be conferred on it. The consequence was that on the arrival of Vendome, who succeeded to the command, the French army, always superior in number to the Austrian, regained at least as much as Villeroy had lost.

At length a general engagement took place at Luzara, at which Philip of Spain was present. The forces of the French have been estimated at forty thousand, those of the Imperial general did not much exceed one half that number. The battle was long and fierce ; and night only terminated the contest. Both parties of course claimed the victory. The French sung a *Te Deum*, but retreated ; the Imperial army retained their ground.

Nevertheless, the fruits of victory were gathered by the French. Their immense superiority of numbers gave them the power of overrunning the whole country ; and the Imperial court, either from indolence, heedlessness, or intrigue, failed to take any step to support its army in Italy ; so that all which Eugene had taken, sooner or later fell into the enemy's hands, and he himself, disgusted with the neglect he had met with, left his army under the command of another ; and set out to see whether he could not procure some reinforcement, or at least some supply of money to pay or provide for his forces.

At Vienna he found good reason to suspect that Count Mansfield, the minister at war, had by some means been gained to the interest of France. Everything which could

tend seriously to depress that country, was either opposed in the council, or rendered ineffectual by procrastination, difficulties and neglect. Whether Count Mansfield was, really guilty or not may be doubted, for men's follies are very often mistaken for vices ; but that his conduct produced as baneful an effect on those operations of state which he was called upon to conduct as if he were criminal, there can be no doubt. That such a man should be removed was absolutely necessary for the interest of Germany, yet the authority and remonstrances of Prince Eugene, together with evident proof of Mansfield's mismanagement, were not sufficient to procure his dismissal, till Prince Louis of Baden joined in the same demand ; when, at length, the weak or criminal minister, was transferred from the department of war to a high station in the Emperor's household. The season was too far advanced for the armies, which his conduct had nearly ruined, to experience any speedy benefit from his absence ; but in the mean while Eugene was appointed minister at war ; and sometime after in this capacity, proceeded to confer with Marlborough on the united interests of England and Austria.

This negotiation was most successful ; and here seems to have been concerted the scheme which Marlborough afterwards so gloriously pursued for carrying on the war against France on the side of Germany, and of thus freeing the empire. In a military point of view also, Eugene's efforts, though supported by no great army, and followed by no great victory, were wise and successful. He foiled the Hungarian rebels in their bold attack upon Vienna, checked them in their progress everywhere, and laid the foundation of their after subjection.

Soon after this, Eugene took the command of the Imperial army on the Rhine ; and after considerable manoeuvring, singly to prevent the junction of the French army with that of the Duke of Bavaria, finding it impossible, he effected his own junction with the Duke of Marlborough, and shared in the glories of the field of Blenheim.

Eugene was here always in the thickest of the fight, yet never for a moment forgot that he was called upon to act as a general rather than a soldier. His operations were planned as clearly and commanded as distinctly in the midst of the hottest conflict, as if no tumult had raged

around him, and no danger had been near to distract his attention : yet his horse was killed under him in the early part of the battle ; and, at one moment, a Bavarian dragoon was seen holding him by the coat with one hand, while he levelled a pistol at his head with the other. One of the Imperialists, however, coming up at the moment, freed his general from this unpleasant situation ; and Eugene proceeded to issue his orders, without the least sign of discomposure.

Having given a more detailed account of this great battle in another part of this book, it is necessary to say little more of Eugene's conduct on this occasion than that he seconded Marlborough as Marlborough deserved ; but the trait in which the peculiar character of his mind chiefly developed itself, is to be found in the account that he gave of the battle, both to his own court and several other powers. Marlborough is the theme of his whole praise—to Marlborough is attributed the success of the day, and though the army receives a just share of approbation, scarcely a word is found of Prince Eugene.

The following year Eugene returned to Italy, and once more began the war against Vendome. Notwithstanding all his skill and activity, however, the superiority of the French numbers, and the distinguished military genius of their chief, prevented Eugene from meeting with any very brilliant success. He surprised various detachments, relieved several towns, was successful in many skirmishes ; but he failed in drawing the French out of Savoy, and was totally repulsed in endeavouring to pass the Adda.

In the attempt to do so many men and several valuable officers were lost on both sides. The battle was long and furious. Both Vendome and Eugene displayed all their skill to foil each other ; and perhaps so bravely contested a field was as honourable to each as a great victory. Neither, however, could fairly claim the battle as won ; for though Eugene failed in passing the river, the French were the greatest sufferers in the contest, and they did not succeed in compelling the Germans to fly, though they prevented them from advancing to join the Duke of Savoy. Eugene with his wonted reckless courage, exposed himself more than even was necessary ; and in the very commencement of the engagement, was wounded severely in

the neck, notwithstanding which he remained a considerable length of time on horseback, reiterating efforts upon efforts to gain his object, till a second musket ball in the knee, forced him to absent himself for a time from the field. These rounds probably decided the failure of his attempt; but they did not prevent him from securing his army in good winter quarters, and checking all active operations on the part of Vendome.

The next campaign was more successful. Vendome, after defeating a body of Imperial troops at Calemato, was recalled, and the command of the French forces given to the Duke of Orleans and the Marechal de Marsin, who with an army of eighty thousand men, invested Turin, the last hold of the Duke of Savoy.

Eugene immediately marched to form his junction with the Duke; and, no longer opposed by the genius of Vendome, passed the Adige unattacked, crossed the Tanaro, and the Po, joined his cousin near Carmagnola, and advanced to the succour of Turin.

By this time the capital of the Duke of Savoy had sustained a long and close siege of four months. La Feulade, who commanded the besieging army, had sacrificed nearly fourteen thousand men; but his force, together with that which covered his operations, consisted of eighty thousand well disciplined and well supplied troops, while Daun, who defended the city, had already lost six thousand out of the small number of his garrison. The ammunition and the provisions were all equally exhausted; and four days must have seen the fall of Turin, when Eugene and the Duke of Savoy arrived within sight of the French camp. The German general brought up thirty-three thousand troops to the relief of the town, but as a shrewd writer has observed, the effects of Marlborough's victory at Ramilies were felt even in Italy. The French were dispirited; and uncertainty and divided councils pervaded their camp. On the seventh of September, the allied army, with less than half their numerical force, attacked them in their entrenchment, forced their position in every direction, and after one of the severest conflicts ever known, completely defeated them, and raised the siege of Turin. The battle, however, was at one time nearly lost to the Allies by an accident which befell Eugene. In rallying a body of Impe-

rial cavalry, the Prince's horse received a ball in his chest, fell with the rider, and threw into a ditch where, stunned with the fall, he lay for several minutes amongst the dead and dying. The report spread through the army that he was killed; a general alarm was the consequence; and the infantry were beginning to give way, when, suddenly starting up, Eugene commanded the nearest German regiment to fire upon the French cavalry that were coming up to the charge. The effect was tremendous; the French went to the right about; and, though they rallied again and returned to the charge, the Imperial troops continued gradually to force their way on, till their adversaries fled in confusion.

Never did the French on any occasion suffer a more total defeat; and the immense booty taken in their camp, served to satisfy and encourage the ill-paid army of Eugene. On this occasion, as on every other recorded in history, where the French armies have been signally defeated, all their historians discovered that treachery was the cause of their misfortune. St. Simon accuses some and Beaumelle others of the French commanders; but it is by no means easy to ascertain where this treachery lay. As to La Fieu-blade, who commanded the siege, he had comparatively little to do with the battle; and it seems certain at present, that he pressed the city vigorously, and would have taken it, had it not been for the complete rout of the army which protected his operations. Many doubts are entertained whether Marshal de Marsin acted wisely or not, in opposing the Duke of Orleans' desire to go out of the lines, and fight Eugene in the plain. The day was lost, and its events brought the stigma of folly upon de Marsin's opinion, but he gave his life to win the battle, and therefore could hardly be accused of treachery in losing it. The truth is, the French fought bravely, and none of them more bravely than the generals. Marsin was killed, the Duke of Orleans twice wounded; but they wanted the impetus of attack; their first efforts were unsuccessful, they lost heart, got into confusion, and fled.

The consequence of this victory was the evacuation of the north of Italy by the French. Eugene was now every where successful for some time. He forced the passage the Col de Tende, carried the French entrenchments on the

Var, and laid siege to Toulon. Here, however, he failed; the defence was long and obstinate, reinforcements arrived at the French city, and Eugene, together with the Duke of Savoy, agreed to raise the siege once more and retire into Piedmont.

Eugene was now again called to join Marlborough, in company with whom he fought and conquered at Oudenarde, took Lille (where he was again severely wounded), Ghent, Bruges, Tournay, and Mons; and forced the French lines at Malplaquet, after a severe and long protracted struggle, in which two hundred thousand men were engaged, and nearly sixty thousand fell.

The French position on this occasion was naturally strong, covered by woods, hedges, and villages; and every effort had been made to render it impregnable which the time permitted. Lines and redoubts were thrown up in various parts of the field; and all natural advantage had been improved by promptitude and skill. The allied army, when first it appeared in presence of the French, was considerably inferior in number, but a detachment of eighteen battalions, recalled from the force besieging Tournay, put the two forces nearly upon an equality in this respect. In position the French still remained superior; but Marlborough and Eugene both decided on attacking them; and about eight o'clock on the thirty-first of August the battle began by a heavy cannonade. The first attack of the Allies was made upon the French entrenchments in front of the woods of Sart and Taisnieres, and on the left of their position. The right of the Allies, by which this operation was performed, was commanded by Eugene in person; and, after struggling with a thousand impediments, and forcing several entrenchments and barricades of felled timber, the confederate troops succeeded in less than an hour in driving the French back into the woods, and thus completely turning the left of their position. The attack on the enemy's right was as successful, but not so rapid; and it was some time before Marlborough found himself justified in striking one great blow for complete success, by pouring the whole of his remaining strength upon the centre of the French army. By this time, however, Prince Eugene had completely triumphed on the right; and the

most hazardous battle which had been risked during the war, was crowned with conquest.

If the victories of Blenheim and Oudinarde might more fairly be attributed to Marlborough than to Eugene, the success at Malplaquet was chiefly obtained by the Prince, who had forced the intrenchments, taken the wood of Sart, and turned the enemy's flank, before Marlborough had made much progress against the other wing.

Eugene had strongly counselled the battle, though opposed by the States of Holland, and had in a measure taken the responsibility upon himself. On all occasions Eugene's impetuosity led him to expose his person more than mere duty required, and now, having staked his fame on the success of his attempt, he seems to have resolved not to survive a defeat. In the very first attack he received a severe wound behind the ear, which bled so profusely that all his staff pressed him to retire for the purpose of having it dressed. "If I am beaten," replied Eugene, "it will not be worth while; and if we beat the enemy, I shall have plenty of time to spare for that."

Shortly after this victory, Marlborough was disgraced. The French interest triumphed in the cabinet of St. James's; and though Eugene, who was sent ambassador to England, was received with acclamations by the people, and favour by the court, he could not shake the determination of Queen Anne, who, to justify her resentment, cast away her success. Eugene returned to his command in the Low Countries; but fortune no longer awaited him. Marshal Villars struck yet one great stroke in favour of France, and by his victory near Landrecy, shed a bright gleam of glory on the evening of Louis XIV. Eugene, hampered by raw forces under his command, and a raw monarch commanding him, was not more successful in the next campaign on the Rhine, than he had been on the Scheldt.

Europe was sick of war; bloodshed and carnage, famine, plunder, fire, and desolation, had swept turn by turn each district of the continent; and even monarchs began to appreciate glory justly, and to long for peace. England, Russia, Savoy, Portugal, and Holland, had already entered into a treaty with France—Eugene strongly recommended the same conduct to the Emperor, and prevailed. He was in consequence appointed to treat with his friend and ad-

versary Villars at Radstadt. Between two such men, few difficulties occurred. They met each other with generosity and frankness, and the terms being soon concluded, the treaty was signed by the plenipotentiaries at Radstadt, and ratified shortly after at Baden.

After some short repose, we soon find Eugene once more acting against the Turks in Hungary. Both Austria and Turkey had for some time shown a disposition to renew the war which had been so long abandoned; and a good pretence was easily found on both sides. The Ottoman power, though verging towards its decline, was not at that time the decrepid thing which it now appears. While other countries have advanced rapidly in all arts, and in none more than that of war, Turkey, with a government entangled in all its movements by a religion which admits of no improvement, has stood fixed on the particular spot in the march of human knowledge, where first she took her station in the history of years. Nation after nation has left her far behind, but at the period of which I speak, the distance between her degree of civilization, and that of other lands, was infinitely less than at present. No sooner was war determined, than Achmet III. marched an immense force down to the frontiers of Hungary, to act against Eugene, who had just taken the command of the German forces at Peterwaradin. The Vizir Hali, commanding the Ottoman troops, full of confidence in his own skill, and in his immense superiority of numbers, advanced rapidly upon Eugene, and crossed the Save, which formed the boundary of the two countries, determined to crush his adversary by one great battle. Eugene was as desirous of such an event as the Vizir, and therefore the troops were soon engaged, almost under the walls of Peterwaradin. The Turks fought bravely for many hours, and the battle was long undecided; but, at length, Eugene's superior skill prevailed, and the enemy fled in every direction. The Grand Vizir struggled, to the last, with long and desperate bravery, but after having received two severe wounds, he was borne away by the fugitives to Carlowitz, where he died the next day, muttering to the last imprecations against the Christians.

The siege of the important town of Temeswar followed; and, though the Turkish army was still far superior to that

of Prince Eugene, it made no effort of any consequence to raise the siege. The garrison of the town, however, defended themselves for some time with great gallantry. The fortifications had been lately strengthened, the stores increased, and the troops reinforced; but the great extent of suburbs, rendered the town more difficult of defence than it would otherwise have been. To protect the principal suburb, a strong work, called the *Palanka*, had been erected; and against this Eugene directed his chief operations. Notwithstanding every exertion, it was the end of September before an assault was practicable; but then the *Palanka* was stormed, and, after an obstinate and bloody fight of four hours, remained in the hands of the Imperialists. The fate of the city now appeared certain; but the heavy rains which then set in, inundating the camp of Eugene, and spreading disease and destruction among his troops, had nearly compelled him to raise the siege; when, on the 13th of October, the garrison demanded to capitulate; Eugene granted them honourable terms; and the city was given up to the Austrians.

After the death of Hali from the wounds he had received at Peterwaradin, the command of the Turkish army was given to the Pacha of Belgrade, one of the most skilful officers in the Ottoman service. But Eugene was destined to destroy the Turkish power in Hungary. The campaign of the next year commenced with the siege of the often captured Belgrade; and it was soon completely invested and reduced to some distress. The Porte, however, was not unmindful of its preservation; and, in the beginning of August, the Pacha appeared on the mountains surrounding the town, with an army of near two hundred thousand men. Thus shut up between a strong fortress and an immense army, with the dysentery in his camp, and forces enfeebled by long and severe labours, Eugene's situation was as difficult as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding every disadvantage, his usual bold course of action was pursued in the present instance, and met with that success which is almost always sure to attend the combination of daring and skill. After a short delay, to enable himself to employ all his energies (having been himself greatly debilitated by the camp fever,) he attacked the Turkish army in their en-

trenchment, and at the end of a very short but severe struggle, succeeded in defeating a force more than three times the number of his own.

Belgrade surrendered immediately ; and the next year, without any great military event, put an end to war.

After the conclusion of peace, Eugene, who had been appointed Governor of the Austrian Netherlands, resigned that office, which he had never personally filled, and was appointed Vicar General for the Emperor in his Italian dominions.

For many years after this Eugene spent his days in peace and tranquillity, endeavouring to raise up a spirit of commerce among the Germans, and to improve the finances of his sovereign, by whom he was appreciated and loved. His greatest efforts were in favour of Trieste, which he changed from a petty town to a great commercial city, and which remains to the present day, the best and the noblest fruit of all his talents and all his exertions.

At first, everything promised that the old age of Eugene would have passed in peace, uninterrupted by any warlike movements ; but he was once more called from his calmer occupations, by the short war which broke out with France in 1733.

Perhaps, in point of military skill, the two campaigns which followed were the most brilliant of Eugene's life ; but with only thirty thousand men, opposed to a force of double that number, he could alone act upon the defensive.

He did so, however, with more success than the scantiness of his resources promised. He prevented the French from penetrating into Suabia ; and, though Philipsburg was taken notwithstanding all his efforts, he contrived, by turning the course of the neighbouring rivers, to inundate the country on the German side of that city, and to render its possession unprofitable to France.

Peace soon succeeded, and with these two campaigns ended Eugene's life as a commander. He lived for some time after this, indeed, amusing himself with the embellishments of his palace and gardens, and employing a great many mechanics and labourers, during all seasons of dearth or scarcity ; but the battle-field never saw him more. His health gradually and slowly declined ; and, on the 21st of

April 1736, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, he was found dead in his bed, after having been slightly indisposed the night before.

As a general he was skilful, enterprising bold, but somewhat rash and full of confidence both in his own good powers and in his own good fortune. His mind was active, indefatigable, full of resources, and teeming with stratagems. He was proud of his talents, but not vain; and he had no envious jealousy in his nature. He was sparing of all praises where he was concerned himself; but liberal of commendation to the merits of others. He was extremely cautious in blaming any one; but was bold, perhaps to affectation, in examining his own faults, and criticising his personal conduct. In comparing his own behaviour upon any occasion with that of any other great man, it seemed as if he looked upon the actions of others with the eye of a partial friend, and regarded everything he did himself with the calm scrutiny of an unbiassed censor. He was also charitable, if he was not profuse; and might have been distinguished as humane, if he had not permitted his soldiers to commit acts of cruelty, that even the heat of battle, and the exultation of victory, could neither justify nor palliate.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

CHARLES MORDAUNT was descended from a family equally illustrious by actions and by station. His father, John Mordaunt, the younger brother of Henry Earl of Peterborough, having exhausted his fortune and employed his best days in the service of Charles II., received from that monarch the title of Lord Mordaunt of Riegate in Surry, and Viscount Avalon in the county of Somerset—titles which at that moment were empty honours indeed, as Charles had not yet been restored to the throne of his ancestors, and poverty and misfortune were the portion of those peers who shared his exile.

Danger and distress, however, had not withheld a daugh-

ter of the house of Monmouth from uniting her fate to that of the proscribed follower of the banished King, and the first fruit of the marriage of John Lord Mordaunt with Elizabeth Carey was Charles of whom we now speak. He was born about the year 1658, though the precise date is obscure; and at the age of seventeen, succeeded his father in the titles which King Charles had bestowed. About that period the Mediterranean, which was infested with pirates, became an object of attention to Great Britain; and a fleet being appointed against Algiers, a fashion grew up amongst the idle nobility of the court of Charles II., to volunteer upon remote and dangerous expeditions. The young Lord Mordaunt was amongst the first to follow a custom well suited to his chivalrous and somewhat erratic character; and he accordingly accompanied both the armament destined for the attack of Algiers, and that sent afterwards to the relief of Tangiers; which was then a dependency of England and besieged by the Moors.

On his return from these services, where he gained the first knowledge of war as a science, he took his seat in the House of Peers; and as but a small portion of his family's attachment to the House of Stuart had descended to himself, he pursued with the most determined vehemence, all those measures which could thwart the Court, and exclude the Duke of York from the throne. Witty in discourse, but loose and vague in reasoning, perfectly fearless of all consequences, and rapid but not always just in his conclusions, he more frequently bore down argument than proved himself right, oftener incensed his opponents than convinced his hearers.

His political life, being little connected with his history as a commander, I shall touch upon but slightly. However, it may be necessary to remark, that his antipathy to the reigning family increased under James II.; and that he made himself particularly obnoxious to the government on the introduction of the bill for the repeal of the Test Act. He is presumed also to have been one of the first in the secret machinations which were carried on for the purpose of expelling James, and calling the Prince of Orange to the throne, and his after actions proved him to be at least one of the most strenuous supporters of that measure. How he had acquired fame as a commander, without having shown

any military talent, except as a boy in the expeditions I have mentioned, is not at all clear; but it seems certain that the Dutch offered him, towards the year 1687, the command of a fleet and army in the West Indies. This he made an excuse for demanding the King's permission to go over to Holland; and James, who appears to have been obstinately blind to his approaching fate, granted his request. The moment he arrived in Holland, he visited the Prince of Orange, and a conversation took place between them, the precise tenor of which, it is probable, was never clearly known. It appears, however, that then, for the first time, Peterborough proposed boldly to the Prince the scheme of an invasion of England, which William received in such a manner as showed that the idea was already familiar with his mind.

With his usual taciturn caution, the Prince gave little encouragement to the proposal, but kept Lord Mordaunt about his person; and though he seemed to condemn the expedition which that nobleman had suggested, as a romantic dream, he continued to consult him on all occasions, while, with a watchful eye upon England, he suffered James by acts of madness to bring about the favourable moment for that very undertaking, and made quiet, but complete preparation to take advantage of opportunity.

The young peer continued to urge forward the willing but deliberate Dutchman, till at length, the repeated representations of the English nobility, and the evident disaffection of the nation, showed William that the time for action was come.

Lord Mordaunt accompanied him to England, the nation deserted the House of Stuart; and William was placed upon the British throne. Rewards and honours of course fell to the lot of those who had countenanced or who had prompted his successful enterprize; and on the thirteenth of February, 1689, amongst several other persons, two of the most extraordinary men of that age were together sworn in privy councillors, and gentlemen of the bedchamber to the new Sovereign—the Lord Mordaunt, afterwards Earl of Peterborough, and the Lord Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough. Both these noblemen had acted a conspicuous part in the revolution—Mordaunt being one of the first, and Churchill one of the last who abandoned

King James; with this difference, however, that the House of Stuart owed much to the family of Peterborough, while Marlborough owed everything to the House of Stuart.

Employments implying more substantial power and emolument were soon after bestowed upon the Earl of Peterborough. On the eighth of April, 1689, he was appointed First Lord of the Treasury, and on the ninth was created Earl of Monmouth. The regiment of horse raised by the City of London in favour of the Revolution, was placed under his command; and nearly at the same time he was constituted Lord Lieutenant of Northampton. This favourable position of his affairs did not continue long. Burnet accuses him of favouring the Nonjurors and the partisans of King James, even while in office under King William; and either from some suspicion of his conduct, or perhaps from a desire to soothe the refractory spirit of his new Parliament, the King soon dismissed Peterborough from the Treasury without any apparent cause. The Earl does not seem to have regarded the loss of office as any great privation; and found plenty of occupation for his time in elegant and classical pursuits.

In regard to the period of his quitting his public situation, I am not fully informed. One authority before me says he was removed from the Treasury in 1690; another represents him as retaining it till 1694; but, it is certain that in 1692 he accompanied William through a campaign in the Low Countries, an employment not very compatible with the duties of a Commissioner of the Treasury.

The leisure which now fell upon him was unhappily too much devoted to the pleasures of the senses; and though he strove to adorn immorality with taste and refinement, and to enlighten the darkness of infidelity by the flashes of wit, there is nothing in the years which, at this time, he spent in privacy, that the eye can regard with pleasure, or the mind contemplate with approbation.

The society of men of genius which he greatly affected, did not teach him to govern his passions or restrain his inclinations; and though he himself declared, that a visit which about this time he paid to Fenelon, had almost persuaded him to be a Christian, yet he still resisted an example of religious virtue which might have converted the vainest of unbelievers.

In the year 1697, the death of his uncle Henry Earl of Peterborough without heirs, brought him a considerable accession of property, and the title by which he is chiefly known in history.

Passing without farther detail over the intervening years, between his dismissal from office under King William, and the accession of Queen Anne, we find him suddenly invested with the title of Governor of Jamaica, and Commander-in-chief both of the fleet and army on that station. What motives brought about this extraordinary appointment, of a man who had no military experience, to a situation of high military responsibility, are not now to be discovered. His advancement in the army has generally been attributed to the penetration of the great Duke of Marlborough, which may indeed have been the case, although Marlborough afterwards looked upon him with the eye of a rival; and though Peterborough not only blamed the conduct of his great competitor, but endeavoured to thwart his plans, and often satirized his person.

Whether he ever really exercised the office to which he had been appointed in the West Indies I do not know, but in March, 1705, he was named Commander-in-chief of the army destined to support the House of Austria in their claim to the throne of Spain; and, conjointly with Sir Cloudsley Shovel, Admiral of the Fleet about to sail for the coast of Spain.

It would occupy too much space here to notice all the particulars which gave rise to the War of Succession in Spain; but a brief explanation may be in some degree necessary to the elucidation of the events which follow. On the marriage of Louis XIV. to the sister of Charles II. King of Spain, Maria Theresa had renounced her claims to the succession. But these were soon revived and continually kept up, although the House of Austria had at least an equal title to the territories which the deceased and childless Charles II. was about to leave as matters of contest amongst the powers of Europe. To calm those States who had no claim upon the Spanish monarchy, but were not indifferent to the great accession of power which its possession would bestow upon one or other of the competitors, Louis XIV. proposed the famous partition treaty by which the dominions of the hourly dying sovereign

should be divided between the Dauphin his son, and the Archduke Charles, in whose favour the Emperor and the King of the Romans had renounced their pretensions. To this treaty for dividing dominions not yet vacant, England and Holland consented; but Austria hesitated, and the King of Spain was offended. The field, however, being open to the diplomacy of Louis's court, and shut against the House of Austria, he succeeded in persuading Charles II., by a series of the most unjustifiable intrigues, to appoint by will his second grandson, Philip Duke of Anjou, the successor to the whole Spanish monarchy. The agitations and terrors to which the weak monarch had been subjected for the purpose of forcing him to this disposition, hurried on his end, and Philip was immediately declared King of Spain.

England and Holland, neither of which were in a situation to desire war, assented to his nomination, notwithstanding the scandalous violation of all good faith which the whole intrigue made manifest. But Austria remonstrated with arms, and poured her troops into Italy, to save at least a part of the inheritance which had so long descended in her royal house. In Spain, Philip was received without opposition; but the Austrian party, though held down, were not extinct. The indolence of the young king, and the oppression of his ministers, soon gave cause for hatred and encouragement to revolt; and the grasping policy of Louis XIV., who strove to dismember even the dominions of his grandson of the finest portion of the Netherlands, excited the irritable jealousy of the Spaniards, and taught them to turn their eyes once more to the Austrian family.

This design of the French monarch, to make himself master of Spanish Flanders, together with the obvious tendency of his government to unite the crown of Spain to that of France, in case of failure of heirs on either part, and the struggle to raise his own commerce at the expense both of Holland and England, at length roused the two great maritime powers of that day to resist his system of aggrandizement. The victories of Marlborough are spoken of elsewhere in this book, and it is only necessary to observe, that they acted as the most powerful diversion in favour of the House of Austria. But other efforts were, at

the same time, directed by England and Holland against Spain itself, at the suggestion, it is said, of the Prince of Darmstadt, a bold but vain and arrogant officer, whose strongest recommendation was his activity, his courage, and his attachment to the Imperial family.

The first expedition despatched by the Allies, was equipped for the purpose of surprising Cadiz; but on that point it failed in the most disgraceful manner, serving only to irritate the minds of the Spaniards by the lawless rapacity which the commanders permitted their soldiers to exercise.

At Vigo, however, the French and Spanish fleets were attacked; and the revenues of the new world, instead of recruiting the finances of Philip, went to swell the purses, or supply the extravagance of the Dutch and English sailors.

Notwithstanding the failure of the attempt upon Cadiz, the defection of some of the first and most powerful Spanish nobles, who fled from the court of Philip to Lisbon, soon raised the hopes of the confederates in regard to a new attack upon Spain. The Archduke Charles was placed on board the fleet of Sir George Rook; and, accompanied by fourteen thousand English and Dutch troops, landed at Lisbon, where he was received with joy and magnificence. Portugal immediately declared war against Philip of Spain. Charles by proclamation asserted his right to the whole of the dominions of Charles II. and the united armies prepared to take the field. Notwithstanding the great expectations excited, little was effected on the side of Estramadura; and the Prince of Darmstadt, who under the late monarch had for some time governed Catalonia, persuaded the Archduke that the whole of that province was prepared immediately to rise in his favour, if he would but show himself on its shore.

Charles accordingly landed near Barcelona with three thousand men; but finding himself boldly opposed by the Viceroy, and unsupported by the people, again embarked without success. Gibraltar compensated for this disappointment. A few English sailors, by that mixture of boldness and activity which has always characterized our navy, made themselves masters of a fortress reckoned impregnable, and the Prince of Darmstadt was left to hold it in the name of the Queen of England.

The difficulties of the French party in Spain increased with every hour. Faction ruled the court and divided the country; and, while a thousand defeats and misfortunes withheld Louis from giving that active aid to his grandson which both interest and affection prompted, Philip found himself without finances or forces, in the midst of a land torn with parties, and menaced with invasion. The attempt to recover Gibraltar failed completely, and the defence of the Estramaduran frontier was weak and imperfect.

At this period the Earl of Peterborough set out upon the expedition before named, the third which had left the shores of England to place Charles upon the throne of Spain. It was not a little extraordinary to see a man who had very little title to either military or naval command, entrusted with supreme power over the army and divided power in the fleet; and well indeed, might Dean Swift say, in one of his letters to that nobleman, "I have often admired at the capriciousness of fortune in regard to your Lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims:—to make you a general because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador because you had wisdom and knowledge of the interests of Europe; and an admiral, on account of your skill in maritime affairs;" and all this—he might have added—without any previous proof that you were competent to any one of those stations.

The military force under the command of Peterborough amounted to fifteen thousand men; and it was intended that, landing a part of his force at Lisbon, he should proceed with the Archduke and six thousand soldiers to Italy, and form a junction with Victor Amadeus Duke of Savoy. These instructions, however, were not exactly followed, though after visiting Lisbon he proceeded by the Straights of Gibraltar towards Italy. His force was joined in its passage by the Prince of Darmstadt, who, though only acting as a volunteer, soon introduced dissensions into the councils of the army, and persuaded the Archduke, notwithstanding Peterborough's desire to proceed, to attempt once more a landing on the eastern coast of Spain. Peterborough accordingly ran into the bay of Altea, in Valentia, where he immediately published a manifesto, setting forth the rights of the Archduke to the throne of Spain; and declaring his

only purpose to be, that of freeing the Spaniards from a burthensome yoke.

Such are almost universally the pretences of invasion, but such pretences also are generally more or less successful. In the province of Valentia, the sway of the Bourbons had somewhat galled the people, and an immediate rising took place in favour of the House of Austria. The same spirit spread to the other side of the Cape at the base of which Altea is situated; and Denia, a town of more importance, was surrendered to the English troops. Here the Archduke was proclaimed King of Spain by the title of Charles III. and leaving the Government of Denia in the hands of General Romero, Peterborough and his companions sailed on for Barcelona, where they landed in August, 1705.

The troops were disembarked to the eastward of the city; and the siege immediately begun; but the enemy's full preparation for defence, the number of troops in the garrison, the firmness and gallantry of the Viceroy, and the tardy want of zeal which the Spaniards of Catalonia displayed in regard to the House of Austria, left no reason to hope that the city would be soon reduced.

Besides the regular fortification of the town, the only weak point was guarded by a citadel called Montjuich, the natural position of which with its scientific defences, rendered it apparently impregnable. This fortress was also furnished with a strong garrison, and the Viceroy, Velasco, with the famous Duke del Popoli, had taken every precaution to secure its defence.

It is beyond a doubt, that the people of Barcelona, and the neighbouring country, were indeed attached to Austria, as the Prince of Darmstadt had stated; but the influence of the Viceroy, and the strength of the garrison, overawed every disposition to revolt, and during the three first weeks after the landing of the expedition, Charles saw his standard only joined by fifteen hundred Miquelets, or irregular partizans from the mountains.

In the mean time the dissensions grew every day higher and higher in the allied camp. Peterborough continued to represent to the Archduke that he was consuming time, wasting his forces, and hazarding his Italian dominions, on a project which offered no probability of success; that nothing but some of those unforeseen and fortunate occur-

rences on which no general ought to reckon, could render their efforts triumphant; and that in the mean while Victor Amadeus, disappointed of the succour he expected, might either be overwhelmed by the French, or induced once more to change his party and go over to the enemy. At the same time the commandant of the Dutch troops declared that the attempt they were pursuing was madness, and that he would stay no longer at any one's command. Nevertheless the Prince of Darmstadt still urged the Archduke to wait for the rising of the peasantry in his favour, and Charles willingly lingered in the country which he considered his own.

Such were the disputes which agitated the councils of the Allies, and so far were they carried that Peterborough and the Prince of Darmstadt were hardly seen to speak. At length, wearied of resistance and remonstrance, the Earl applied the whole energies of his mind to win success for their attempt, rather than urge his companions any farther to desist; and one of those bold schemes suggested themselves to his mind, which sometimes occur to fools, but never succeed but with men of genius. His plan was to surprise the citadel itself, the chief defence of the town; and he carried on his preparations for that purpose with as much caution as he evinced daring in the design. His intention was communicated to nobody. He suffered Charles and his advisers to convince themselves of the inutility of farther efforts; he permitted the day to be fixed for re-embarkation; the news of their failure to spread through the country; and the battering train, with greater part of the camp equipage, to be placed on board the fleet. The Viceroy and General congratulated themselves on the approaching departure of the enemy; the people of Barcelona, who had begun to feel the evils of a siege, gave themselves up to rejoicing; and the garrison of the citadel yielded themselves to security and repose.

On the very night which preceded the day appointed for embarkation, Peterborough, having placed a body of one thousand men in a convent between the citadel and the town, led a detachment somewhat larger, under the heights on which the fortress was situated; and passing by the quarters of the prince of Darmstadt, informed him of his design and demanded his co-operation. All enmity was

instantly forgotten ; and, passing on together, they came, by a path through the hills, within gun-shot of the fortress before day-break. Dividing his forces into two parties, Peterborough waited the approach of light ; and then immediately led one division against a bastion which overlooked the town. The other party was directed to attack a demi-bastion to the west ; and both assaults were made at once. Although the enemy soon became aware of the presence of a hostile force, and poured a sharp fire over the glacis as Peterborough advanced, the numbers they could instantly oppose, were not sufficient to resist the sudden attack of the English. The glacis was passed, the covered way taken, and a lodgment effected on the bastion itself before half the garrison were informed of the assault, while at the same time the demi-bastion, on the other side, was captured in a moment.

The firing, however, had attracted the attention of Barcelona, and a reinforcement was sent up, a part of which hurrying forward, made their way into the citadel. The garrison welcomed their coming with a loud shout ; and the Prince of Darmstadt, mistaking this acclamation, it would appear, for an offer of surrender, advanced beyond the stones with which the English had fortified themselves on the bastion, and hurried forward with three hundred men into a dry ditch, between the outer and inner works. A tremendous fire was instantly opened upon him by the besieged, and he himself was amongst the first that fell, while two hundred of those who followed were taken prisoners, and many more were killed and wounded. Fresh succour now hurried up from the town, and so great was the panic which for a moment seized the handful of assailants, that Peterborough, on returning from reconnoitering the advance of the enemy's reinforcements, found his troops in actual flight. His presence soon restored confidence and order.

The Spaniards were met as they marched up by some of the English prisoners, from whom they learned that both the Prince of Darmstadt and the Commander-in-chief of the British forces were present at the assault. It is probable also that the prisoners somewhat magnified the force of the assailants ; but at all events the commander of the detachment, never dreaming that so bold an undertaking would be attempted with so small a force, became alarmed

lest his retreat should be cut off by the advance of the whole allied forces, lost heart, and returned to Barcelona.

While this was taking place, the thousand men who had been left in the convent, were ordered up to support the first assailants. The advantages already gained were made good and fortified. A part of the artillery, relanded from the fleet, was brought up to the bastion, and several shells being thrown into the inner works, a powder magazine was blown up, which killed the governor, and completed the consternation of the garrison. The Spanish partisans, who had now joined the body of assailants, rushed in, in the midst of the confusion; the Allies followed, with less ardour but more regularity; and the defenders of Montjuich were forced to surrender at discretion.

A first success had been all which was wanting to the cause of Charles in the hearts of the Catalonians. That first success was as brilliant as it well could be, in the capture of a fortress deemed impregnable; and an immense accession of strength immediately accrued to his party. Fourteen thousand men are said to have joined the army within a few days of the taking of Montjuich, and a spirit of revolt against the Bourbon dynasty spread far and wide through the neighbouring country. But Barcelona still held out; and the courage and loyalty of the Governor would have protracted the siege for many weeks, had not the discouragement of the soldiery, and the murmurs and tumults of the people, forced him to a capitulation. The terms which were granted to him were such as his gallantry deserved, and the garrison was suffered to march out with the honours of war; but the angry feelings of the people towards the French government, were so strongly displayed on the surrender of the city, that it required every exertion of the English General to ensure the Viceroy's safety.

Although the garrison were permitted to depart in peace, yet a great proportion of the soldiers of which it had consisted, abandoned their colours and came over to the Austrian party. Not twelve hundred men accompanied the Viceroy to Roses, and an universal rising against Philip, through the whole of Catalonia, evinced the popularity of his rival, and the errors of his own government. On the 25th of October 1705, Charles entered in triumph the streets of Barcelona, and the populace, who had submitted

to the French in silence, now welcomed the return of a family which had so long ruled them, with loud and continued acclamations.

Peterborough immediately applied himself to gather as rapidly as possible the fruits of his success, lest any other competitor should step in to dispute the harvest. With astonishing facility, for one so little acquainted with military details, he embodied and organized all the Spanish volunteers; and while he himself with his chief force moved about as necessity required, to garrison the towns taken, and to secure possession of all that had been acquired, he directed various corps of partisans to spread themselves over the neighbouring country, diffusing the spirit of revolt against France, and gaining city after city with scarcely any effusion of blood.

After the fall of Barcelona a day seldom passed without the capture or voluntary surrender of some town; and the whole of Catalonia, except Roses, and the whole of Murcia and Valeñtia, except Penñescola and Alecante, submitted to Charles III. before the winter of 1705-6 had come to a conclusion.

In the meantime the successes of the Austrian party in Catalonia, the failing power of France in Europe, and the victories of the Allies of the Imperial family in Flanders and in Germany, struck terror into the Bourbon councils at Madrid; while the spirit of disaffection, encouraged by the prospect of support, if it did not yet venture to show itself in absolute revolt, took the less tangible but more effectual shape of continual opposition to the French government, which in public was delayed by discussion, and in private thwarted by intrigue.

Finding no affection amongst the Spanish nobles, and nothing but murmurs, turbulence, and discontent throughout the nation, Philip each day threw himself more and more into the arms of France. At the same time, however, he determined boldly to meet the greatest danger at once; and with what troops he could collect, to march into Catalonia, and to oppose his rival on the threshold of the realm. Overruling the timid councils of Marshal Tessé, who would have proceeded step by step from fortress to fortress, Philip advanced at once, with the twenty thousand men he commanded, to Barcelona itself; while the Duke de Noailles,

with a large reinforcement from France, passed the Pyrenees, and joined him under the walls of the city. To oppose this force, not three thousand regular troops could be mustered in Barcelona; and Peterborough, who kept the field to annoy the enemy in their approach, commanded a still more insignificant force. Charles III. himself, with gallant determination, refused to abandon the city, and declared that he would stand and fall with his brave Catalonians. Such conduct won the whole enthusiasm of the people to his side; and working also on their superstitious feelings, he declared that the Holy Virgin had appeared to him, and promised success. These means of excitement had all the influence he could desire; and the approach of the French was welcomed by the Barcelonese rather as an opportunity of proving their zeal and devotion, than as a matter of terror and danger.

At the same time, Peterborough, by his activity and his exertions, his fertility of resource, and indefatigable perseverance, supplied the want of numbers, laid the country waste before the French army, harassed it by continual attacks, cut off every party detached in search of provisions, and even after the siege was formed, left the camp not a moment's repose night or day. While he thus delayed the progress of the enemy in Spain, he entreated, he conjured the English Government to send early and efficient succour to the place; and, though he well knew that so small a garrison could hold out but a short time against a large besieging force, he took every means to keep up the spirits of the inhabitants, by throwing in continual supplies by sea from the neighbouring coast, which he continued to effect notwithstanding the efforts of the French fleet, which blockaded the port. Still the enemy made terrible progress; and the fatigues and privations of the allied forces diminished their number and cramped their energies. The whole strength of the French army was in the first place turned against the citadel, which underwent a severe cannonade during three and twenty days; at the end of which time, the commander being killed, the garrison retreated to the town, and the fall of Barcelona seemed assured.

Still the manœuvres of Peterborough, and the cautious prudence of Tessé, delayed the progress of the French

arms; and at the very moment that a general assault was about to be made upon the half-ruined fortifications by the French army, the reinforcements from England and Holland appeared off the port. The French fleet bore away from that of the Allies; and a sufficient body of troops was thrown into the town to secure it for some time to come. Nevertheless the forces of Philip were still superior to those of his rival; and his opinion was decidedly in favour of continuing the siege; but Marshal Tessé, intimidated by obstacles which he had not expected, abandoned the design in despair, and, in spite of the remonstrance of the young monarch, drew off his forces before daylight on the morning of the 12th of May, N. S., a morning which witnessed in Flanders the victorious efforts of Marlborough at the famous battle of Ramilies. On that eventful day a total eclipse of the sun occurred, which, however well understood to be but a natural event, did not fail to give a vague and superstitious feeling of joy to the adherents of Austria, as the sun, now totally darkened, was the favourite device of the House of Bourbon. In truth, had the conduct of Philip's armies been always entrusted to such feeble minds as that of Tessé, the sun of Bourbon would have been obscured indeed in Spain.

The retreat of the French army was far more disastrous than the loss of a battle could have been. Cut off from communicating with the central provinces of Spain, the French General retreated towards Roussillon with a rapidity almost approaching to flight. The populace of the country through which he passed, being universally inimical to the French, hovered in large parties of guerillas round them on their march, swept the country of provisions, and suffered no detached party to escape; while Peterborough hung upon their rear, and, notwithstanding the handful of men which he commanded, harassed the enemy with repeated and successful attacks. The boldness of his measures, the sagacity with which they were conceived, and the celerity and vigour with which they were executed, left the French not a moment's pause to rally from their confusion, or to recollect their energies. Nor did he himself halt till, with extraordinary skill and daring, he had driven across the Pyrenees an army of twenty-five thousand

men ; while he himself never united under his command a force of more than ten thousand.

Notwithstanding all his reverses, King Philip took the bold resolution of immediately returning to Madrid, in opposition to the opinion of all by whom he was surrounded. The confidence however with his action showed in his Castillian subjects produced a great re-action in his favour ; and even those who had opposed his government were ashamed to take arms against a monarch who so deeply trusted them. The Earl of Galway and the Marquis de las Minas, with a large body of troops, advanced from Portugal proclaiming King Charles III., and driving before them the Duke of Berwick and his very inefficient forces. The Earl had been led to expect that all Spain would rise in favour of the House of Austria ; but as they entered Castille and approached the capital, no acclamations greeted their approach, and the proclamation of Charles was received at best with cold indifference. Philip, unable to defend his metropolis, retreated to Burgos ; but he was accompanied by all the nobility of Castille, and was evidently supported by the wishes, though not by the energies of that kingdom. The Duke of Berwick, in the meantime, made immense exertions to remedy the disasters of the last campaign : and fortunate circumstances enabling Louis to send reinforcements to his grandson, those exertions were crowned with success. The efforts of Peterborough to penetrate from Valencia to Madrid, were rendered ineffectual by the disunion which prevailed in the councils of the Archduke, and shortly after the battle of Almanza was fought, the Earl of Galway and the Marquis de las Minas were defeated ; and Valencia, Murcia, and Arragon, were recovered by the French in a wonderfully short space of time. One of the greatest misfortunes, however, which befell the cause of the Austrian Prince, originated in some differences which arose between him and the Earl of Peterborough. In 1707 that nobleman was recalled from Spain ; and, though there appears to be little doubt that the immediate cause of that proceeding was some private representation of Charles III., as much mystery envelopes the details of his dismissal from the command of the allied forces, as exists in regard to his appointment to that office.

Peterborough now returned from the activity and bustle of the camp to the more irritating and painful struggle of political intrigue. A strong party was rising up in England against the Duke of Marlborough, and every effort was made by his opponents to remove the principal scene of war from the Netherlands to Spain; probably more with the idea of putting an end to the successes of the Duke, than with any desire to facilitate the progress of Charles III. To the views of this party Peterborough lent himself, although it is beyond doubt that his motives were of a purer character, and that the real honour of his country, by the fulfilment of her promises to Austria, was the sole object that he had in view. Nevertheless it was evident that the two great generals were now rivals: and that the schemes of the one were made the means of attack upon the other. Marlborough's influence was still so great at the Court, and the prejudice excited in the mind of Queen Anne, against Lord Peterborough, appears to have been so strong, that on his return he was not admitted to the royal presence.

At length, on the 19th of December, the affairs of Spain were brought before the House of Peers, and the two great parties tried their strength against each other in a long and somewhat stormy debate. The Queen herself was present upon the occasion, under an affectation of incognito; and the debate was opened by the Earl of Rochester, with a warm panegyric upon the conduct of Lord Peterborough, and a detail of the eminent services he had rendered in Spain. He then proceeded to remark that it was customary, on the return of an officer entrusted with such high and important commands as those which the Earl of Peterborough had exercised, either to offer him the thanks of the House for his services, or to call him to account for his misconduct; and he therefore proposed, as the great actions of the Earl in Spain were well known and admitted, that the House should express its sense of his conduct.

This proposal was combated by the famous Earl of Halifax, who, without impugning the character of Peterborough, declared that the thanks of the House could not be properly voted till the whole tenor of the Earl's behaviour in his command had been examined. To this investigation Peterborough declared himself perfectly willing to submit;

but urged strongly the necessity of carrying on the war in Spain, till Charles III. should be fully and securely seated on the throne of that country. The enthusiasm and fire with which he pressed forward on all occasions towards his object was never more strikingly displayed than in that debate. He declared that sooner than consent to peace on any other terms than the full recognition of the Archduke as King of Spain, the English Parliament should vote the Queen nineteen shillings in the pound to carry on the war; and he ended by declaring that, if necessary, he was willing immediately to return to Spain, and, yielding his chief command, to serve under the Earl of Galway.

The debate now turned towards the means of effectually aiding the Archduke in recovering his dominions; and Lord Rochester moved that the war in Flanders should be for the time restrained to defensive operations; and that twenty thousand men should be drawn from that country to carry on the operations begun in Catalonia. This was seconded by the Earl of Nottingham, and immediately called up the Duke of Marlborough to oppose it. All his designs were now menaced with utter subversion, and it cannot be matter for surprise that he felt strongly upon the occasion: but Marlborough did more, he forgot his usual prudence and moderation, became violent and angry, and exposed himself to a sharp reproof from Lord Rochester for his intemperance. His influence, nevertheless, was still so strong that the proposal was not entertained: and Lord Peterborough was threatened with all the tedious infliction of a Parliamentary investigation of his conduct.

This was suspended after some preliminaries had been entered into, and was only adverted to afterwards, when, a change of ministry having taken place, the enmity of party faction turned against the Earl of Galway. On this occasion which occurred in 1711, the Duke of Marlborough strongly defended that unfortunate general; but the discussion soon drew on an investigation in regard to the advice he had himself given for carrying on an offensive war in Spain, contrary to that of Lord Peterborough; which inquiry ended in a vote of censure being passed upon him and several other members of the former ministry for their conduct upon that occasion. About the same time, the Earl of Peterborough received the thanks of the House of

Peers for his signal services in Spain—thanks, which undoubtedly he deserved which were valueless as the fruit of party faction—which would have been highly gratifying had they been voted three years before, as a tribute of national gratitude for a national benefit, but which were poor indeed, adulterated by party virulence, and the mortification of a great and fallen rival.

Whether Peterborough regarded them in this light or not, I cannot tell; but at all events the vote cleared his reputation in the most complete manner from any charge in respect to his conduct while leading the British forces in Spain. It declared, I find, “that his Lordship during the time he commanded the army in that kingdom, had performed many great and eminent services; and that if the opinion which he had given to the council of war at Valencia, had been followed, it might, very probably, have prevented the misfortunes that had since happened in Spain.”

Certain it is that, from the time of Peterborough's departure from the Peninsula, the affairs of Charles III. languished, and a long train of disasters and defeats reduced his power to a very low ebb. Peterborough was now restored to high favour, and his talents were employed in various ways; but he never returned to the command which he had formerly enjoyed. Though still holding military rank, he was now chiefly occupied in diplomacy, and showed himself as active and skilful a tactician in the cabinet as in the field. His first embassy was to the court of Vienna in 1710, and then to Turin and to several other Italian courts. With his negotiations, however, we have less to do here, than with his military actions; and indeed, the very character of such transactions involves them in so much obscurity, that much difficulty and little pleasure occurs in the endeavour to trace them through their narrow and tortuous course.

After having conducted several embassies with complete success, he returned to England, and was appointed Colonel of the royal regiment of Horse Guards, and General of Marines; and on the fourth of August, 1713, was installed at Windsor as Knight of the Garter.

He did not remain long in England, but was soon despatched as ambassador extraordinary to the King of Sicily,

and appears at the same time to have been charged with various other negotiations with the Italian Princes, through whose States he passed. Shortly after (in 1714), as if it were determined that his appointments should never have any reference to his former services, he was named Governor of Minorca. How long he held this appointment, I do not know ; but probably only for a short time, for in 1719, he is found travelling on the continent ; mingling gratuitously in diplomatic affairs, and aiding to bring about one of the greatest and most beneficial events which had occurred in Europe for some time. Although scarcely connected with his life as a great commander, this transaction must not be passed over, even in this very brief and imperfect sketch of the life of Peterborough.

A needy Italian adventurer, of the name of Alberoni, had raised himself by bold speculations and cunning intrigue, to the highest ranks of the church and state. From the petty station of a poor priest, the son of a gardener of Placentia, he had obtained the crimson, and the office of prime minister at the court of Madrid ; his cunning governed a king and a kingdom, and his policy convulsed a world. During his administration of the affairs of Spain, his mind, continually occupied with vast and extraordinary schemes, far beyond the power of the country he governed to effect, kept Europe in continual agitation and alarm, without producing anything but defeat and disgrace to the Spanish monarch. His influence with Philip V. and his second Queen, a niece of the Duke of Parma, was unbounded, and from a conviction that his removal was absolutely necessary to the tranquillity of Europe, England and France united together to work his fall. The Duke of Orleans, at that time Regent of France, one of the most extraordinary men of the day, from the combination of talents and vices which his character displayed, was entrusted with the execution of the design ; and it was determined that peace should only be granted to Spain on the condition of the total banishment of Alberoni from that country.

The first means taken were to induce the confessor of the Spanish monarch to join in working the disgrace of the minister, which was effected without difficulty ; and the King's partiality, which had been shaken by the failure

of all Alberoni's vast plans, and the ruinous effects of his counsels, was now totally alienated by the insinuations of Aubenton. Still the strongest prop to the Cardinal's power remained, as long as he retained his influence over the Queen, for the personal inclinations of Philip were bent to those of his wife. This Princess owed her elevation from a petty Italian sovereignty to the throne of Spain in a great degree to Alberoni, and notwithstanding the ill-success which had attended his vast efforts, and the misfortunes he had brought upon Spain, she continued to regard him with gratitude and esteem. It became necessary, therefore, to the views of England and France, that the Queen should be convinced that the safety of her husband's dominions depended upon the removal of Alberoni, which could only be done through the medium of her uncle the Duke of Parma. The least rumour of the negotiation would have completely prevented its effect, by putting the obnoxious minister upon his guard; when the means of preventing the communication between the Queen and her uncle would easily have been obtained. A formal embassy to Parma, therefore, was out of the question; and the Regent sought anxiously for some one to whom he might trust the private management of so delicate a transaction. Lord Peterborough happened to be at that time in Paris, and the Duke of Orleans applied to him, explaining his object and desiring his assistance. The Earl at once undertook the commission, and as there was nothing wonderful in the journey of a man who was continually moving from place to place, the eyes of Alberoni's adherents were not particularly attracted by his progress from Paris to Italy.

Travelling apparently for pleasure, he stopped for a few days at Parma, won over the Duke to his design, and arranged the whole plan for carrying it into execution. Scotti, an envoy who had before been employed in Spain, was sent back to Madrid, and notwithstanding Alberoni's jealous precautions, obtained a private interview with the Queen through the mediation of Laura Pescatori, who had been her nurse. It was now clear shown to that Princess that the fate of her husband and her husband's dominions, the safety of his crown, and the tranquillity of Europe, depended upon the fall of Alberoni; and no longer hesitating

between her duty and her inclination, she withdrew the support which had so long upheld the minister.

The whole transaction had been conducted with such secrecy, that Alberoni had not the slightest idea of his approaching fate; he transacted business with Philip as usual, before that monarch's departure for the Prado; and was next morning presented with a royal decree announcing his dismissal, and commanding him to quit Madrid within eight, and Spain within one-and-twenty days.

This was the last negotiation in which I find Peterborough taking any active part. Under George I. and George II. he remained General of all the Marine Forces in Great Britain, but his public life was now closed, and he devoted himself to the enjoyment of private happiness. No man knew so well how to fill every moment, and in travelling through all the countries of Europe, mingling with eminent men in every nation and of every class, friendly to many, accessible to all, he passed the subsequent years till 1735.

Through the greater part of his life he enjoyed uninterrupted health; but he was not by any means free from personal sorrows. The loss of his two sons, who died some time before their father, after having distinguished themselves in the service of their country, was a severe affliction to Lord Peterborough. The death of their mother also, his first wife Carey, daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser, interrupted his domestic happiness in 1709, but he afterwards formed a connexion which, though its character was for sometime doubtful, tended much to his comfort in after life. This was a private marriage with the celebrated Anastasia Robinson, a public singer. Her station in society, and the secrecy which his pride enjoined, at first caused the lady to be considered as his mistress, though the delicacy and respect with which he treated her on all occasions, could only be paid to acknowledged virtue. She bore the inconveniences and uncomfot to which the concealment of their marriage subjected her, with the most exemplary patience, and by her kind counsels and gentle management, softened the advance of age and alleviated the approach of sickness and infirmity. The endearing name by which Lord Peterborough always mentioned this lady, "My best friend," sufficiently showed his appreciation of her character; and towards his latter years his con-

viction of her excellence overcame the weak pride which had produced a private marriage, and gave him strength to do full justice to her reputation. The matrimonial ceremony was not in those days guarded by so many forms as at present; and though to all who knew him his asseveration was sufficient to establish the fact of his marriage, yet the legal proof was obtained with difficulty, from the death of the clergyman who had officiated. Under these circumstances he was remarried at Bristol, and his wife, who survived him, was placed in that rank of society to which she was properly entitled.

His great delight in his retirement was in laying out his grounds and in embellishing his property, and even age took nothing from the sprightly cheerfulness of his disposition, or his fondness for society. Courting the company of men of learning and men of wit, he was himself courted, and a thousand anecdotes have been handed down by many a celebrated writer, of the talent, the generosity, and the singularity of the Earl of Peterborough. To the circumstances thus recorded no particular date can be assigned, as the authors from whom we derive them, have not fixed their period.

While in Spain he is said to have paid the English troops himself on the failure of remittances from the British Government; and I think it is Voltaire who relates an anecdote of him which shows the reliance that even strangers and enemies placed in his chivalrous honour. On the attack of one of the towns in Spain, while he was treating with the Governor at one gate, a body of the Allies forced their way in at another, on the opposite side. The Governor for a moment thought himself betrayed. "Your only resource," exclaimed Peterborough, "is to suffer my troops to enter. We will make the others depart, and I will return and grant you the same terms, or place you in the same condition as you were before." The Governor consented; the English general entered the city, obliged his Allies to retreat, and returning to the spot where the treaty had been interrupted, signed the convention as it had been at first proposed. Another anecdote, more to the credit of his wit than his good feeling, is told of him, connected with the rivalry which sprang up between him and the Duke of Marlborough. At the time that nobleman was

in disgrace the popular mind had been greatly irritated against him, and as Peterborough was passing along the street, in the midst of an excited crowd, he was pointed out as the great General. The multitude immediately conceived him to be the Duke of Marlborough, and proceeded to insult him with the indiscriminate haste with which the vengeance of a crowd is generally expressed. Nothing that Peterborough could say would persuade them of their mistake, till at length he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; in the second, they are very much at your service." The mob shouted loudly, received his purse, and suffered him to depart; but it may be greatly doubted whether in their eyes the money was not the point of the jest. Witty himself, he was also by his singularities the subject of wit to others, especially in regard to the rapidity with which he travelled, and the number of countries he had visited. He was said to have seen more kings and more postilions than any other man in Europe; and the ministry used to declare that while he was on the continent they were obliged to write *at him*, for such was the celerity of his movements, that they never knew where to write *to him*.

With both Pope and Swift he was intimate; and of his letters to the former concerning the latter may be given as a good example of what Lord Orford has happily called his careless wit and negligent grace. It is dated 1732, at a period when he had considerably passed seventy years of age: "I am under the greatest impatience," he writes, "to see Dr. Swift, at Bevis Mount, and must signify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correspondence with the said Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands. And whereas it is apparent, in this Protestant land, most especially under the care of Divine Providence, that nothing can succeed or come to a happy issue but by bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my desires, and it shall be remitted unto him. For, though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conscience. Every one must confess that gratification and corruption are two distinct terms; nay, at worst, many good men hold that, for

a good end, some very naughty measures may be made use of.

“ But, Sir, I must give you some good news in relation to myself, because I know you wish me well. I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth. I was possessed with violent and uneasy passions ; such a peevish concern for truth, and a saucy love of my country. When a Christian priest preached against the spirit of the gospel, when an English judge determined against Magna Charta, when the minister acted against common sense, I used to fret. Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, so I banish all useless fears. But as to the things of this world, I find myself in a condition beyond expectation ; it being evident, from a late Parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a personal estate as Sir Robert S-t-t-n.

“ If the translator of Homer find fault with this unheroic disposition ; or, what I more fear, if the draper of Ireland accuse the Englishman of want of spirit ; I silence you both with one line out of your own Horace, *Quid te exempta juvat spinis e pluribus una ?* for I take the whole to be so corrupted, that to cure any part would be of little avail. Yours,” &c.

Shortly after this period, the health of the Earl of Peterborough, who had hitherto hardly known an hour's illness, began to decline ; and his sufferings from the stone became extremely acute. He bore up with great fortitude, however, and would in no degree change his mode of life, or yield the least point under bodily pain. He travelled, he employed himself as before, and appeared to take as much pleasure in society as in his happier moments. He had often declared that his courage in battle arose from the unconsciousness of danger ; but during the last year of his life, his resolution—which is surely a quality near akin to courage—was severely tried by the actual presence of intense corporeal agony. At length the progress of his disease required one of the severest operations of surgery ; to which he submitted with the same calmness which he had manifested during the course of his illness.

Though he possessed the sufficient power of mind to

endure the extremity of pain, he had not sufficient self-command to yield to even necessary restraint. Immediately after the operation, in spite of every remonstrance, he got into his carriage, and proceeded from Bristol to Southampton; apparently resolved, as Pope observed, to die as he had lived, unlike any other mortal. Finding the wound which the operation had left tardy in healing, he resolved to go to Portugal for change of air; and, while waiting for a favourable opportunity to set sail, continued a course of life but little calculated to restore his health, or assuage the agony which he still underwent.

Some extracts from the letters of Pope, however, who was amongst the last that saw him before leaving England, will afford a far better picture of his state and character, than anything which could be now said, and as the death of this extraordinary man was amongst the most curious and characteristic circumstances of his history, I shall not apologize for introducing them here, although they may be somewhat long. In a letter from the poet to Martha Blount, dated "Bevis Mount, Southampton, August 17th, 1735," he says,

"I found my Lord Peterborow on his couch, where he gave me an account of the excessive sufferings he had passed through with a weak voice, but spirited. He talked of nothing but the great amendment of his condition; and of finishing the buildings and gardens for his best friend to enjoy after him; that he had one care more when he should go into France, which was to give a true account to posterity of some part of history in the Queen's reign which Burnet had scandalously represented; and of some others, to justify her against the imputation of intending to bring in the Pretender; which, to his knowledge, neither she nor her ministers had any design of doing. * *

"The warmth with which he spoke on these subjects made me think him much recovered, as well as his talking of his present state as a heaven compared to what was past. I lay in the next room to him, where I found he was awake and called for help most hours of the night, sometimes crying out from pain. In the morning he got up at nine, and was carried into the garden in a chair. He fainted away twice there. He fell about twelve into a violent pang, which made his limbs all shake and his teeth

chatter, and for some time he lay as cold as death. His wound was dressed—which was done regularly four times a day—and he grew gay, and sat at dinner with ten people. He is dying every hour, but obstinate to do what he has a mind to. He is engaging a yacht to sail, but no place fixed to reside at, nor any accommodation for his going on land. He talks of going to Lyons, but undoubtedly he can never travel but to the sea-shore. I pity the poor woman, who has to share in all he suffers, and who can in no one thing persuade him to spare himself. I think he will be lost in this attempt, and attempt it he will. He has with him day after day, not only his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton that pleases. He lies on his couch, and receives them, though he says little. When his pains come on, he desires them to walk out, but invites them to dine or sup. He is to go at the month's end, if alive. Nothing can be more affecting and melancholy to me than what I see here; yet he takes my visit so kindly, that I should have lost one great pleasure had I not come."

According to his intention, Lord Peterborough did set sail for Lisbon; but, as every one had anticipated, the voyage, far from improving his health, terminated his existence. He died on the 25th of October, 1735, just having accomplished his expedition, and no more. He was now in his seventy-fifth year; and up to the day of his death his mind retained the whole of its energies. In writing to Swift at the time of the Earl's death, Pope alludes again to the visit mentioned above, or perhaps to another paid subsequently to Bevis Mount. "Lord Peterborow," he says, "I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon. No *body* can be more wasted, no soul can be more alive.

* * * * *

"Poor Lord Peterborow!" he adds, in the same letter, "there is another string lost that would have helped to draw you hither. He ordered on his death-bed his watch to be given to me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reason "that I might have something to put me every day in mind of him. It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and insignia are graved on the inner case," &c.

The character of Lord Peterborough, like that of every

other man that ever lived, has been differently estimated according to the character itself of those who have spoken of him. Some have seen nothing in him but a passion for notoriety, and a mania of being talked of; but in general a man who is actuated by such motives, does not content himself with performing deeds worthy of mention, but rather strives to call attention to his deeds, whether they be worthy or not. I can conceive no man to be absolutely indifferent to the commendation of his fellows, for such a state of feeling would imply a want of all sympathy with human nature, which I believe seldom exists, even in the most depraved heart, though it may sometimes be assumed by a diseased brain. Yet in Lord Peterborough we do not discover any of those mean arts, by which persons, whose whole object is the uncertain meed of popular applause, and still more those who are indifferent to the better part of fame, and only covet attention, are accustomed to strive for the gaze and babble of the multitude. It is much more probable that the original conformation of his mind caused him naturally to form singular combinations of ideas; and that a peculiarly ardent temperament, acting upon great corporeal powers, hurried him from excitement to excitement, while the habit of indulgence induced wilfulness of purpose, and native excellence of impulse directed his efforts in general to great and worthy objects.

Those who had the most immediate opportunities of judging of his character—and they were men in whom the investigation of motives, and the scrutiny of human nature, became a fault—who applied microscopes to man's mind, and magnified the fine tissue of feelings and actions till it became a web so coarse that the smallest thread was discernible—even they judged nobly of the character of Lord Peterborough. Nor do his recorded actions show any cause for impugning their opinion. As a general he was bold, decisive, persevering, successful, full of just views and great resources, active in enterprise, calm in conduct, and resolute in execution. As a politician and diplomatist, he appears to have possessed the great qualities of frankness and sincerity, joined to the fine ones of a clear insight into the characters of others, a just appreciation of their

motives, a correct estimation of measures, and a great fertility of means.

As a man of letters he possessed a considerable portion of that species of wit which characterized the age. I mean that sort of epigrammatic smartness which is apparent in the lighter writings of all who pretended to talent, from the reign of Charles II. to the beginning of the second George—whatever may be the tone of their mind in other respects, from Voltaire and Pope to Swift and Prior. Of these the only exception, perhaps, is Addison, whose mind, notwithstanding his vast power of humour, was more inclined to dwell upon the beautiful than to sneer at the absurd.

As a man Lord Peterborough is said to have had many faults; but we must remember that he was educated, either in the gay debauchery of the court of Charles II., or the cold sensuality of that of James. In the one he unhappily learned to despise religion, in the other to abhor bigotry, and in both to forget that morality was a virtue. However, although the assertion has been made, and possibly was well-founded, that Lord Peterborough was guilty of many moral errors, those errors I have not found particularly specified, and I am not anxious to discover them. Did they obtrude themselves upon me, I would not conceal them for the lenity which leads a historian to hide faults, though less evil in its consequences, is no less unjust than the prejudice which teaches him to conceal virtues; but at the same time I do not see that it is necessary to seek amongst the ashes of past ages for the purpose of commemorating the weaknesses of the dead, without conferring any benefit on the living.

JOHN MANNERS,

MARQUIS OF GRANBY.

CELEBRITY does not always depend upon very great deeds or very splendid abilities, and the Marquis of Granby, though he himself never achieved any signal victory in the field, was as celebrated in his day as many who have personally effected more. His name was continually

mingled during his life with the many important events which at that time agitated Europe; and as, in the details of the campaign and the battle, it was always spoken of with praise, he acquired a happy fame by his share in many great exploits.

John Manners, Marquis of Granby, first saw the light in January 1721. Born in the highest grade of society in England, the son of the Duke of Rutland, he received a polished and liberal education, which, working upon a kindly heart and a generous disposition, produced those amiable manners which distinguished him in after-life. A decided predilection for a military career, and considerable talent for command, induced his father to place him in the army, although fortune had raised his son above the necessity of choosing a profession. In 1745, when the arrival of an unhappy Prince, whose claims are now extinct, threw all the adherents of the House of Hanover into agitation and alarm, and raised up throughout the country a spirit of political rancour and party hatred hardly paralleled in the annals of Great Britain, the raising of troops for the service of either party became a sort of mania, and, amongst others, the Marquis of Granby levied a regiment of foot to act against the young adventurer, who was struggling to regain a crown that had been torn from his imprudent and criminal ancestor.

Little of any consequence is recorded of the life of Lord Granby from that period, till in the year 1750, he married the Lady Francis Seymour, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Somerset; an union which originating, it is said, in affection, was productive of happiness to both.

The government would have been purer than governments generally are, if the interests of two such families as those of Somerset and Rutland had not been able to raise an aspirant high in the profession he had chosen; but the Marquis of Granby had claims which his rank and connexions only served to place in a just point of view. He was active, enterprizing, courageous, had exerted himself strenuously in behalf of the reigning family, and merited promotion as well by services rendered as by personal qualifications.

In 1755, the approach of an open rupture between England and France occasioned several movements in the

British army, and the Marquis of Granby was raised to the rank of Major General. During the hostilities which proceeded the declaration of war, I do not find that he was employed in any active service ; and it would appear that he spent the two following years in commerce of ordinary society, and in those kindly and generous actions, which, though they sometimes in him degenerated into profusion, are, when properly regulated, fruits of the noblest virtue, and even when pushed into excess, are amongst the noblest faults. At this period the Marquis and Marchioness of Granby, in conjunction with Lady Guernsey, another daughter of the Duke of Somerset, presented to the Senate House of Cambridge a statue of that nobleman, who had for many years been Chancellor of the university. It was executed in marble by Rysbrach, and even to the present day does honour to the genius of the artist. This fact is only worth preserving in the biography of Lord Granby, as the statue was executed under his immediate directions, and some information may be thence derived in regard to his pursuits in time of peace, and the general course of his domestic occupations.

From the society of his friends, however and the current of calmer pleasures, the Marquis of Granby, was soon called to the field by events of which some detail must be here given. The Duke of Cumberland, who had in the commencement of the war of 1756 commanded the Hanoverian army opposed to the Duke de Richelieu, was obliged, as I have noticed elsewhere, to sign a convention at Cloister Seven, the ostensible object of which was to pacify the Hanoverian dominions, and the allies of the Elector ; and to restore tranquillity to that part of the empire. The convention, which was drawn up with great care, seems studiously to have left so much ambiguity in the terms, that the consenting parties might recommence the war whenever it suited their convenience, and in the mean time derive what advantage they could from an unsettled state. The King of Great Britain recruited his forces, and made every preparation for breaking the convention as soon as possible ; and the French pillaged Hanover at leisure, and endeavoured to fix their government upon the country they had acquired.

Everything was completed for the recommencement of

hostilities on the part of the Hanoverians before the end of the summer ; and the Duke of Cumberland, having resigned the command, it was bestowed upon Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, who soon began active measures of aggression. The Duke de Richelieu remonstrated for the sake of appearances ; but the German general thought it little worth his while to enter into any prolonged altercation, and consequently, after a very brief reply, marched directly to attack the enemy. The French general, who in all probability expected that long disputes would precede the rupture of the convention, and give him time to collect his troops, and press some more contributions from the country, was taken unaware by the quick movements of the Hanoverian army. Several of his detachments were surprised and defeated ; and he himself was obliged to retreat to Zell with great precipitation. Affecting high indignation at the breach of the convention, Richelieu committed a great many of those atrocious barbarities which occasionally disgrace even the most civilized warfare. He was, however, soon removed from the command ; and while Prince Ferdinand, having been joined by Prince George of Holstein and a body of Prussian cavalry, advanced upon Bremen, taking Rottenburg and Ottersburg by the way, Monsieur de Clermont, who succeeded to the station of commander-in-chief of the French, endeavoured to recruit and consolidate a sickly, scattered and dissolute army. The Hanoverian general gave but little time for such a purpose, and, marching upon Hanover and Brunswick, took the fort of Hoya upon the Weser, after a vigorous resistance ; and cleared the whole country beyond the line of Hanover, Zell, and Brunswick. The French retired from all those places with more haste than was either agreeable or glorious, and in some instances the sense of ignominy, and the thirst of revenge, induced them to ravage and waste the country they were forced to abandon. Hanover was treated with less severity ; no plunder was permitted on the retreat of the army, and the provisions accumulated for its use were distributed among the poor. By drawing his troops from all the garrisons as he advanced, the Prince de Clermont greatly strengthened his force, and more than once attempted to make a stand ; but the rapidity of Prince Ferdinand's movements, gave him no time to fortify himself in any position ;

and, in order to check the Hanoverians, three thousand five hundred men were thrown into Minden, while the French head-quarters were formed at Hamelin. Minden could hold out but five days, and the advance of Prince Ferdinand again drove his antagonist to Paderborn, and thence to Wesel on the Rhine. That immense efforts would be made by France to retrieve her military renown, and recover the territory which had thus been wrenched from her grasp, could not be doubted; and Prince Ferdinand anxiously solicited aid from England to meet the danger by equal exertion.

The difficulty of transporting cavalry to the scene of action, delayed the movement of the English; for the Dutch treaty with France prevented the possibility of carrying the reinforcements through their country, and Embden, the only convenient port, was in the hands of the French. To remedy this, a fleet under admiral Holmes was sent against that place; and Prince Ferdinand did not retire to winter quarters in Munster, till he had seen the French nearly beat back to their own frontier, and a port opened for his communication with England.

The army of Hanover was soon once more in the field. Supplies for carrying on the war had been liberally voted by England; and everything promised support and success. The French were again forced to retreat, though their numbers were now very superior; and Prince Ferdinand, after having crossed the Rhine, drew the Prince de Clermont out of his entrenched camp at Rhinefeldt, and completely defeated him at Crevelt. Dusseldorf immediately surrendered; but the fruits of these victories were obliged to be abandoned; for while Prince Ferdinand was pursuing the Prince de Clermont, the Prince de Soubize had penetrated into the Landgravate of Hesse, had defeated the force of Prince Yssemburg, and made a demonstration of interposing between the Hanoverian army and the supplies from England, which by this time had arrived at Embden.

These considerations induced Prince Ferdinand to retreat, and effect his junction with the British troops, which was carried into execution without loss, by the skilful manœuvres of the commander-in-chief, and the gallant resolution of General Imhoff.

The troops sent from England consisted almost entirely of cavalry, and did not amount to three thousand men; but

their presence was nevertheless of the utmost importance to the Hanoverian army. The two officers in command were the Duke of Marlborough and Lord George Sackville ; and shortly after their arrival Prince Ferdinand found himself sufficiently strong to detach General Oberg with ten thousand men, to support Prince Yssemburg, who was opposed to the Prince de Soubize. The principal French army still continued in the rear of the Hanoverians, and a great and advantageous change had been worked in its commanders, the chief of whom was now Monsieur de Contades, in the place of the Prince de Clermont.

General Oberg was defeated at Luttenburg ; and Prince Ferdinand finding that no more could be effected that year, from the severity with which the winter set in retired to winter quarters in Munster. The Duke of Marlborough having died at that place, the chief command of the British forces in Germany devolved upon Lord George Sackville, who appears to have come over to England while the army remained in quarters at Munster. His situation as commander-in-chief having been confirmed, he returned to his post early in March, accompanied by the Marquis of Granby, by this time Lieutenant-general and Colonel of the Blues.

In the interim the French had made themselves masters of Frankfort by stratagem ; and Prince Ferdinand soon found the necessity of dislodging them from that position. A diversion, however, on the side of Hesse, prevented him from making the attempt till the beginning of April, when he marched rapidly for the city, hoping to take it by a coup-de-main. Notwithstanding his precautions the French gained information of his movements, and on the 13th of April he found the enemy in force at the village of Berghen, between him and Frankfort. Prince Ferdinand hesitated not a moment to attack them, though they were both strongly posted, and superior in number to himself. The French, commanded by the Duke de Broglio stood their ground ; and after three successive attacks, in one of which Prince Yssemburg was killed, the Hanoverian commander found the necessity of retreating. To effect this in presence of a superior and victorious enemy was difficult ; but by making fresh dispositions, as if for renewing the attack, Prince Ferdinand succeeded in amusing the enemy till night, when

he fell back without molestation, gaining perhaps more military renown by the skilful manner in which he concealed his defeat from the enemy, than he would have done by success in the engagement.

The French thus maintained possession of Frankfort; their armies on the Upper and Lower Rhine, were both strongly reinforced; and in June, having united at Marburg, under the command of Monsieur de Contades, they began a plan of operations which threatened to cut off the retreat of the Hanoverians. Prince Ferdinand, forced to recede before them towards the Weser, threw every impediment in their way. But Munden, Gottingen, Ritburg, Minden, and Munster, were taken by assault or siege, and proceeding as if to certain conquest, the French forced their adversary back upon Petershagen. Here, however, having been joined by a considerable reinforcement under General Wangenheim, Prince Ferdinand made a pause, and fortified himself in a strong position, in order to arrest the farther progress of the enemy. Various skirmishes now took place, in which the advantages fell to the Hanoverians. Osnabruck was surprised; and while General Wangenheim remained at Thornhausen on the banks of the Weser, opposed to the advance of the French army from Minden, the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick was detached with ten thousand men to cut off the French supplies from Paderborn.

The French General Contades found that he must either retreat or attack Prince Ferdinand in position; and his determination was soon fixed by a movement which the Hanoverian general made towards Hille, for the purpose of either luring him to a battle, or attacking him at a disadvantage if he did not advance. Contades suffered himself to be deceived; and imagining that Prince Ferdinand had marched with his principal force so far to the right as to be unable to support General Wangenheim on the Weser, resolved to attack the latter immediately, and open the path into the heart of Hanover. The Duke de Broglie was accordingly directed to pass the little river Werra, and the morass which lay between Minden and the Hanoverian camp, and forcing the position of General Wangenheim early the next morning, to turn upon the flank of Prince Ferdinand's army at Hille, while Marshal Contades pro-

ceeded against him with his main body in front. The news of the first movements of the French reached the Prince at three o'clock in the morning; but his troops were all prepared to march; and in a short time his communication with his left was completely restored. The right and left of the French army, under Guerci and Broglio, consisted principally of infantry, while the centre was almost entirely composed of cavalry. As it was intended to turn the left of the Hanoverian army, by driving back the corps of General Wangenheim, the right of the French under the Duke de Broglio was thrown forward, and passing the morass late on the evening of the thirty-first of July, had arrived within half a mile of the Hanoverian left before daylight the next morning. Along the whole front ran a rising ground, which covered the dispositions of the allied army, but was only defended by a few weak posts, which were soon driven over the hill. Advancing to reconnoitre, the Duke de Broglio immediately perceived, to his great surprise, the whole of the Hanoverian army drawn up in order of battle. At this moment the forces of Prince Ferdinand were all under arms upon the ground, except the detachment he had sent to cut off the French supplies. On his left were the corps of General Wangenheim, advanced so far as to be supported by a battery at Thornhausen on the Weser, and a body of Prussian cavalry under the Prince of Holstein. The centre was composed principally of infantry, with the farmhouse of Tostenhausen forming a strong post in front; while on the right Lord George Sackville, with a large body of cavalry, continued the line as far as the village of Hartum.

The Marquis of Granby commanded the second line of cavalry; and, as upon the conduct of these two bodies some of the principal events of the day depended, it may be well to notice more particularly the nature of the ground. As already stated, the cavalry was formed in two lines, the first commanded by Lord George Sackville, and the second by the Marquis of Granby. The extreme right of the right wing approached nearly to a little hamlet, with some rising ground; and its left was somewhat disjointed from the infantry of the centre, by a small open wood, beyond which extended a very narrow corn-field, having in front a wide moor, called in the accounts of the day Mindenheath.

Unincumbered by any brushwood, the trees of the wood were far apart, and offered little impediment except to the sight, from which they shut out the plain. 'The infantry from the beginning of the action were slightly advanced; and Lord George Sackville, who was late at the head of his troops, and late upon the field, seems to have been behind the position intended for him to occupy.

As soon as the Duke de Broglie had passed the hill, he saw that full dispositions had been made for a general action; and as this state of things was very different from that which either himself or the Marshal de Contades had anticipated, he paused, and opening a sharp cannonade upon the Hanoverian line, he despatched information of the circumstances to the commander-in-chief. Contades was at this time advancing with his centre and left wing; and, as the Duke de Broglie received no answer, he rode to the centre to seek directions himself. Several hours were thus wasted, but as the French army were now too much entangled with the morass to think of receding, the attack was continued upon the left of the Allies by a sharp cannonade from a battery now erected on the rising ground. The Hanoverian artillery, however, had been so well placed, and was so well served, that the French battery was speedily silenced, and their right wing kept in check.

In the mean while, in the centre, six regiments of English infantry, two batterions of Hanoverians, without waiting their adversaries' approach, advanced under a tremendous fire from two French batteries, to attack the cavalry of the enemy opposed to them. The boldness of the movement, and the success with which it was attended, did honour both to the general and his troops. The French cavalry finding themselves about to be charged by the English infantry, instantly poured down upon them; but the British regiments already had the impetus in their favour, the French were driven back in confusion, and the Duke de Broglie's corps was obliged to make a movement from their right, to cover the disarray of the centre. Prince Ferdinand instantly despatched his aide-de-camp, Count Wintzingerode, to command Lord George Sackville to come up through the open road to the left with the cavalry, and complete the rout of the French army. Whether from cowardice, or folly, or dislike to his commander,

Lord George Sackville could not, or would not comprehend the order, demanded several times how it was to be executed, and at length prepared to march forward, not by the left, but in a direct line. Having seen some dispositions made towards advancing, the first aid-de-camp left the English Commander, and in a moment after, a second messenger, Lieutenant-colonel Ligonier, came to press the instant march of the cavalry. Still, however, Lord George Sackville was about to move straight forward, instead of to the left, which was the only spot where his presence could be useful, and new cause of dispute arose upon the arrival of Colonel Fitzroy with repeated commands for him to bring up the British cavalry. The unhappy General now pretended to look upon the orders brought by the two aid-de-camps as contradictory; the one stating the cavalry, the other the British cavalry; and his unwillingness to comprehend was so apparent, that the Lieutenant-colonel of the regiment at whose head he was, exclaimed aloud, addressing one of the aid-de-camps, "For God's sake, repeat your orders to that man, so that he may not pretend to misunderstand them." Lord George, however, would not be satisfied with the commands he received, and proceeded himself to seek for the Commander-in-chief. Three quarters of an hour had now been lost, but as the infantry were still engaged, the Prince, on being informed of the dispute, instantly sent off for the second line of cavalry, saying, "Give my commands to the Marquis of Granby; for I know he will obey me."

While this mismanagement had passed in front, Lord Granby had remained at the head of the second line, wondering that so strong a body of cavalry, forming nearly the whole of the right wing, should remain unemployed while a severe contest was evidently going on in the plain. In the impatience of the moment, after waiting some time for orders, he had ridden a little way in advance, to gain a sight of the battle, when an aid-de-camp rode up, and commanded him to bring up the second line to the support of the infantry. Lord Granby immediately asked why those orders had not been communicated to Lord George Sackville, his superior officer. In reply, the aid-de-camp informed him that they had been delivered, but had not been obeyed, and that the Commander-in-chief had now direct-

ed them to him. Lord Granby now hesitated no longer, but putting his troops in motion, passed through the grove of trees without difficulty, and reached upon the plain. At that moment, however, Lord George Sackville sent an order for the second line to halt till the first came up, which was so far obeyed, that the movement in advance was suspended for a few minutes; but fresh commands being received from Prince Ferdinand himself, Lord Granby immediately galloped on, and in a few minutes, the first line also appeared, forming with the second behind the infantry.

The battle was now over. So much time had been lost, that, though the centre of the French were totally defeated, their right had by this time taken measures to cover the retreat. The bridges over the stream were broken down behind them, and the passes destroyed through the marsh. Prince Ferdinand, unwilling to hazard the success of so glorious a day, abandoned the pursuit, and the enemy retired, and reposed under the cannon of Minden. The news, however, reached their camp that night, that the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, who had been detached from the Hanoverian army to cut off their supplies, had completely defeated Monsieur de Brissac at Coesfelt, and that in consequence their communication was interrupted with the country behind them. A precipitate retreat was the consequence, and the victory at Minden was thus rendered complete and serviceable.

In the morning which followed the battle, Prince Ferdinand issued a general order of thanks to the officers who had principally contributed to his victory, from the list of whom the name of Lord George Sackville was purposely excluded. His commendation was chiefly bestowed upon the British infantry, to whose gallant efforts success was certainly to be greatly attributed; but at the same time he publicly declared to the Marquis of Granby, that he felt sure if he had had the good fortune to have him at the head of the cavalry of the right wing, the victory would have been much more complete and brilliant.

Such strong expressions of disapprobation could not pass unnoticed by Lord George Sackville; and he solicited leave to resign his command, and return to England, which was immediately granted. He was instantly on his arrival

dismissed from all his military appointments, and a Court Martial was called to try him for disobedience of orders. In the meanwhile, the Marquis of Granby was appointed Commander-in-chief of the British forces in Germany and Master-general of the Ordnance, two posts of which Lord George Sackville was deprived. To the battle of Minden succeeded a long train of successes against the French, in all of which Lord Granby participated. Minden and Cassel immediately fell into the hands of the Hanoverians; and the French army was driven across the Weser into a country offering but small means of subsistence, and in which no preparations had been made for their support. Munster also surrendered, after a short siege, and Fulda was taken by surprise. The year being now far advanced, both armies retired into winter-quarters; and Lord Granby returned to England, with the painful task before him of attending as a witness at the trial of Lord George Sackville. To aid in the condemnation of another, whatever may have been his faults, and however loudly justice may call for his punishment, can never surely be a grateful undertaking; and though, where the public weal is concerned, the least modification of truth by a witness is either weakness or crime, yet in the minute shades of human conduct we are always more pleased to see the heart turn rather towards mercy than towards severity. In his evidence against his former commander-in-chief, Lord Granby told the truth as mildly as the truth could be told without perverting its purity. Other witnesses were more harsh, and gave importance to minor facts, by the weight of indignation and perhaps of prejudice. The evidence, however, was so strong and conclusive, taken as a whole, that notwithstanding all the interest and exertions of a powerful family, Lord George Sackville was condemned, and dismissed the service with disgrace.

During the absence of the Marquis of Granby from the scene of war, Prince Ferdinand had remained in winter quarters in the neighbourhood of Paderborn, Cassel, and Munster. Several unimportant skirmishes had taken place during the winter and spring; but the commencement of active hostilities was deferred by both armies to a late period in the year, the French pausing for want of forage for their cavalry, and Prince Ferdinand remaining inactive in

expectation of the reinforcements which had been despatched from England. These reinforcements at length arrived by the way of Embden, and after various preparatory movements, and one or two serious encounters, in which the French and the Allies were alternately successful, all seemed to tend towards a general battle. The French army, divided into three bodies, marched forward as with the design of surrounding the Hanoverian forces. The left, commanded by Monsieur de Mui, passed the Dymel, and extending itself down the river, interposed between Prince Ferdinand and Westphalia, while their right, under Prince Xavier of Saxony, endeavoured to turn the left of the Allies by marching upon Cassel; and the main army, commanded by the Duke de Broglie, who had now been appointed Commander-in-Chief, advanced directly upon the Hanoverian position.

The situation of the allied army now became critical, but the Duke de Broglie had committed the common error of extending his line of operations too far, in hopes of surprising his adversary. Of this Prince Ferdinand immediately took advantage; and, paying no attention to the centre and right of the enemy, he marched to attack their left, consisting of thirty-five thousand men under Monsieur de Mui. This force was posted with its right resting on the small town of Warbourn, and its left reaching nearly to the heights of Menne. The Hanoverian army advanced against it in two divisions. The right commanded by the hereditary Prince of Brunswick and General Sporken, a little in advance of the centre, proceeded round the heights on the enemy's left, and sheltered by a thick fog, contrived to get both upon their flank and rear; while the main body, under Prince Ferdinand and the Marquis of Granby, marched forward to attack the French in front. The ground in advance was marshy and difficult, and the Hereditary Prince had reached the rise of the heights before the rest of the corps were upon a parallel with that which he commanded. At that instant the fog cleared away, and the French, who were aware of the march of an enemy, but did not well know in what direction to expect their attack, now found two columns of the Allies advancing upon them, one already in their rear, and the other climbing the heights upon their flank.

Three brigades were immediately pushed forward to oppose the ascent of the Hanoverians; but the attacking party reached the summit first, and the battle began on the flank and rear of the French left, almost at the same moment. In the mean time the centre and right of the Allies, in which were the principal force of the British troops, toiled on to come up to the scene of action; and such were the exertions made that several of the English infantry dropped down dead with the hot sun and the fatiguing nature of the ground. By the distance and the difficulty of advance, the foot were prevented from reaching the spot in time, but the British artillery was hurried up with a speed previously unknown, and the cavalry arriving, charged the main body of the French, while the Hereditary Prince upon the heights drove back their left upon their centre. Warbourg being attacked at the same time, the retreat of the enemy was immediate; and, though there was some confusion in passing the Dymel, it was conducted in such a manner before a superior force, as to do high honour to Monsieur de Muy and the French officers under his command. After passing the river, the French once more formed on the opposite heights; but the Marquis of Granby following, with a part of the British troops, the enemy again decamped and retreated to Wolfshagen. A number of minor movements succeeded, which belong more to the general history of the war than to the biography of an individual. It is perhaps only necessary to state that in all the events of the campaign Lord Granby played his part, and maintained his own character as a brave man and a skilful officer.

Though acting only as second in command, he acquired a high reputation as a military man; and, brave to a fault, generous and kindhearted, he also gained the devoted love both of his soldiers and officers. Notwithstanding all the efforts of Prince Ferdinand, the immense numerical superiority of the French army acted as a weight which he could not throw off; and, at the end of the campaign the enemy were in possession of Hesse, with a great number of fortified places, strengthening the long line on which they had taken up their winter quarters, and with the whole of Hanover open before them for the next campaign.

The fact of having during a whole year kept in check so formidable a force, was highly glorious to the Allies;

but the plan laid down for the ensuing season was one of the grandest schemes of military operations perhaps ever planned. The French had hitherto never shown themselves very active in the winter season, and Prince Ferdinand resolved to put his army in motion at a time when the enemy were least disposed to act; and by attacking their line on four different points to drive them back, or so disperse them that their concentration would be afterwards both difficult and dangerous. Before each of the columns a sort of advance guard was thrown out, and in the very beginning of February the Allies were in the field.

Consternation and surprise spread through the French army at this unexpected attack; and flight became the order of the day. The strong forts, however, with which they had furnished their line, offered secure places of retreat, and gave them the means of rallying from their first confusion. The Hanoverian forces still eagerly pursued their advantage. Fritzlar was taken by the Hereditary Prince, and the Marquis of Granby made himself master of Gudersburg. The French retired in every direction, burning the stores and magazines they had provided for the winter, and General Sporken, with a considerable body of Hanoverians, forced his way between the French and Imperial armies, effected his junction with a reinforcement from the Prussian army, and completely defeated the Saxon forces near Lagensaltze.

Notwithstanding the great success which attended the first operations of the allied army, various circumstances were rapidly combining to render their triumph short. Cassel and Ziegenhayn held out against them, the French were rapidly recovering from their first surprise, and the Duke de Broglie was collecting gradually his detachments from the Lower Rhine. At length, finding his force superior to that of the Hanoverians, he marched to the relief of Cassel, defeated the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, forced the Allies to retire towards Paderborn, and then having recovered all that had been lost, retired again into winter quarters, nearly on the same line which he had formerly occupied.

It was sometime before either party thought fit to recommence the campaign. The French suffered extremely from the loss of their stores; and the want of forage kept them

in quarters till June. As soon as they took the field the army of Prince Ferdinand was obliged to retreat before them, and fall back upon the Lippe; but here the Prince took up a position, the natural strength of which gave him some hope of being able to oppose with success the superior force of the enemy.

The road from Lipstadt to Ham, for some way, ran along a sort of peninsula formed by the rivers Aeth and Lippe, which flow side by side for several leagues, leaving occasionally less than half a mile between them. To command this road, the left wing of the Hanoverian army, under the Marquis of Granby, was drawn up across the peninsula, with its left leaning on the Lippe, and its right touching the Aeth at the little village of Kirch Denkern, where the Aeth is joined by the Saltzback. This last-mentioned stream flows through a deep ravine at a right angle with the Aeth, and is domineered for some way by a considerable range of heights, on which the centre and right of the Hanoverian army were posted.

The dispositions for taking up this position were hardly complete on the 15th of July, when the French appeared in superior force on the peninsula, and instantly commenced the attack upon the corps of the Marquis of Granby. The event of the war now depended upon the skill and firmness of the British General, and the courage and resolution of his small body of troops. The fire of artillery and musketry was tremendous, the attacking force overwhelming, and the charge of the French conducted with all that impetuous confidence in their own success, which has so often won them the victory. At the same time no succour could be afforded to the British forces. General Wutgenau, destined to support them, could not reach the spot for nearly three hours; and during the whole of that time, Lord Grandby resisted, without yielding a step, a force of more than ten times the number of his own troops. The bold determined courage, however, of their General gave every support to his men in their perilous situation, and the great carelessness of his own person, which the Marquis of Granby displayed, though in general approaching to rashness, could not be blamed on an occasion when the least appearance of timidity would have been ruinous to the whole army. At the end of three hours the reserve of the

left wing came up ; and thus strengthened, Lord Granby renewed his efforts, and succeeded before nightfall in driving back the French into the woods. During the night the Allies, feeling certain that the French though repelled were not conquered, employed their time in strengthening their position. The village of Kirch Denkern was fortified as well as could be effected in a few hours, and the division of the Marquis of Granby and General Wutgenau was reinforced by several fresh regiments. As this was the weak point in the Hanoverian line, in regard to natural defences, every effort was made to secure it by other means ; but a high ground, commanding the front of the British troops, was left unoccupied, either by neglect or by the impossibility of embracing it within the line, without leaving the left flank exposed.

At daybreak on the sixteenth, the whole forces of France, now united, poured down again on the post of Lord Granby ; but though now trebled in number, they were met by the same determined resolution which had repelled them the night before. As on the passage towards Ham the success of the campaign greatly depended, the whole efforts of the French were directed against this point, and five hours were expended in useless efforts to drive Lord Granby from his position. At length the heights, which had been equally neglected by the French and the allies, caught the attention of the Prince de Sobuise, and he instantly ordered a battery to be erected there, which would soon have dislodged the Hanoverians from their ground. But Prince Ferdinand, seeing the enemy's movements to that effect, despatched information to Lord Granby, and at the same time detached a considerable reinforcement under General Sporken, to enable the British Commander to charge the enemy in flank, while embarrassed with an alteration of proceedings. This was immediately effected. The British troops, supported by the Hanoverians, charged with steady intrepidity, and drove the right wing of the French back in confusion. One whole regiment of the enemy surrendered : and the rest of that division abandoned the field in haste, leaving behind them their cannon and their wounded. The left of the French, and the centre, which had been posted to keep in check the Hanoverian divisions on the heights behind the Saltzback, now moved

to the right to cover the retreat of their defeated brigades. This was done with coolness and regularity, and their force being far too strong for Lord Granby to attack, the retreat of the whole French army was effected without much loss.

They left about three thousand men killed and wounded upon the field; and fifteen hundred prisoners, as well as possession of the ground, attested the triumph of the Allies. This victory produced the effect of checking the French progress for the time, but that was all. The immense numerical superiority of the enemy, gave them advantages which all the activity and skill of Prince Ferdinand could not counterbalance.

The French army now divided, and throwing out large detachments into different parts of the country, ravaged, pillaged, and destroyed as they went, waging a much more dreadful warfare than by the ordinary course of siege and battle. This continued to the end of the year, when the troops of both nations retired into winter quarters.

The next campaign opened somewhat unfavourably for the allied army, and after a number of skirmishes and manœuvres from which neither force derived any considerable advantage, the French took up a position between Meinbrexen and Grebenstein, on which last named place the right rested, while a considerable body of troops was thrown out on the same side as far as Calsdorff. At the same time Prince Xavier of Saxony lay near Gottingen, keeping a large detachment of the Allies, under General Luckner, in play to watch his movements.

Notwithstanding the advantages which the French possessed in their position, which was defended by a number of streams deep and ravines, was raised upon the heights near Grebenstein, Prince Ferdinand determined to attack them. General Luckner was ordered to draw off his forces from the side of Gottingen, and to co-operate with General Sporken, who passing the Dymel was to attack the French right at Carldorff in flank, while the former officer charged them in the rear. The Marquis of Granby, passing the same river at Warburg, was to attack the enemy's left by marching over the heights of Zierenburg, while Prince Ferdinand himself proceeded to assail them in front. The French, in addition to the advantage

of the ground, had the superiority of numbers, being in regard to the Allies as five to three; but the rapidity and precision with which the movements of the Hanoverian army were made, took them by surprise in every quarter. Attacked at once on both flanks and in front, the French scarcely attempted to defend their position; but retreated as fast as possible under cover of a brief stand, made by Monsieur de Stainville with a part of the infantry. This gallant little corps, taking possession of the woods of Wilhelmstaht, sacrificed themselves for the rest of the army; and after fighting resolutely for some time against the Marquis of Granby, were almost all either killed or taken.

Little loss took place on the Hanoverian side; the Allies having only three hundred killed. The resistance, however, of the French infantry swelled the loss of the enemy to near four thousand in prisoners and slain.

Marshal d'Estreées immediately retreated under the cannon of Cassel; and Prince Ferdinand proceeded to cut off the French communication with the Rhine. To compensate this success, the Prince of Conde, who commanded the army on the lower Rhine, completely defeated the Hereditary Prince; and after various partial engagements, in which the Marquis of Granby continued to distinguish himself both for valour, and for conduct, the French captured the fort of Amoenburgh; but were much greater losers by the fall of Cassel, which surrendered to the Allies on the first of November 1762.

This was the last act of the war. A short time before, George II. had closed his career in death, and his grandson George III. having succeeded him, new feelings and interests were brought into play. However sad it is that the fate of nations and weal of worlds should hang upon the frail thread of one weak human life, so it has ever been, and never was more strongly shown than in the events which followed the death of George II. Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple retired from the ministry; the influence of Lord Bute became predominant, and after a struggle to maintain their places for some time, the whole of the former administration seceded also, and peace was almost immediately concluded between England and France.

Lord Granby, with the rest of the English forces returned to England, where for some time he spent his days in tran-

quillity, mingling but little in the political strifes of the time. Amidst the various changes, however, which took place in the offices of State, though not selected for any post of great importance, he was not forgotten, and seems to have enjoyed a considerable portion of that unsubstantial good—court favour. The want of that continual and active exertion both of mind and body, which by long habit in actual warfare becomes a necessity, has often driven old soldiers to a thousand of the minor vices, in the time of peace. About this period of Lord Granby's life we find him accused of too great conviviality of disposition, or to call it by a truer name—of addiction to excess in wine. His good humour also was frequently imposed upon, and perhaps deviated into too great facility; but still he retained his high character as a man and a soldier, as well as the love and respect of the men he commanded. He was a correct though not a severe disciplinarian, was minutely acquainted with every particular of the service; and, having through the whole course of a long war distinguished himself greatly as a second in command, well deserved to be tried in a still more elevated station. No officer in the British service at that time had so many recommendations to the office of Commander-in-chief of the British forces as he had; and whether it was consideration for his great claims, or merely party influence which procured him that appointment, he received the office in 1766, and continued to exercise it under the administration of the Duke of Grafton and Lord North.

At this time a multitude of follies and weaknesses—the approaching separation of our American colonies from the mother country, the fury of party faction, and probably the disappointment of individual ambition, called up an anonymous writer, who, to the most potent virulence of invective, added the most felicitous farce of expression, the fearlessness of secure concealment, the poignancy of minute information, profound knowledge of constitutional law, contempt of every human feeling, and the gift of magnifying truth without the appearance of hyperbole. This writer on the 25th of January 1769, published a letter in the *Public Advertiser*, under the happily assumed name of Junius, in which he attacked the personal and political character of every member of the ministry. Now that the

prejudices of the parties of that time have passed away, and that we can judge the characters of the dead by facts and not assertions, abstract justice may be done to those whom Junius slandered ; but unfortunately, the magnificent record of his own powers which his works afford, and the benefit which they have produced to his country, withhold us from sufficiently detesting the man who, for any motives, could make calumny a profession, and win his reputation by bitterly traducing his fellow-men.

Notwithstanding the immense and unequalled powers that he displayed in one of the most difficult tasks on which the human mind can exercise its faculties, the fame of Junius is an unenviable one ; and as inferior to that of his contemporary, Howard, as the fame of Milo the wrestler to that of Trajan. Amongst the many virulent accusations and biting sneers, by which the majestic truths of his first letter are accompanied, Lord Granby, as forming a part of the ministry whom he attacked, was not forgotten by Junius. After noticing in the same manner all the other members of the administration, he proceeds, "It has lately been a fashion to pay a compliment to the bravery and generosity of the commander-in-chief at the expense of his understanding. They who love him least make no question of his courage, while his friends dwell chiefly on the facility of his disposition. Admitting him to be as brave as a total absence of all feeling and reflection can make him, let us see what sort of merit he derives from the remainder of his character. If it be generosity to accumulate in his own person and family a number of lucrative employments ; to provide at the public expense, for every creature that bears the name of Manners ; and neglecting the merit and services of the rest of the army, to heap promotions upon his favourites and dependants—the present commander-in-chief is the most generous man alive. Nature has been sparing of her gifts to this noble Lord ; but where birth and fortune are united, we expect the noble pride and independence of a man of spirit, not the servile humiliating complaisance of a courtier. As to the goodness of his heart, if a proof of it be taken from the facility of never refusing, what conclusion shall we draw from the indecency of never performing ? And if the discipline of the army be in any degree preserved, what thanks are due to

a man whose cares, notoriously confined to filling up vacancies, have degraded the office of Commander-in-chief into a broker of commissions."

Such were the charges against Lord Granby produced by Junius; and though assertions without any proof or instance, especially from an unknown writer, cannot affect the character of any one, yet it is worth while to remark that the principal accusations brought by Junius, namely, the neglect of the services and merit of the army in general, the non-performance of all promises, and sole attention to the sales of commissions, is sufficiently refuted by the known and universal love of the whole army for the person of whom he spoke. The disingenuousness of attributing courage to Lord Granby, only from want of all feeling and reflection, requires hardly a comment. On the same principle, Junius, who concealed his name while he aspersed others, might argue that he himself was a man of feeling because he was a coward.

The Marquis of Granby himself, took no notice of the attack; but one of the many whom the better parts of his character had bound to him, stood forward to defend him in the eyes of the world. This was Sir William Draper, and having heard the language of party hatred, let us mark the character drawn by affectionate panegyric, first remarking, that Sir William Draper was himself a distinguished officer, a classical scholar, and a gentleman.

"A very long, uninterrupted, impartial, and, I will add, a most disinterested friendship with Lord Granby," he writes, "gives me a right to affirm, that all Junius's assertions are false and scandalous. Lord Granby's courage, though of the brightest and most ardent kind, is amongst the lowest of his numerous good qualities; he was formed to excel in war by nature's liberality to his mind as well as person. Educated and instructed by his most noble father, and a most spirited as well as excellent scholar, the present Bishop of Bangor, he was trained to the nicest sense of honour, and to the truest and noblest sort of pride, that of never doing or suffering a mean action. A sincere love and attachment to his king and his country, and to their glory, first impelled him to the field, where he never gained aught but honour. He impaired through his bounty his own fortune: for his bounty, which this writer would

in vain depreciate, is founded upon the noblest of human affections—it flows from a heart melting to goodness from the most refined humanity. Can a man, who is described as unfeeling and void of humanity, be constantly employed in seeking proper objects on whom to exercise those glorious virtues of compassion and generosity? The distressed officer, the soldier, the widow, the orphan, and a long list besides, know that vanity has no share in his frequent donations: he gives, because he feels their distresses. Nor has he ever been rapacious with one hand to be bountiful with the other. Yet this uncandid Junius would insinuate, that the dignity of the Commander-in-chief is depraved into the base office of commission broker; that is, Lord Granby bargains for the sale of commissions: for it must have this meaning, if it have any at all. But where is the man living who can justly charge his Lordship with such mean practices? Why does not Junius produce him? Junius knows that he has no other means of wounding this hero than by some missile weapon, shot from an obscure corner. He seeks, as all defamatory writers do—

—— spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguas,

to raise a suspicion in the minds of the people. But I hope that my countrymen will be no longer imposed upon by artful and designing men, or by wretches, who bankrupts in business, in fame, and in fortune, mean nothing more than to involve this country in the same common ruin with themselves. Hence it is, that they are constantly aiming their dark and too often fatal weapons against those who stand forth as the bulwark of our national safety. Lord Granby was too conspicuous a mark not to be their object.

“He is next attacked for being unfaithful to his promises and engagements. Where are Junius’s proofs? Although I could give some instances where a breach of promise would be a virtue, especially in the case of those who would pervert the open unsuspecting moments of convivial mirth, into sly insidious applications for preferment or party systems, and would endeavour to surprise a good man, who cannot bear to see any one leave him dissatisfied, into unguarded promises. Lord Granby’s attention to his own family and relations is called selfish. Had he not attended

to them when fair and just opportunities presented themselves, I should have thought him unfeeling, and void of reflection indeed. How are any man's friends and relations to be provided for, but from the influence and protection of the patron? It is unfair to suppose that Lord Granby's friends have not as much merit as the friends of any other great man. If he is generous at the public expense, as Junius invidiously calls it, the public is at no more expense for his Lordship's friends than it would be if any other set of men possessed those offices. 'The charge is ridiculous.'

Such was the character of the Marquis of Granby, as drawn by the hand of friendship; and his defence by an able and intelligent officer, who farther went on to appeal to existing facts in order to prove that the army under the chief command of that nobleman, was in as good a state, if not a better one, than it had ever been. From the beauty of the portrait, as given by Sir William Draper, we must of course take away something on account of the partiality of friendship, and the desire of pleasing a person much beloved; but still such commendations would hardly have been ventured in the face of the public, had they not been founded in some degree; for fortunately, constituted as the world is at present, abuse may always be sent out into it much more safely than praise, certain that the one will always find patrons and propagators, while the other is too often suffered to drop into oblivion.

To the letter of Sir William Draper, Junius replied as a giant contending with a child. There seems to have been in his feelings a degree of satisfied virulence in the opportunity afforded him, of impaling Sir William Draper on the same stake with which he had transfixed his friend, which made the beginning of his letter almost polite. In the course of it, however, he found himself obliged to shuffle or retract, notwithstanding the immense command of language which gave him the power of rendering his attack dreadfully potent without being clearly defined. 'The words he had formerly used, saying that Lord Granby had "degraded the office of Commander-in-chief into a broker of commissions," could have but one straight-forward meaning; yet Junius in his second letter declares "I acquit him of the baseness of selling commissions." He is also under

the necessity of receding so far from his assertion in regard to the ruined state of the army, as to acknowledge that the portion of it which was in England was "perhaps in some tolerable order." By one of those bold falsehoods also, which generally convince the weak, and often stagger the more discriminating reader, he assumes that Sir William Draper had admitted that "Lord Granby often made promises which it was a virtue in him to violate," though his opponent had but asserted that there might be such things as promises which it would be proper to break, without granting at all, that Lord Granby was in the habit of making them.

Junius then turned his attack upon Sir William Draper personally, and the subject of Lord Granby was soon after dropped by his opponent, it is said at the express desire of the Marquis himself. On this subject it is only necessary farther to remark, that Junius, though sufficiently willing to bring forward proofs and individual instances of misconduct, wherever it was in his power to do so, confined himself to general assertions in regard to Lord Granby, though frequently called upon by Sir William Draper to substantiate his accusation. Secure in the cloud with which he had involved his person, he dared to make any charge that might injure his political opponents, certain that the powers of his mind, and the vigour of his style, would drive the dagger home even through the shield of truth; but he dared not at once be both false and circumstantial.

A degree of remorse seems to have touched the mind of Junius in regard to Lord Granby, after the death of that nobleman. In the collection of the famous letters, with notes by Junius himself, the following observation is appended by the Author to the seventh letter. "Sir William Draper certainly drew Junius forward to say more of Lord Granby's character than he originally intended. He was reduced to the dilemma of either being totally silenced or of supporting his first letter. Whether Sir William had a right to reduce him to this dilemma, or to call upon him for his name, after a voluntary attack on his side, are questions submitted to the candour of the public.

The death of Lord Granby was lamented by Junius. He undoubtedly owed some compensations to the public; and seemed determined to acquit himself of them. In private

life he was unquestionably that good man, who, for the interest of his country, ought to have been a great one. *Bonum virum facile dixeris ; magnum libenter.* I speak of him now without partiality : I never spoke of him with resentment. His mistakes in public conduct, did not arise either from want of sentiment or want of judgment, but in general from the difficulty of saying ‘no’ to the bad people who surrounded him.”

If *this* was the real character of Lord Granby, *that* put forth of him in the first letters of Junius was an infamous falsehood ; and political writers should remember, that it is as base, as degrading, as criminal, to traduce an honourable man for the interests of party, as it is for the mean consideration of money. Had the atonement made by Junius been complete, I should have offered no farther observations upon his accusation ; but it was not complete, and after having attacked him as a military man, he did not do him justice as such. The conduct of the Marquis of Granby, however, while commanding the British forces in Germany, needs no defence. He gained honour in every field ; in every endeavour he was successful, and when peace put a termination to the operations of the army under his command, he led it back to England crowned with glory and victory.

The letters of Junius gave him considerable pain—the more, perhaps, because he had never been strongly attached to Lord North’s administration. Shortly after their first appearance, he resigned his command ; and on quitting the ministry, animadverted very severely on some of their measures. This was his last public act. His health was at this time considerably shaken, and on the 19th of October, 1770, he died at Scarborough in the fiftieth year of his age.

GENERAL WOLFE.

I BELIEVE that no contemporary account of General Wolfe exists. At all events I have not been able to meet

with any; and therefore, though in regard to the many public transactions in which he mingled, no materials are wanting for his biography, the particulars of his private *life** seem difficult to be procured. Born in a rank of society where no facilities were deficient for his education, and in a family whose interest was sufficient to uphold his merit, though not to push him forward without talent; James Wolfe was placed by fortune, perhaps in the happiest situation it is possible to conceive for cultivating his abilities and distinguishing his name.

He was the son of Lieutenant-General Edward Wolfe, and was brought into the world at Westerham in Kent in the year 1726. His infancy past without record, and of his early education I do not know the details. The only information which I have been able to collect from any authentic source concerning the first developement of his character, represents him as having very soon shown extraordinary quickness of comprehension, and an extremely retentive memory. As a boy he was always prompt and active, and though keen of apprehension and ready in action, had withal that calm steadiness of purpose which is generally the concomitant of a slower disposition. At a very early period of his life he made choice of the same profession in which his father had long moved with honour, and from that time devoted himself with the utmost assiduity to gain a thorough knowledge of the science of war. As soon as it was possible, a commission was procured for him in the army, and before he had reached twenty years of age, he was engaged with the Duke of Cumberland in the war in the Low Countries.

On the 21st of June 1747 he fought at the unfortunate battle of Laffelt near Maestrich, where the left wing of the allied armies was defeated, and Sir John Ligonier made prisoner. The young soldier, however, distinguished himself so highly, that he called the attention and received the thanks of the Commander-in-chief, and went on from that period rising rapidly in his profession. The honour and

* Since writing the above, I have learned that a very superior pen to mine is about to be employed on a life of Wolfe, and I therefore cannot regret that the following sketch has been rendered so brief by the paucity of materials.

reputation which he obtained proceeded more quickly than his preferment; and on signature of the pacific treaty at the end of 1748, he was, at the age of twenty-three, one of the most distinguished officers in the British service.

The life of a great commander can hardly be written without some detail of the political events which called his talents into action, and therefore, even at the risk of tediousness, a slight sketch must be given here of the rise of that war in which General Wolfe fought, distinguished himself, and fell.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, granted by all parties with the sole view of regaining strength by repose, soon drew towards a close. Nor indeed were hostilities ever totally suspended, for both in the West Indies and on the frontier of Nova Scotia, acts of aggression were continually committed between the French and English local governments, while incessant wranglings were the consequences of those acts at home. The greater part of 1755 was spent in preparations for general war; and while a considerable fleet was sent to the coast of America, immense efforts were made in Germany to raise a coalition in opposition to the designs of France and Spain. Little could be effected, however, by Great Britain. The faith of treaties is proverbial; and all the Allies of England hesitated in the fulfillment of their engagements, while France raised her naval power, increased her armies, and not only threatened, but struck many a blow which weakened her enemy and strengthened herself, both by their physical effect, and by the power of reputation.

Thus passed nearly two years, nominally in peace; but never yet was there a peace which bore so much the aspect of war, which left the world so little in repose, or which produced so little real benefit to mankind.

Nevertheless the space of time which was thus consumed brought forth many a revolution in the interests of European states, and was fruitful in excuses for breach of faith and contempt of treaties. Austria and Hungary, in whose alliance, and for whose best interests, England had fought during the whole of the former war, now leagued with France against her; and Prussia, after misunderstandings innumerable, became the great ally of Britain on the continent.

For nearly a year, while America remained the scene of the most disgraceful outrages, while mercenary motives were held out to give the most barbarous character to hostility, and while premiums were paid by an European government for Indian scalps, the monarchs of the old world were protesting their desires for peace, though they were thirsting for warfare, and pretending to respect their former alliances, while they were machinating the ruin of their allies. The siege and taking of Minorca by the French, which was followed by the tragedy of Admiral Byng, together with innumerable acts of open aggression on both parts, ushered the war into Europe; and at length, what had long been in existence, was openly announced by royal proclamation.

At this period everything appeared in the most unfavourable state for England; and all her endeavours, in America and Europe, had been equally unsuccessful. France had triumphed by land, and boldly disputed our superiority at sea; Spain naturally leaned towards the interests of France; and England, governed by a weak, dilatory, and timid ministry, was foiled in her military efforts, and baffled in her negotiations. The continental operations of France were evidently destined against the electoral dominions of the King of England; and the preparations made by the Empress Queen of Hungary, were also clearly intended for the recovery of Silesia, which had been wrung from her by the King of Prussia, and ceded unwillingly by the treaty of Dresden. But the activity of that monarch disconcerted the measures of his enemy, and marching an army into Saxony, he at once removed the seat of war from his own dominions. While he thus assumed the offensive in that quarter, he collected two considerable armies in Silesia, one of which, under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, menaced the frontier of Bohemia; but at the same time that Prince received orders to advance to Gros Kugel, and then, turning off upon Leipsic, to take possession of that city: after which, by marching along the Elbe, he might get in the rear of the Saxon forces, cut them off from their supplies, and prevent their junction with the Austrian contingent. This plan was perfectly successful; but as it was a most notorious outrage upon the country of a neutral Prince, it instantly called upon the King of Prussia

a hostile declaration from almost all the powers of Europe. Confident in his own resources and his military genius, Frederick, however, proceeded without fear or hesitation. The whole of Saxony was overrun and conquered; the Saxon army encamped near Lillienstein was forced to surrender; and committing every sort of insolent injustice with the most consummate skill, the Prussian monarch opened the war with complete success. In the following campaign pursuing the same bold measures, he advanced into Bohemia, defeated the Austrians near Prague, and laid siege to that city.

At this period first appeared the celebrated Count Daun in the character of Commander-in-chief, and collecting the scattered remains of the Austrian forces, he gathered together a sufficient army near Kolin, to effect a diversion in favour of Prague. The King of Prussia instantly marched to attack him, fought, and was defeated. The siege of Prague was immediately raised, and Frederick retreated in haste upon Pirna.

In the mean time an army of observation had been collected on the frontiers of Hanover, to oppose the French, whose purpose of invading that part of the empire had long been sufficiently apparent. This army, however, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, could effect nothing in presence of the superior French forces, led by the Duke de Richelieu; and after being forced to retreat to Stade, a convention was signed by the English commander, by which he agreed to pass the Elbe with the Hanoverian forces, while all the auxiliary corps which formed the strength of his army were sent to their respective countries.

Some time previous to this event a change had taken place in the British ministry, and Mr. Pitt, famous as Lord Chatham, had infused a great degree of vigour and activity into the administration. On his receiving office, he found the affairs of Germany in a very unpromising situation, while France, with immense armies all directed upon one point, overran the whole of Westphalia, and the Austrians pressed the King of Prussia in front. A force sufficiently large to oppose with success the troops of France in Germany, would have taken an immense time to collect and to bring into activity; but a much smaller army might serve by some sudden attack upon France itself, either to gain

some important post if unopposed, or create such a diversion in favour of the King of Prussia as would enable him to extricate himself from his very perilous situation.

This was represented to the ministry, and the plan was immediately embraced. Much, however, depended upon the choice of the spot destined to be the object of attack; for of course, whether the purpose were to acquire a portion of territory, or to effect a diversion, it was necessary that the point of assault should be sufficiently important to merit a struggle and to repay endeavour, and yet sufficiently weak to promise success to the assailants, and rouse the fears of the possessors.

As immense efforts had been made by Louis XV. to raise up the naval power of France to an equality with that of England; and as, under an inefficient administration in London, those efforts had been found but too successful, it became one of the first objects of Mr. Pitt to strike at the growing navy of the French monarch, by the annihilation of some of those ports from which so many fleets had lately issued forth against Great Britain.

Brest and Rochefort had been for some time the two principal towns from which the armaments of France had been poured into the British Channel; and, as the natural advantages and skilful fortifications of the former rendered attack difficult and success impossible, the attention of the ministry was turned strongly towards Rochefort. Their determination was fixed by the report of a Captain Clerk, who had visited that city, and declared the fortifications to be very insufficient in themselves, as well as totally out of repair; and immediate preparations were made for a naval and military expedition against that city.

Great precautions and deliberations promised success to the undertaking; and an immense mass of information was obtained, both from Captain Clerk, and a French pilot of the name of Thiery. The most experienced officers in the service were consulted, and amongst the rest Colonel James Wolfe, who since the conclusion of the late war had remained without employment in any very distinguished situation, but by no means inactive. His time had been spent in introducing the most exact discipline into Kingsley's regiment, of which he had been appointed Lieutenant-Colonel; and mingling kindness, generosity, and humanity,

with immense personal activity and scrupulous justice, he had succeeded in his endeavour to an extraordinary extent, at a time when the British forces were more celebrated for their courage than their regularity and subordination. His efforts in these respects had not passed without notice; and Mr. Pitt, one of whose great qualities it was to call latent talent into activity, marked and estimated the abilities of Wolfe, and brought him forward into the sphere in which he was most calculated to shine.

Wolfe was amongst those appointed to the expedition against Rochefort; but his rank in the army not permitting him to hold any distinct command, he served under General Sir John Mordaunt, to whom chief control of the army was entrusted. The fleet, consisting of sixteen sail of the line, and several smaller vessels, was commanded by Admiral Hawke; and the preparations on all parts justified the most sanguine expectations. About ten thousand men were collected at the Isle of Wight, and the whole arrangements of the fleet were complete; but the transports, by some unaccountable neglect, did not arrive for a considerable time after everything else was in readiness, and the expedition was still at Portsmouth on the seventh of September 1757.

Secrecy and haste were the two great requisites for the success of the enterprise: but delay, besides being detrimental in itself, brought publicity also; and the French were not only apparently well aware of the preparations of England, but also of the point of attack.

On the twenty-second of September the fleet anchored in safety in Basque Roads. After some further time had been lost by calms and baffling winds, the fort on the island of Aix was battered and taken by the squadron under Admiral Knowles; and the fortifications were afterwards destroyed. During the attack, Colonel Wolfe, who acted as Quarter-master-general, proceeded, with the permission of his Commander-in-chief, to examine the coast; and on his return, laid down a plan for pursuing the purposes of the expedition, which, as far as we can now judge, would have proved successful, had it been adopted at once, and followed with energy.

Even at the time, it appeared so feasible to both the commanders, that their approbation was given; and it seemed

decided that some of the vessels of war were to be sent to batter Fort Fouras, which commanded the best landing place, while the land forces effected their disembarkation. A council of war was, however, called, when a variety of new apprehensions and difficulties were discovered or created; and doubts were even started, whether the expedition had been intended to make a regular attack upon Rochefort, or any other place of equal strength. Dangers, it appeared were likely to attend the re-embarkation of the troops in case of failure. Obstacles were minutely calculated. What boldness might achieve was forgotten, and the principal object of the expedition was abandoned. Still a variety of vague schemes for effecting something, kept the fleet for some time on the French coast; till at length Sir Edward Hawke, finding that Sir John Mordaunt and his council of war despaired of producing any benefit by landing, hoisted sail and returned to England.

Indignation spread through the whole country, and the cry became so general that a board of officers was appointed to inquire into the conduct of the commanders of the expedition. That board decided that the cause of failure had been in not attacking Fort Fouras by sea, while the troops effected their landing. This had been the plan of proceeding laid down by Colonel Wolfe; and therefore, while severe censure fell upon Sir John Mordaunt, though a court-martial acquitted him of guilt, the character of the inferior officer rose by comparison with the weak, undecisive mind of the commander-in-chief.

The attention of the nation was now fixed upon General Wolfe; and the current of events was hurrying rapidly towards that point where his brief career of glory and greatness may be said to have opened. In America the aspect of British affairs had not been less unfavourable than in Europe. A gallant and enterprising officer, the celebrated Montcalm, was now rapidly turning the succession of petty aggressions by which the war had begun on the part of France, into an extensive and successful system of hostility. Unhappily for human nature and his own fame, Montcalm was one of the greatest encouragers of that fearful alliance with the Indians, which mingled the horrid aggravations of savage with the extended means of civilized warfare. Amongst many of the Indian tribes he was personally popu-

lar to an extraordinary degree, and the small army of Europeans with which he at first commenced his operations, was constantly accompanied by an immense force of savages, fierce, wild, and blood-thirsty, regarding the infliction of death and torture as sport, unrestrained by law, and unknown to clemency. His first operations were directed against Ontario and Oswego, two forts which had been hurriedly constructed for the defence of the northern possessions of the British in America; and these, by strong and masterly measures on his own part, opposed by feeble and ill-concerted efforts on the part of the British officers, were taken with little difficulty or loss. The next attempt was upon Fort William Henry, situated on Lake George; but after three successive efforts to storm, the French were obliged to abandon their endeavour; and a demonstration made by Lord Loudun upon Louisbourg, called their attention and diverted their endeavours for a time.

From want of union and activity, Lord Loudun's enterprise proved as unsuccessful as all the many schemes of the English during the early part of this war; and as soon as the apprehensions of the French on that side were removed, Monsieur de Montcalm once more turned his arms against Fort William Henry. With an army of ten thousand men, including an immense proportion of Indians, he advanced upon that fortress, and invested it in form. General Webb, the officer commanding the Anglo-American army, retreating before him with precipitation very near akin to flight. Colonel Monro, however, with a strong garrison and plentiful supplies remained in the fort; but the fortifications had been neglected; many of the cannon were unfit for service; and though the place was tenable for quite sufficient time to permit General Webb to have marched to its relief, it was evident that it could not hold out many days. Colonel Monro did his duty as far as it was possible, and displayed great energy and courage in defence of his post.

Unfortunately, however, before the end of the fourth day, all the artillery of the fortress had burst, except four small cannon and a howitzer; yet still the defence was kept up in expectation of succour from General Webb, who had retreated for the purpose of raising the militia of the province. Nevertheless his movements were so slow, and the progress of the enemy so rapid, that by the sixth day of the siege

the place was scarcely tenable ; and a letter from Webb, intercepted by the Marquis of Montcalm, and forwarded to the commander of the fort, decided his purpose of capitulating. The letter admitted of no doubt, and was to the following effect :

“ Fort Edward, August 4, 12 at noon.

“ Sir,—I am directed by General Webb to acknowledge the receipt of three of your letters ; two bearing date nine o'clock yesterday morning, and one about six in the evening, by two rangers, which are the only men who have got in here ; except two yesterday morning with your first, acquainting him that the enemy were in sight. He has ordered me to acquaint you, he does not think it prudent (as you know his strength at this place) to attempt a junction, or to assist you, till reinforced by the militia of the colonies, for the immediate march of which expresses have been sent. One of our scouts brought in a Canadian prisoner last night from the investing party, which is very large, and have possessed all the grounds five miles on this side of Fort William Henry. The number of the enemy is very considerable ; the prisoners say eleven thousand ; and have a large train of artillery with mortars, and were to open their batteries this day. The General thought proper to send you this intelligence, that in case he should be so unfortunate, from the delays of the militia, not to have it in his power to give you timely assistance, you might be able to make the best terms left in your power. The bearer is a serjeant of the Connecticut forces ; and if he is happy enough to get in will bring advices from you. We keep continual scouts going, to endeavour to get in, or to bring intelligence from you. I am, Sir, with the heartiest and most anxious wishes for your welfare,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ G. BARTMAN, Aid-de-camp.”

This curious composition was not sufficiently faulty in grammar to leave a doubt of General Webb's determination to abandon the fort to its fate ; and Colonel Monro accordingly capitulated on the most honourable conditions. The Marquis of Montcalm received the fort, and the garrison

marched out; but, by what mismanagement it is difficult to say, the Indians of the French army were suffered to fall upon the gallant though unsuccessful defenders of Fort William Henry, and a tragedy took place too horrible to relate in its details. Thirteen hundred men, besides a multitude of women and children, were butchered, with every aggravation of savage cruelty, and a deed was recorded on the page of history which the annals of the world can never match in barbarity. To cast the whole blame of this horrid cruelty on Montcalm would be unjust; for doubtless it was not his intention to deliver over his unhappy opponents to butchery by his savage allies: but wholly to exculpate him would be equally unjust; for he should not have granted a capitulation that he was not able to maintain; and should have died himself rather than endanger the security of men, whose trust was in his honour and in the law of nations.

At this period the French power was predominant in America; and the loss of the whole British dominions appeared the inevitable result. The proposed expedition of Lord Loudun and Admiral Holbourne had entirely failed; and the possession of the greater lakes, together with the friendship of the principal Indian tribes, gave the French complete command of the country. An attack upon Louisbourg, however, still occupied the attention of the Government, and early in 1758 a better concerted scheme was formed, and preparations on a greater scale were undertaken. General Abercrombie was appointed commander-in-chief of the land forces in America, but Admiral Boscawen was entrusted with supreme authority in regard to the expedition against Louisbourg itself. Twenty-three ships of the line, and several frigates, formed the fleet; and twelve thousand men, well officered and appointed, constituted the army. The senior military officer in the expedition was General Amherst; but amongst several other Brigadier-Generals, General Wolfe was appointed to this service, and sailed with the fleet which arrived at Halifax on the 9th of May 1758.

No time was now lost. Admiral Boscawen himself was an active and intelligent officer, and he had several others under him, to prompt energy and to lead to action. As soon as the stores were completed at Halifax, the fleet again sailed for Louisbourg, and arrived off Cape Breton

on the second of June. The place of landing proposed was Gabarus Bay, a convenient spot for the disembarkation of troops, about seven leagues to the west of the city; but upon its being reconnoitred by Generals Wolfe and Laurence, it was found to be defended by a strong line of the enemy's posts and batteries, extending along the coast to the extreme point of the bay. These unfavourable circumstances raised hesitation and alarm in the minds of many of the officers; and the event of the expedition against Rochefort might have followed that against Louisbourg, had not the character of Boscawen himself been of decided and active nature. After waiting for several days on account of the weather, the disembarkation was commanded in a cove, since called Kennington Cove, which was defended by two batteries and an entrenched camp. Besides these fortifications, all the landing-places had been furnished with a breast-work, mounting both heavy cannon and large swivels, and maintained by about three thousand men; while the sides of the cove, flanked with artillery, were masked by an immense number of trees, so arranged as to offer an almost impenetrable barrier of branches to the attacking force, while they permitted the fire of the defending party to tell with severe effect upon the boats and point of disembarkation.

The British forces were disposed in three divisions. The first, under General Laurence, was destined to attempt a disembarkation in the cove; another body, commanded by General Whitmore, was directed to divert the enemy's efforts by a feigned landing on the right; while General Wolfe endeavoured to effect a real disembarkation on the left. The troops under his orders consisted principally of two distinct classes of soldiers, which that war had called up, and which were unknown in any other country: these were the American light infantry—a corps of marksmen dressed so as to pass through the woods as easily and secretly as possible, in the light green or blue jackets and pantaloons, with large ruffs of bear skin round their necks; and the company of rangers—an irregular body of bold and reckless men, practised in the desultory warfare of the woods, fearless of themselves, and unsparing towards others. Besides these, however, General Wolfe

was supported by a Highland regiment, and a regiment of grenadiers.

The boats collected about four o'clock under the guns of the fleet; and very soon, supported by a tremendous cannonade from the principal ships of war, they rowed off towards the shore. Almost as soon as they came up within musket shot, the batteries opened upon them so severe a fire, especially through the forest-work to the left, against which General Wolfe was advancing, that he was obliged to abandon the attempt on that point, and row towards the right of the cove. Notwithstanding the shower of grape and red-hot shot with which the enemy assailed them, Wolfe found his men undaunted, and eager to land; and he himself, cheering them on, declared his intention to force his way wherever the boats could touch without being sunk. At length, on a rocky shore a little to the right of the cove, a handful of the light infantry effected their landing; and Wolfe himself, springing into the midst of a tremendous surf, rushed on to take advantage of this first success. Such an example is never lost upon an army. The soldiers followed, in contempt of every danger and difficulty; a great many boats were stove and upset by the very hurry and eagerness of the men. But the landing had commenced; the other generals and the rest of the army followed to the spot; regiment after regiment was disembarked; every difficulty of a rocky coast and a steep ascent was overcome; and the English rushed on upon the French Lines, with the excitement of fresh triumph and the confidence of coming success.

The French had relied upon the natural and artificial defences of the coast to prevent the landing of an enemy; but when they found that enemy overcoming difficulties which they had fancied insuperable, and, flushed with fortunate endeavour, pouring in upon them with redoubled ardour, discouragement and panic seized them, and after a very short struggle, they abandoned their entrenchments, and fled to the woods. Pursuit, however, followed them; and, while one division of the army kept the ground and secured the sea coast, Generals Wolfe and Laurence swept the country with their troops, and drove the French out of the forests and morasses in which they had sought shelter, till the cannon of Louisbourg put a stop to the chase at ten o'clock on the following morning. The woods and open

grounds being thus alike clear, the whole army advanced upon the city, the commander of which, finding himself about to undergo a regular siege, destroyed the buildings round about, and, as far as possible, laid the country waste.

The fortifications of Louisbourg were remarkably strong; and the nature of the soil—which, being of a soft marshy character, rendered the approaches difficult—as well as the rocky shore, the strong surf over which often cut off the communication between the besieging army and fleet, added natural advantages to the artificial strength of the place. The garrison consisted of about three thousand men; and five French ships of the line lay in the harbour. At the same time, a considerable force in Canada was always near, to relieve the place or to annoy the assailants. The siege, therefore, promised to be one of considerable difficulty and duration; and, prior to any other measure, the British camp was fortified with redoubts and epaulments, to guard against attack. The first movement of any importance was the detachment of General Wolfe, with about two thousand men, to proceed round the northern harbour, and attack a projecting neck of land, on which a lighthouse had been erected. This point commanded a small island battery, which gave considerable annoyance to the besiegers; but, though slightly fortified itself, it was abandoned on the approach of General Wolfe, who instantly raised batteries upon it, from which he silenced the fire from the island. The ships in the harbour, however, still kept up a continual cannonade on the English camp; and to fortify the town on the water side, the commanding-officer caused several small vessels to be sunk at the mouth of the port, so as to guard against the possibility of an entrance being effected by the British fleet.

At the same time he did everything that was in his power to weaken the enemy's force, and to retard the works which, under the active management of Wolfe, were each day pushed forward farther against the town. By the 13th of the month, the approaches had advanced within six hundred and fifty yards of the town, and General Wolfe erected four batteries to batter in breach, and a mortar battery; while, pushing forward with unceasing energy, he reached a line of heights which commanded the harbour, and there effected a lodgment, notwithstanding

the most severe fire which the army had yet encountered. Whether by the shells from this position, or from some accident, it is now impossible to ascertain, but a few days after these heights had been gained, one of the men of war in the harbour blew up, and the two nearest took fire and burned to the water's edge. Not long afterwards, the bombardment produced the same effect in the citadel; and the two remaining French men-of-war being attacked by the boats of the English fleet, one was taken and the other burned. Several practicable breaches were now apparent, the defences of the place were ruined, no possibility existed of its holding out much longer, and no succours seemed likely to arrive. Under these circumstances, the Chevalier de Drucour, who commanded in the town, feeling that he had done his duty to the utmost, and that further resistance would be a cruel waste of human life, proposed to capitulate, and endeavoured to obtain leave to march out with the honours of war. This, however, was refused by Admiral Boscawen, as the state to which the defences were reduced did not admit of resistance; and the garrison were in consequence obliged to surrender at discretion, the Governor at the same time giving up the two islands of Cape Breton and St. John's, which had been united under his command.

This stroke entirely changed the face of the French affairs in America, but its influence in Europe was even greater; for the English nation, who had been formerly disgusted with the very name of American warfare, where loss and disgrace had alone attended our arms, now restored to confidence in the measures pursued, were eager to follow up victory and to improve success. Of the fate and glory of General Wolfe also, this expedition was decisive. He had first effected the landing; to him had all the great measures of the siege been entrusted; and on him, in consequence, fell the honour of the triumph. His activity, his energy, his courage, his skill, were in the mouth of every one; and the minister himself, prepossessed in his favour had the good sense to see that in this instance popular applause was justified by individual merit. To Admiral Boscawen, as Commander-in-chief of the expedition, and one to whose able and decisive measures much of its success was attributable, the House of Commons passed

a general vote of thanks; but the principal station in the next great effort against the French in America was assigned to General Wolfe. During the attack upon Louisbourg, a diversion had been effected in favour of the army employed in that enterprise, by the march of General Abercrombie upon Ticonderoga. Opposed by Montcalm in person, Abercrombie had been defeated; but various detachments from his army had effected several important objects, and regained at least as much as former misconduct and misfortune had lost. Though in sketching the life of an individual, I must not permit myself to wander from the subject, the names of Forbes and Bradstreet are not to be passed over without honourable notice. The one, by the most difficult march that perhaps ever was undertaken, wrested from the French the key to Philadelphia, and secured of the frontier that province; and the other, by a rapid and masterly movement, destroyed the French forts and shipping which commanded the communication of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, and kept the communication between Canada and the French forces in the south.

To pursue all these advantages, and finally to extinguish the power of France in America, Mr. Pitt conceived the great and masterly plan of carrying the war into Canada, and striking one vigorous and decisive blow for the very capital of the enemy's western dominion. Situated on the St. Lawrence, with a magnificent harbour, and facilities which no other city in the world possesses, Quebec was a conquest worthy of enterprise. At that time its fortifications were not strong; but as the possession of Quebec would almost decide the long struggle between the two crowns in America, it was natural to suppose that every method would be taken to defend it. For the purpose of insuring success to the operations against Quebec, General Amherst, who was at New York, was directed to march against the city, endeavouring to make himself master of Ticonderoga, while General Prideaux afforded a diversion, by attacking Niagara and Montreal. At the same time, General Wolfe, with as strong an army as could be spared, was to sail from Europe to join in the attack of the Canadian capital.

A fleet consisting of twenty-one ships of the line set sail

in the end of February 1759, to convey General Wolfe and an army of seven thousand men to the scene of action, and to second the endeavours of the land forces.

On arriving at Louisbourg, the general rendezvous, however, the fleet found the coast so blocked up with ice that its destination was necessarily changed, and some time was consumed at Halifax. In the meanwhile, no doubt existing as to the purpose of the English preparations, every effort was made by the French Government to secure the capital of their American dominion. Montcalm, whose arms had always as yet been successful against the English, had marched down to Quebec, and entrenched himself with twelve thousand men along the shores of the St. Lawrence, with his right communicating with the town, and his left resting on the tremendous falls of the Montmorency. In front, every means was taken to strengthen his position, which was naturally defended by an extensive sandbank in the river; and his rear was guarded by thick woods which offered an impenetrable barrier.

Fresh reinforcements, provisions, and military stores, had arrived in abundance from France; and time had been found for the construction of a number of gun-boats and floating batteries. Besides these, the port and city were defended by two bastions and a demi-bastion cut in the rock; with a citadel and a high battery of twenty-five guns; a variety of defences on the river St. Charles, which lay between it and the entrenched camp of Montcalm; and a double *tete-du-pont*, with several other works, to guard the bridge of boats which formed the communication between the city and the army. A number of other fortifications were constructed on the land side, and the steep and irregular nature of the country added greatly to its strength.

It was not till the twenty-seventh of June that the British army arrived before Quebec; but by that time the weather was fair, and their landing was effected without difficulty on the Isle of Orleans, an island which divides the St. Lawrence a few miles to the eastward of Quebec. General Wolfe then proceeded to survey the ground, but he found the fortifications of the city so much stronger than he had been led to expect, the defending force so much superior to his anticipations, and the difficulties presented by the shores of the river so great, that deep despondency

seems to have taken possession of his mind; and his letters to Mr. Pitt breathe feelings near akin to despair. Nothing like despair, however, appeared in his actions; and from the moment of his arrival he applied himself, with all the native energy of his character, to overcome the unexpected obstacles that presented themselves. His first care was to secure possession of the western point of the island, and of the banks of the river opposite Quebec; which was effected, though not without many attempts on the part of the French, both to frustrate his operations by land, and to burn the fleet by rafts of combustibles and fireships.

The activity of Wolfe, and the caution and vigilance of Admiral Holmes, defeated every endeavour of the enemy; and before the first of July, the British were firmly established in the two points which they had chosen. No news, however, had arrived of General Amherst, on whose junction with the forces of General Wolfe, the Government had calculated for success. The few troops that Wolfe had with him seemed totally incompetent for the undertaking, and the French governor of Canada very openly sneered at the petty force with which Britain strove for the conquest of so extensive a country.

With that self-confidence which genius generally possesses, and which has no affinity either to vanity or to rashness, Wolfe determined to proceed in the attempt alone, without waiting for aid which might be delayed till the moment of fortune was past, and which, indeed, he never expected in time. His first measures were to summon the Governor of Quebec; at the same time announcing that it was the express command of the British monarch, that the Indian barbarities, which had hitherto disgraced American warfare, should on no account be perpetrated by any forces under his command, and demanding that the same orders might be given out to the French army and its auxiliaries. He also published a proclamation, addressed to the Canadian colonists, assuring them of protection as far as possible, in their persons, property, and religion, if they remained quiet; and he then immediately began the operations against Quebec.

Point Levy, on which Wolfe had established a part of his forces, was within range of Quebec, and batteries being

erected there with great speed, the lower town was soon destroyed, and its defenses ruined; but the means of communication with the upper town, which commanded it, were so defensible from the nature of the ground, and the precautions of the enemy, that the English general found nothing would be gained by an attack upon the lower city, even if successful, and therefore determined to draw the forces of Montcalm into an action, if possible, as the only means of reducing the place.

Accordingly, on the ninth of July, General Wolfe passed his men from the island of Orleans to the main land on the enemy's left; and took up a position, only separated from them by the river and falls of Montmorency. An attempt was made to cut a path through the woods which covered the rear of the French army, but that plan was found impracticable, and the party sent to reconnoitre were defeated and slaughtered by the Indians. The next project entertained was to cross the river Montmorency, and attack the Marquis de Montcalm in flank; but all the fords were found to be so strongly defended, that no possibility of doing so appeared without consequent defeat.

Baffled in every point below the town, Wolfe, now determined to attempt a landing above, which must either have given him a command of the place, or have drawn Montcalm out of his entrenchments for the purpose of defending the capital. On the attempt being made, however, the shore was found so guarded with precipices, and the enemy so well prepared in that quarter also, that it was abandoned as impracticable; and Wolfe determined to risk all, and attack the enemy in their entrenchments. Montcalm's camp occupied the heights which ran along the shores of the river; but at the mouth of the Montmorency were two batteries, and upon a low bay, apparently out of musket shot of his main position, was a detached redoubt. Wolfe now determined upon endeavouring to make himself master of this insulated post, hoping that the attack upon it might draw Montcalm out of his entrenchments to support it, and thus bring on a general engagement. If, on the contrary, that general abandoned it, the fords of the river would be rendered comparatively easy, and the attack on his camp greatly facilitated.

All was in consequence prepared for the attempt. The

army was divided into two bodies, and while Wolfe himself led the attack upon the redoubt, General Townsend was ordered to pass the ford whenever the other troops were landed. One of the men-of-war was stationed to cannonade the battery which flanked the ford; and the French entrenchments were at the same time enfiladed by the fire of some pieces of artillery, raised on the heights to the left of the Montmorency.

Several causes, however, combined to defeat the attempt. The redoubt was found to be commanded by the camp, which had been supposed not to be the case. The boats stuck upon a ledge of rock, which caused considerable delay and confusion; and, when at length the landing was effected, the grenadiers, who were first on shore, galled by the enemy's fire, instead of forming to attack supported by the regiments that followed, ran on at once in confusion upon the entrenchments, and suffered dreadfully in consequence. Before all these accidents could be remedied, it was too late to pursue the attempt, and a retreat was ordered, which Montcalm did not attempt to interrupt. Wolfe returned to his former position, and it would now have seemed that everything which courage, ingenuity, and even perseverance, could do, had been done, to carry into execution the undertaking with which he was charged.

But to those qualities which deserve success, Wolfe joined that strong determination of purpose which generally obtains it; and, though the repeated checks that he had met with, the fatigues he had undergone, and the difficulties he had still to encounter, depressed his spirits, and even severely affected his corporeal health, he resolved not to give up the enterprise as long as a possibility remained of carrying it to a happy conclusion. He sent despatches to England, giving an account of all his efforts, and their want of success; and though all at home applauded his endeavours, yet no sanguine expectations were entertained of their result.

The project of a landing above the town, was once more entertained; and though the opinion of almost all the officers was still influenced against it by the aspect of the heights which they had to surmount before they could gain a defensible position, yet Wolfe determined upon the endeavour, and took every means for rendering it effectual. Several days were now employed in various manœuvres

for deceiving the enemy, and transporting the troops towards the spot destined for their general rendezvous. This was some distance above the place intended for landing. A movement was then made by the fleet for the purpose of blinding the French general to the true point of attack; and before daylight on the morning of the 12th September, the troops, being embarked in flat bottomed boats, began dropping down with the tide towards Quebec. The divisions of General Monkton and Murray were the first which landed; but their descent had been unobserved, and the other regiments soon followed. The rapidity of the current, however, had carried the boats some distance below the spot intended for disembarkation, and before them lay a steep ascent, broken by wood, the summit of which was known by the name of the heights of Abraham.

The movements of the ships on the preceding evening had so far answered the purpose of deceiving the enemy, that these heights were only defended by a captain's detachment, and a few Indians and Canadian riflemen scattered through the wood. The light infantry, who were the first on shore, immediately scrambled up the steep, keeping up an irregular fire with the Indians in the bushes; and after a short struggle, succeeded in forcing the post on the top of the hill that commanded the narrow and precipitous path by which alone the troops could advance.

Up this path, Wolfe now led his army; and had the enemy been prepared to defend it properly, the advance of the British would have been impossible, for the difficulties of the way were in themselves sufficient to have deterred many a less enterprising officer from the attempt. One gun alone could be carried up, and that was effected with great and extraordinary labour by a detachment of seamen from the fleet. Wolfe was himself amongst the first at the top of the heights, and immediately proceeding to examine the movements of the enemy, he perceived that his landing had effected its great purpose, and that Montcalm was advancing out of his entrenchments to give him battle.

Having collected all his forces, as soon as the firing and the appearance of the English on the heights announced their having effected a landing, the French General proceeded across the river St. Charles, by the bridge of boats; and marched directly to the attack of Wolfe, as the only

means left of saving the town. Some bushes and shrubby ground in the front, as well as the hedges of a little garden on the right of their advance, the French lined with a considerable body of Indians and riflemen, which kept up a galling fire upon the English lines. General Wolfe, however, had by this time taken up his position, and formed his army, the advanced posts of which returned the Indian shot, though the main body had been strictly ordered to reserve their fire till the enemy were within forty yards. The only cannon which had been drawn up the height, was directed against the approaching columns of the enemy; and being served with great precision and activity, annoyed them much in their march.

As he advanced, Montcalm extended his line, with the intention of out-flanking the left of the English position, but General Townsend was immediately ordered to make a corresponding movement, and forming his men, what was then called *en potence*, so as to present a double front, he neutralized the enemy's effort in that quarter. At the same time a detachment of light infantry were thrown into some houses on the extreme left, and a copse towards the rear, to keep in check a body of Indians which had advanced considerably beyond the rest of the French line.

The enemy approached steadily and quickly, firing as they came up; but according to the general order the British troops reserved their fire till the distance between the armies was narrowed to forty yards, when pouring it rapidly into the French line, they threw the advancing columns into some confusion. At that moment Wolfe gave the order to charge, and was leading on the Louisbourg Grenadiers to attack the enemy with the bayonet, when he received a wound in his wrist, to which he paid no farther attention than by wrapping his handkerchief round it. An instant after, however, a second shot passed through his body; and before he fell, a third entered his right breast. He dropped immediately, and was carried insensible to the rear. The troops still pressed on, and General Monkton, the second in command, who was leading on another regiment of Grenadiers, fell severely wounded a moment after. The French wavered; and while their officers were making immense exertions to keep them to their ground, Montcalm was killed in the centre of the line. Nearly at the same

moment each of the British regiments closed with their adversaries. The bayonets of the Grenadiers drove the enemy in confusion down the slope; the Scotch regiments threw away their muskets and drew their broadswords; the French dispersed in every direction, and the cry, "They run! They run!" echoed over the field.

Wolfe had lain without speech, and though he apparently revived from time to time, yet he never raised his head, and scarcely had animation returned for an instant before he again fainted away. At the moment when the French were finally put to flight, however, he was lying seemingly insensible; but at that cry, "They run! they run!" his eyes opened, and looking up, he demanded eagerly, "Who run?"

"The French!" was the reply; "they are in full flight down the hill." "Then, I thank God, said the General; "I die contented;" and with those words upon his lips, General Wolfe expired.

To estimate the value of Wolfe's exertions on this great occasion, the fruits of his victory on the heights of Abraham must be considered; and though he died on that field, his biography cannot exactly cease at the same period. His spirit lived after him in the consequences of what his life had achieved.

After the fall of General Monkton, the chief command devolved upon General Townsend, and he immediately proceeded from the left, where he had been in command, to the centre and the right, where pursuit had induced some confusion. At the same moment a fresh body of French troops, from Cape Rouge, appeared in the British rear; but being opposed by two battalions, and seeing the posture of affairs, they retreated in good order, and were left unpursued. Though defeated and dispersed, the enemy were still considerably superior in number to the British forces; and General Townsend proceeded with wise caution, to reap the fruits of what Wolfe had won by persevering boldness. His first undertaking was to fortify his camp upon the heights, and he then prepared to attack the town. Batteries were consequently erected, and Admiral Saunders brought his vessels into such a position as enabled him to cannonade the city from the water. These demonstrations were sufficient to induce the French governor, Monsieur de

Ramsay, to demand terms of capitulation, which were the more willingly granted, as the scattered forces of Montcalm were rallying in every direction, and fresh troops were reported to be coming down from Montreal. On the eighteenth of September the town capitulated, and was immediately garrisoned by five thousand English troops.

At that time very great enterprises were achieved by very small forces; and the number of men employed on both sides in the town, armies, and shipping, did not amount to thirty thousand. The loss of the English in the battle was stated to be six hundred and fifty killed and wounded, while that of the French was calculated to be fifteen hundred. Notwithstanding the small number of men which appeared for the purpose of defending Quebec against the still smaller number of English, the French, in order to furnish that force, had been obliged not only to call their most successful generals from the south, but had also been forced to withdraw a considerable part of their troops. This necessity greatly weakened the army which covered Montreal; and consequently, General Amherst was enabled, notwithstanding the factious delays of the provincial governments, to make considerable advances on the side of New York while the struggle for Quebec was proceeding. Ticonderoga was abandoned at his approach, and Crown Point, which had often proved a favourable and useful post to the French, fell into the hands of the British troops. At the same time General Prideaux, with some English and colonial troops, and Sir William Johnson with a body of Indians, advanced upon the fort at Niagara. General Prideaux was accidentally killed by a shot from his own guns; and while waiting the arrival of General Gage, despatched by Amherst to take the command, news reached the army that a French officer, with two thousand regular troops and a large force of Indians, was marching to the relief of Niagara. Sir William Johnson immediately advanced to meet the enemy, and after a severe conflict of an hour, in which more than three thousand Indians were engaged on both sides, the French were completely defeated, and all their principal officers taken prisoners.

The garrison of Niagara surrendered immediately afterwards; and the campaign of that year ended, leaving the whole of Canada open to the arms of the English. In the

following year the French made one great effort for the recovery of Quebec, and General Murray with more courage than prudence quitted the city and offered them battle. The English troops were defeated, and forced to retreat into the city, but the arrival of a fleet in the Saint Lawrence obliged the French to raise the siege, and abandon the attempt with considerable loss. At the same time General Amherst resumed his march for Montreal, before which city he arrived without much difficulty; various bodies of troops from other spots were concentrated on the same point, and the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor of Canada, found himself obliged to treat for the surrender of the whole province. He struggled hard, however, for the most favourable terms; and obtained more than he could have expected. General Amherst behaved with great firmness; and many of the French proposals, which tended to invalidate the integrity of the conquest, were steadily rejected, notwithstanding a great deal of manœuvring and diplomacy by which the governor attempted to effect his object. The capitulation was ultimately signed on the eighth of September 1760, and the battle of the heights of Abraham was crowned by the acquisition of the whole of Canada.

After that glorious victory, the body of General Wolfe was carried to England in the Royal William man-of-war, and landed at Portsmouth; where the enthusiastic reverence which mankind are more inclined to feel for dead than for living worth, offered every honour to the clay of the hero. His father, also a general officer, had lived to see his son rise high in the profession which he had chosen, and tread a path of rapid glory; but died shortly before Wolfe had taken the last step in his brief and bright career. He had been buried at Greenwich, and on the arrival of the conqueror's body from Quebec, the grave of the father was opened to receive the remains of the son. A cenotaph was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and another at his native place, Westerham in Kent. The pen and the pencil were employed to describe his exploits and portray his death; and seldom has a whole country joined in such zealous applause and universal regret.

It rarely indeed happens that so short a life,—not four and thirty years—has been able to comprise such great

actions, and to acquire such a mighty name ; but Wolfe died in the happy moment of success ; and the consequence of his achievements proved the best comment on their importance. Nor was the voice of a great orator and noble-minded man wanting to do full justice to the merits of the dead officer. Lord Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, in moving an address to the King, to petition that a monument might be erected to Wolfe in Westminster Abbey, pronounced a splendid panegyric upon the man by whose courage, perseverance, skill, and talent, one of his own greatest schemes had been conducted to complete success. The voice of the whole nation seconded the appeal of the minister ; and bright—amidst the immensity of lying epitaphs and vain mausoleums, which in all ages and all countries, have attributed supposititious virtues to the dead—the marble to Wolfe is a true monument of national applause, recording qualities that existed, triumphed, and were valued as they deserved. Contemporary praise paid every tribute to his memory, and passing years—those tell-tale discoverers of hidden frailties—have detected no flaw in his noble reputation. Had he lived longer, fortune it is true might have changed, his schemes might have failed, his exertions proved ineffectual, but still Wolfe would have been a great man. As it was, kind, and generous, liberal, brave, talented, enthusiastic, he lived beloved and admired for his short space of being, went on through existence from success to success, and then, like the setting sun of a summer's day, he sank with the blaze of his glory all about him.

THE END.





